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THE
CHARACTERS OF SCHILLER.

BY

MRS. ELLET.

Truth yet lives in fiction, and from the copy shall the original
be restored. SCHILLER.

BOSTON:
OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY.

1839.

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ERRATA.

- Page 4—for "Kium," read—Ilium.
 " 7—for "*The* recent English Critic," read—*A* recent, &c.
 " 23—for "World ly wisdom," read—worldly wisdom.
 " 25—for "hefit," read—befits.
 " 60—for "infer," read—infers.
 " 69—for "Frissino," read—Trissino.
 " 97—for "which sees it," read—which seize it.
 " 134—for "even little careful," read—ever little careful.
 " 135—for "exercise is congenial, &c." read—its exercise, &c.
 " 140—(near the bottom) for "weakness have," read—weaknesses.
 " 176—for "destroyer of house," read—destroyer of her house.
 " 235—(first line) for "had," read—has.

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CHARACTERS OF SCHILLER.

THEORY AND GENIUS OF SCHILLER.—HIS EARLY COMPOSITIONS.

THERE is much truth in the remark of Madame de Stael, that men are more apt to pride themselves on the possession of taste than of genius. This may be because taste in literature is like *le bon ton* in society—regarded as indicative of aristocratic origin or rank, and of the habits belonging to such distinction; while the wreaths of genius are not unfrequently bound on vulgar brows. Besides, the reputation of taste implies a less questionable, if a more conventional superiority. The dominion of the critic is absolute so far as his supremacy is acknowledged; and there are thousands willing to submit to the imposition of such an authority, while they are subject to no new and startling demands. We are less reluctant to suffer ourselves to be guided in the perception of what shall be admired or rejected, than to understand and decide upon new appeals to our judgment.

The form in literature, rather than the matter, lies peculiarly within the province of taste. The one is liable to mutations which do not affect the other; for the one is drawn from varying life and the material world, while the other has its being in man's spiritual essence. Hence the principles of true criticism are not subject to caprice; they have survived the shocks of ages, that

change nature herself. The ideal is far more enduring than the actual.

In Schiller's writings the empire of taste is paramount; the form is indeed so eminent in his regard, that he often loses, in the elaborate chasteness of his conception, the original ease and freshness of unfettered nature. That he was justly distinguished as a critic as well as a poet, no one who reads his elegant and finished essays upon *Æsthetic* culture, will presume to doubt. He gave, in fact, an example of the very highest and most exclusive devotion to the art of criticism; for in the plenitude of his powers and the zenith of his success he offered up to it—HIMSELF. He brought the accumulated treasures of his scholarship, the freshness of his unrivalled genius, the fire of his imagination and the vigor of his understanding, and with self-sacrificing zeal delivered them up at the shrine of the goddess of his idolatry; consecrating them forever and forever to her service. Many blamed his devotion, and prophesied an inauspicious result; and such would probably have been the case with a mind of less power. When he forsook the guidance of pure nature, ever simple and open in her means and her ends, and strove through the mazes of metaphysical subtleties to reach an ideal beyond nature, or one that should supply her place, he adventured in the midst of dangers of which he was not unaware. An inferior spirit would have sunk under difficulties destructive to the original fire and force of genius; nor were the powers of the poet uncircumscribed and his enthusiasm unchilled; by their influence. But Schiller's was too noble a mind to be long held in check even by the principles he himself recognized. With impetuous, almost incredible efforts he bore himself beyond restraint; and rushed forward into excellence through the path he had chosen. The system did not assist or elevate him; it was he who ennobled the system, by enlarging and bringing it as nearly as possible to perfection.

This new search after the beautiful—this endeavor to make "*art a second nature*," is perceptible in all the

works of our author, giving rise to many of his defects, and to some of his beauties. His philosophy was undoubtedly erroneous ; the true poet is indeed always philosophical, but his knowledge of nature is intuitive, not derived from the study of theoretical rules. The vigor of youthful imagination never owes its energy to the inculcation of opinions, though its growth may be thereby strengthened and its exuberances pruned.—Shakspeare's characters are a study for the metaphysician, yet the creative intellect of that greatest poet was never confined within the limits of theories ; had it been so, he might have produced mighty monuments of art, but could never have reached the summit of human excellence. If Schiller's genius emerged from the cloud, to shine in the admiration of succeeding ages, his success must be regarded as affording proof of the transcendent powers of the poet, not of the truth or safety of his hypothesis.

There is no greater happiness bestowed on man than the enjoyment of the ideal. "The end of art," Schiller remarks, "is unquestionably the same with that of nature—to produce delight." She gives us sportively what we obtain with difficulty from her serious sisters ; bestows freely what is elsewhere the fruit of laborious exertion. By diligent industry we gain the pleasures of knowledge ; by severe abstinence the joys of sense ; by sacrifices we obtain the approbation of reason. Art alone offers enjoyment that need not first be earned ; that costs no sacrifice, is followed by no repentance. True ; but effort is first necessary to prepare the mind to receive and appreciate this enjoyment ; and to make this preparation, to turn the rough soil and dispose it to receive seed that shall spring forth in perennial flowers, is the earliest and most arduous achievement of the laborer in the garden of taste. A hard conflict must be sustained with the indolence and timidity of untutored nature. Not without significance did the Grecian fable represent the Goddess of Wisdom as having sprung *fully armed from the head of Jove*.

Schiller has forcibly painted in his essays, the forlorn condition of the human mind in its uncultivated state, before the contemplation of excellence beguiles man to pleasure, and softens his asperities. "Ever uniform in his aim, ever mutable in his judgment, selfish without knowing his own interest, fetterless without being free, a slave without obeying a rule! All in the external world has existence for him only so far as it ministers to his existence; what neither gives nor takes from him; has for him no being; unacquainted with the dignity of his own being, he is far from knowing it in others; conscious of his own lawless wishes, he dreads them in every creature bearing his own similitude. He sees not others in himself, but himself in others; and society, instead of enlarging him to his species, only shuts him up closer and closer in his own individuality." "So soon as it is light in man, it is no longer night without him; so soon as it is calm within, is the tempest stilled in the universe, and the conflicting powers of nature find rest in their appointed bounds. Hence no wonder, if the old invention spoke of this great epoch in the human mind as of a revolution in the external world, and represented thought, triumphant over the laws of time, under the emblem of Jove who ended the kingdom of Saturn."

He thus assigns to taste her true province in the conquest of this wilderness.

"Reason will not engage in direct strife with this rough might that withstands her weapons, more than the Father of gods would descend to combat in his own person on the plains of Kium. But from the midst of the fray she will choose the worthiest champion, and arm him as did Jove his warrior with godlike weapons, working through his strength the mighty victory."

But Schiller would not have the art which is thus to ennoble the human character and purify corruption, take its form from the present. "Utility" he says, "is the idol of the time; this all strength must serve, and to this all talent do homage. On this gross balance the spiritual *excellence of art* has no weight; and robbed of all en-

couragement, it is lost in the tumult. Even the spirit of philosophical enquiry snatches from imagination one province after another ; and the boundaries of art are narrowed, the more those of knowledge are enlarged." He would have the artist not the pupil of his time, but appearing in the midst of his generation to purify it, having been nourished with the milk of a better age, beneath a distant and classic sky. " His matter will be indeed borrowed from the present, but the form from a nobler time, from beyond all time, from the absolute immutable unity of his being. Here out of the pure æther of his spiritual nature flows down the fountain of Beauty, uninfected by the corruptions of generations and ages—which roll in their troubled whirlpools far beneath it. His matter humor can dishonor, as she has ennobled it ; but the pure form is withdrawn from her changes." He cites the examples and monuments of antiquity to prove that, as Art has survived elevated nature, so doth she SURPASS it in inspiration, forming and reviving. He would teach us another road from " heart to heart." His theories, however ingenious, have the same ultimate object. Even philosophy, if she made us rebels at first, soon calls us loudly and urgently back to the arms of nature.

However questionable Schiller's abstract views in taste and criticism may appear in themselves, the illustrations he has offered in his works will forever stand as glorious monuments of his ingenuity and skill. Nor need they be examined with reference to the author's principles ; as memorials simply of human genius, and tried by the universal law, they command admiration.

I would never think of comparing Schiller with Shakspeare, yet he resembled our great dramatist in some features of his mind. Vigor and loftiness were the predominating qualities of his intellect ; a bold grasp of thought, and a sensibility to the noble and the grand. These, joined to a power of lucid expression and a rich imagination, that threw its fervid light upon images of beauty, were enough to constitute him a poet ; to be a

dramatic poet, a more varied range of excellencies was needed. Schiller's mental cultivation, and keen observation of men, supplied in some measure the versatility of genius which nature had denied ; while the assiduous improvement of his powers rendered him almost unequalled in his peculiar sphere. If he is wanting in the burlesque or the satirical, it is because the natural and uniform elevation of his mind disqualified him from the degree of familiarity with human follies and faults, necessary to expose them. The common range of his vision was above them. He could not turn and " converse with the grasshopper," after " having wove his garland of the lightning's wing, and with the thunder talked, as friend to friend." This was certainly a defect in the constitution of a dramatic poet ; yet were he otherwise, though he might have been more admirable as a dramatist, he might also have been less dear to us as a poet. It was granted to but *one* mind to be equally eminent in all requisites.

Schiller's philosophical judgment analysed all the creations of his imagination. Warmth of coloring was with him never suffered to atone for vagueness of outline ; the image, though boldly and promptly conceived, was subject to severe processes before it was imprinted on his page. This custom of watching the movements of his fancy was derived from his habits of criticism, and cost him some effort at first, though he afterwards found benefit from the rigorous scrutiny. Full, even to overflowing, was his mind with magnificence and grandeur, and this mental wealth enriched all around him, his genius sending its light even into the depths of mysticism, and investing even shadowy and indistinct forms with lifelike brilliancy and beauty. Like " sweetest Shakspeare " he was familiar with all images of loveliness ; his perpetual recurrence to whatever is sweet or majestic in the outward aspect of nature or in the human heart, prove his instinctive love of natural and moral excellence. He was enamored of flowers and odors, and clear waters, and bright skies and woodland solitudes, and all the ma-

terial elements of poetry, because he possessed "that fine sense of their mystic relation to mental emotion which is the essence and soul of poetry." In the expression of feeling his fancy seized on a thousand remembrances and ideas and images, blending them into one glowing mass of illustration and eloquence. This natural ornament these sounds and shapes of loveliness mingle sweetly with his sternest scenes ; falling "like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins," blending hues of beauty with all that is rugged and repulsive ; flowing out from the richness of his mind without restraint, and without interfering with the progress of the graver action ; or with the portraiture of the sterner features of character and passion. A faculty he has, peculiar to the highest order of genius alone ; that of presenting the most exquisite images in such a manner that the meaning they accompany is most forcibly illustrated, without being burdened. As has been said of the father of English tragedy, though his sails are purple and perfumed, and the prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage more rapidly and directly than if they had been wrought of baser materials ; nay, the waters follow faster "the oars of silver."

The mind of Schiller, exuberant and discursive, was intuitively *romantic*. The recent English critic has ably defined this term, as denoting the class of speculative compositions, opposed to the practical ; reason the muse of the latter ; imagination more particularly of the former. The rule laid down by Schlegel, in treating of the romantic and classic schools, points out a similar distinction. The genius of classic poetry deals with the immediate impression of objects upon the senses ; the romantic with the ideas suggested to the imagination by such impressions ; one gives only what is essential to, and inseparable from the subject, the other all that by any possibility of combination, arises out of it ; classical poetry never loses sight of the object to be illustrated ; its impressions are exact and definite ; the romantic, unfettered by the material form, admits the most rapid and fantastic combinations, the most excur-

sive flights ; the poet's eye "glances from heaven to earth—from earth to heaven ;" and "imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown."* One resembles a work of sculpture, finished and exquisite, and complete in itself ; the other a piece of painting, where the figures are placed at pleasure in the foreground or thrown back ; where variety of color and the contrasts of light and shade combine to please the eye, and the scene is enriched by the beauties of a summer landscape, and the glory of sunset skies. Imagination, the inspiration of this poetry, moulds and colors objects according to varying fancies and feelings ; yet the picture is not the less true to nature, because it agrees not with the actual, for the mind's impression is faithfully conveyed, and all things in this domain are equal which excite the same emotions in an equal degree.

In this sense, the genius of our poet was essentially romantic ; his fancy delighted to draw the happiest illustrations from objects the most remote. No abyss was too profound for his active and far reaching intellect, no height too lofty for his soaring spirit. He spiritualized while he imitated realities ; clothing "the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn ;" for a refined and perfect ideal was before his mental vision. Yet manliness and simplicity are with him predominating qualities ; his keen appreciation of excellence and desire for it never betrayed him into affectation.†

* It must be observed too, that the old literature is transplanted from a country whose mythology, material and definite, was most congenial to its peculiar character ; hence giving rise to the idea of an immutable destiny, which influenced only the *actions* of men. The modern, on the other hand, originates in, and is fostered by, a religion abstract and spiritual ; in which vastness and illimitable power predominate ; a religion which places the mysterious and the infinite everywhere before us, and communes with our inmost thoughts—with the wayward and inscrutable human heart.

† Madame de Stael's account of her first interview with Schiller is characteristic :

"La première fois que j'ai vu Schiller, c'était dans la salon du Duc et la Duchesse de Weimar, en présence d'une société aussi éclairée qu'imposante ; il lisait très bien le Français, mais il ne l'avait jamais parlé ; je soutins avec chaleur la supériorité de notre système dramatique sur tous les autres : il ne se refusa point à me combattre et s'inquié des difficultés des lenteurs qu'il éprouvait en s'exprimer en Français, sans redouter non plus l'opinion des auditeurs, qui était contraire à la sienne, sa conviction

As Schiller's mind was indisputably poetic, in the highest and purest sense of the term, I think those who have examined his productions with due attention, will not be disposed to deny him the possession of the peculiar qualities most essential to dramatic excellence. And here it may not be amiss to inquire into their character.

The delineation of CHARACTER is undoubtedly the most essential requisite to success in a dramatic production. Be the plot ingenious or well contrived, even to the greatest degree of perfection which human art can reach ; be the scenic accompaniments ever so grand or magnificent, without this most essential ingredient, the work will surely fail to captivate and delight. Our sympathies can only be deeply excited for beings that bear the strong impress of humanity ; when these live and move before our eyes in the drama, and we feel that they are creatures assimilated to ourselves, invested with a reality that renders them familiar to us as if we had actually known them, our senses are at once enthralled by the delusion, and the soul is drawn by irresistible sympathy to mingle its joys or sorrows with those of the poet's creation. This is an effect which the most harmonious and eloquent language, the noblest poetry, and even the exhibition of the deepest emotions, and the most exalted morality cannot of themselves produce ; they may win the admiration and applause of the spectator, but he will listen unmoved by deeper feeling, if the great charm be wanting. The form may have the most exquisite and symmetrical proportions, and the outward semblance of beauty ; but life, the presiding spirit, is absent, and we turn disappointed away.

What has made Shakspeare the poet of the world ?

intime le fit parler. Je me servis d'abord pour le refuter, des armes Françaises la vivacité et la plaisanterie ; mais bientôt je demé lai dans ce que disait Schiller tant d'idées a travers l'obstacle des mots, je fus si frappée de cette simplicité de caractère qui portait un homme de génie a s'engager ainsi dans une lutte où les paroles manquaient à ses pensées—je le trouvai si modeste et si insouciant dans ce qui ne concernait que ses propres succès, si fier et si animé dans la défense de ce qu'il croyait la vérité, que je lui vouai, dès cette instant neu amitié pleine d'admiration."

What has commanded for him universal admiration, sending forth his immortal works through every nation, even to the end of the world, to be received with unbounded delight, to minister to the consolation and instruction and happiness of all, from the sovereign to the humblest peasant ? It is not the richness of incident, the sublimity of thought and sentiment, nor the brilliant and versatile wit, nor yet the glorious poetry of the book of nature, which have chiefly contributed to render its author the idol of every age and country ; which have stamped his name as the Greatest, the Unapproachable, in the field of dramatic fiction. In each of these he may have been, if not surpassed, at least equalled by others. But the secret of the stupendous power of this master mind lay deeper. He discovered the mighty links that unite by the bond of sympathy the whole family of man ; he possessed the art to touch the spring, and every human heart responded to the touch. He endowed the beings of his creation with such qualities as should compel our instant recognition. His creations are familiar to us—as in dreams new things seem old. The creatures he has called into life have to us actually existed ; for they fill the same place in relation to us and our feelings as if they had lived in reality. What though no such persons as **LEAR**, **OTHELLO**, and **HAMLET** have to our knowledge ever moved upon this earth, and taken a real part in events like those described ; they are still **MEN** in all respects, and have, through the magic of the poet's intellect, produced each, as fellow beings, their influence on the minds of those with whom they have been virtually, if not actually brought into contact.

Besides the individual conception, the modification of character, with shifting circumstances, still preserving the grand distinctive traits, is a point in the poet's art. **Rienzi** the dependent youth and **Rienzi** the powerful and dreaded Tribune are not in all points the same ; yet the individual must be kept in view. The influence of *emotion* too must be accurately measured and delineated.

ted. Some of the heroes of the French tragedy, under the pressure of affliction, forfeit rather their humanity than their dignity. They resemble the kings and emperors of the old picture books, who lay in bed wearing their crowns.

Many poets exhibit but one class of characters. Some one absorbing desire or passion is unfolded to the reader, and this, with a few modifications, actuates the whole tribe of heroes. Others, as Alfieri, paint but a few strongly marked features in the principal personage, and leave the others in outline. But the creations of Shakspeare in no case closely resemble each other. He never borrowed from himself. When he had modelled a character that was to be a study for succeeding generations, a pattern for the imitation of succeeding bards, he never copied his picture, nor transferred any of its features to another portrait. His rich and fertile genius was ready to present another monument of his skill, as original and peculiar as the first. "His mind was a magic mirror, in which all possible forms and combinations of human nature were present;" where his characters were produced, not so much as copies of nature, as the creatures of a power that wrought like nature herself.

Since the golden days of the drama, its writers have been content to manufacture a dramatic poem by dividing a didactic essay into dialogue, and, taking no trouble to create the idea of a human being, present a vague abstraction; or seizing a notion of historical personages, supply the filling up with declamation and description. Melodramatic aid, in scenic splendors and pomp, with overwrought situations meant to startle us into admiration, has been called in, but in vain, to sustain the sinking fabric which has lost its only firm support; as if such frail and gaudy shafts could suspend the ruin of so mighty an edifice!

Among the few, the very few modern poets who have attained to excellence in the delineation of character, *Schiller stands first*. His personages are subject to

"the skiey influence and the circumstances of life ; social and solitary, polished and rude," courageous and timid, philosophical and superstitious ; exhibiting the various blendings of light and shade that make up the human character.—His early compositions are written in a sort of inflated prose rendered popular among his countrymen by the influence of Lessing ; less imposing and stately but not less unnatural than the rhymed tragedies of the French and English theatres. They were probably, especially his first and well known drama of the Robbers, inspired in some degree by the indignation of the author against the restraints imposed on his studies ; there are in them indications of an untutored energy, whose impetuous force was aggravated into morbid activity by the want of a proper channel for its outlet ;—a wildness of invective against restraint, a frenzied exaltation of sentiment, characters violently contrasted, and an eagerness and continually strained endeavor after striking stage effect. Their faults arose from the natural imperfections of a genius immature though of stupendous power ; and were in part also the symptoms of that fever of the mind, that fermenting lava which overran so large a portion of the continent, and found at length its vent in France. From a youth nurtured like his, a soul fraught with giant energies beginning to make themselves felt in their resistance to oppression, swelling blindly, like ocean waves, against unworthy barriers, such productions, in which rude power predominated, were to be expected ; the taste of the day, and the degraded state of tragedy both in Germany and England, may plead further excuse for defects in a measure ascribable to that morbid feeling which such writers as Sterne, Diderot and Rousseau had diffused throughout Europe. The vast grasp of mind exhibited, the original invention, the sterling, though unwrought metal that gave rich promise of the mine of treasure beneath, the deep and terrible interest of his story, and the wild, gloomy grandeur with which he invested the personages, called public attention at *once to the phenomenon* of Schiller's first play. The

enthusiasm with which it was received in his native country as well as in the different countries of Europe, the amazement and admiration, mingled with censure which it excited, showed that the genius that gave birth to a production so extraordinary was appreciated and hailed with wonder by the world. A gloom, appalling yet interesting, pervades the tragedy ; it is removed from common life ; the excitement is deeper and more intense than even poetry requires ; the figures are seen to move through a highly colored, a lurid medium. There exists in the mind of man, especially in youth, a natural avidity for strong sensations ; a powerful but uncultivated imagination revels in the creation of scenes that awaken horror or strong pity. Thus it was in the childhood of the world, when our forefathers were thrilled at tales of superstition ; thus it will ever be in the first dawns of intellect. In the twilight of error, imagination builds fantastic images at her will ; but the feverish illusions vanish before the full beams of truth.

The "*Conspiracy of Fiesco*," produced some time after "*The Robbers*," evinces a decided, though imperfect improvement in the author's mind. The wildness of his fancy was tempered by thought, and his invention restrained by reason ; his extended information, and expanded knowledge of men had also furnished him with more liberal views, and refined his taste in composition. *Fiesco*, with all the defects still apparent in a youthful intellect, is a noble play. By the delineation of character, not less than the development of incident, the poet here rivets the attention. The persons are conceived with vigor, and painted in glowing colors. Somewhat colossal in their proportions, the light and shade are not always skilfully contrasted, nor the tints blended with delicacy ; but the genius of the artist is shown in the speaking lineaments, that surprise by boldness and energy rather than soothe by beauty of expression. The effect is not produced by minute, careful, and harmonious touches ; they are broad and striking, and the picture is *impressive, rather than attractive.*

There is also much to admire in the graphic vividness with which the scene is presented to us. The reader of Italian history will remember the event on which the piece is founded ; a conspiracy of the citizens of Genoa, headed by one of the nobility, to overturn the power of the reigning Doge, rendered unpopular by the vices of his family ;—and the partial failure of the enterprise by the death of the principal conspirator. The whole scene and spirit of the play is Italian ; the Italian character, under the pressure of calamity, and the national ardor of feeling, in resentment or revenge, are infused into the tragedy with felicitous skill. There is much opportunity for the strong contrast in which the author continued to delight, in the picture of the manners and conflicting tempers of the rash and licentious nobles ; of the luxurious effeminacy and recklessness of some, the degenerate ferocity and stern fanatical enthusiasm of others. These with their discordant interests and intrigues, pass before us and mingle in the drama, in tumultuous confusion, in the midst of which the grand movements that conduct to the catastrophe are in rapid and continual progress. We are conscious through the obscurity of the guidance of a presiding power, which is to reduce these jarring elements to order. The overpowering influence of a master mind and will on the wavering populace and on sterner natures, is finely portrayed in the person of FIESCO. This hero is full of grand and splendid qualities, that are in harmony with his bold designs. There is perhaps too much of rudeness and wildness in his strength ; his bravery borders too nearly on audacity ; but there is nobility in the deep pride of his soul, since it lifts him into a romantic heroism, that prompts to the sacrifice of all he held most precious, to his inflated ideas of honor. His ambition is not of that savage kind which delights merely in the prospect of unlimited sway ; his spirit discerns a loftier dominion than that marked by the trappings and the pomp of sovereignty ; he would be superior to all in moral greatness. *Yet he disdains* not rule over his fellow men ; for he

looks on power as the symbol and pledge of internal superiority. He is conscious of his great faculties, and he would not wear them meekly ; the consciousness makes him pant for a field for their exercise, which he feels to exist only in the highest sphere. He knows that the homage of mankind is his, so soon as the radiance of his fortune shall place in a proper light the true proportions of his greatness ; but the gross eyes of the multitude only behold what dazzles their senses. It is no common vision of petty grandeur that leads this being from the path of perfect rectitude ; he yields not to the seductive aspect of royalty ; a far stretching vista is open to his gaze ; he is beckoned forward by phantoms of unearthly splendor.

Along with his majestic ambition, there is in his character a courtly pliancy and a dash of voluptuousness that serve to conceal, as well as to promote his designs. Up to the final catastrophe, in the presence of the intended victims of the conspiracy, he diverts all suspicion from himself by an affectation of effeminacy. He plays with the Lady Julia's hair, while secretly revolving schemes for the destruction of her house. Mingled with his sterner feelings, there is also a vein of tenderness that recommends him to esteem. The prospect of gaining the ducal crown is dearer to him from his wish to bestow on his wife Leonora dignity worthy of her virtues. "Go thou to bed, Countess," says he to her ; "tomorrow I will awaken—the Duchess !" Her entreaties can even at times make him forget his visions of greatness.—The following soliloquy, which breaks from him after a long continued struggle between the promptings of his refined ambition and the dictates of sterner patriotism, is characteristic, and half vindicates his fault. He has passed a night in fluctuating thoughts, and the morning dawns upon his irresolution.

SCENE II.

The palace of Fiesco. In the back ground a large glass door, which commands a view of the whole city and the sea.

FIESCO.

“ — The moon is set ; morning arises glowing from the sea. Wild fantasies have disturbed my sleep, * * * I must expand myself in the open air. (*Opens the glass door; the whole scene purpled with the light of morning.*) I—the greatest man in all Genoa ! and should not lesser souls gather themselves beneath the greater ? But I do violence to virtue—Virtue ! The exalted mind hath other trials than the common one—must he have Virtue to share with him ? Must the armor, which confines the slender limbs of the pigmy, cover the proportions of the giant ?

(The Sun rises over the city.)

This majestic city ! (*spreading out his arms towards it*)
 MINE ! To blaze over it like the monarch day—to brood over it with kingly power—all these boiling desires, all these insatiate longings to immerge in that fathomless ocean !—Truly ! If the deceiver’s wisdom ennobles not the deceit, the prize doth ennoble the deceiver. It is base to pilfer a full purse ; it is impudent to embezzle a million ; but it is great beyond measure to steal a crown. The *shame* grows less with the increasing *sin*.—To obey ! To rule ! vast and dizzy gulf ! All lies therein which man holds precious—your battles won, O conqueror ! Artist—your immortal works—your pleasures—Epicure—your seas and islands—Traveller !—To obey and to rule ! Existence—non-existence ! He who shall overleap the vast gulf that divides the loftiest seraph from the Eternal, may also measure this abyss !—To stand on that fearful summit, to look smiling down on the boiling vortex of humanity, where revolves the wheel of that blind deceiver destiny—the first to taste the cup of joy—to hold in leading strings the armed giant LAW—to see him receive un-

merited wounds if his short armed wrath impotently struggle against the bounds of majesty — the untameable passions of the people, like so many pawing steeds, to control with the gentlest movement of the rein ;—the overflowing pride of vassals to lay in the dust with a single breath !——O, picture, that whirls the amazed spirit beyond its bounds ! One moment of sovereignty has swallowed up the boundaries of a whole being. Not the arena of life, but what lies within it, determines its worth. Distribute the thunder into its single tones, and with it you may lull babes into slumber ; pour it in one collected and sudden burst of sound, and the royal peal shall rend the heavens ! I am resolved.”

Contrasted most strongly with FIESCO is the stern old republican VERRINA, whose very virtue is repulsive from the narrowness of his views and the intolerance of his zeal. We sympathize in the Roman feeling that prompts him to seclude his daughter Bertha, when wronged by the nephew of the Doge, from all eyes till revenge, public and private, is accomplished on the author of her ruin ; but not without a shudder we hear him doom his friend to death, so soon as he learns how high his ambition soars. He takes upon himself the part of another Brutus ; and leads the unsuspecting victim to destruction without remorse when he fails to persuade him to relinquish the dignity purchased at the expense of the liberties of Genoa. Fiesco, as he truly says—has overlooked one card in the game he has been playing—he calculated on the opposition of envy—but he dreamed not of the resentment of the patriot. The closing scene of the play, where he remonstrates with, and finally murders his new made sovereign, perhaps displays his character more strikingly than any other. The following is a part of it.

SCENE XVI.

VERRINA, FIESCO *in the ducal robes.*

FIESCO.

Verrina ! Well met ! I was just going to seek you.

VERRINA.

That was also my purpose.

FIESCO.

Sees Verrina no change in his friend !

VERRINA (*drawing back.*)

I wish none.

FIESCO.

But perceive you none ?

VERRINA (*without looking at him.*)

I hope, none.

FIESCO.

I ask — find you none ?

VERRINA (*after a hasty glance.*)

I find none.

FIESCO.

Now you are sensible, it must be true, that power makes not a tyrant. Since we parted I have become Duke of Genoa, and Verrina finds my embrace warm as ever.

VERRINA.

The worse, that I must return it so coldly ; the aspect of majesty falls like a cleaving knife betwixt me and the Duke ! Johana Ludwig Fiesco had possessions in my heart ; now hath he conquered Genoa, and I take back my property.

* * * *

FIESCO (*taking him by the hand.*)

Not, if the Duke is your brother ! if he makes his dukedom only the treasury of his beneficence, which hitherto with his frugal poverty went begging ! Verrina, not then !

VERRINA.

Not then—and freely bestowed booty hath yet helped *no thief from the gallows.* Besides, this generosity goes

astray with Verrina. I could permit my fellow citizen to do me a benefit—I could hope to reciprocate the good to my fellow citizen. The gifts of princes are *grace*, — and God is gracious to me.

FIESCO (*veered.*)

I could sooner tear Italy asunder from her seas, than this stubborn spirit from his conceit !

VERRINA.

And the tearing asunder is not your worst, whereof that lamb, the Republic, could testify, which you snatched from the fangs of the wolf Doria to yourself devour.

* * * * *

The stubborn patriot entices Fiesco to the seashore, to go on board a galley. This he destines for the scene of the sacrifice.

VERRINA.

Yet once more, embrace me, Fiesco ! Here are none to behold Verrina weep, and a prince feel, (*clasps him to his breast.*) Truly never throbbed together two greater hearts ; we loved each other like brothers !—Fiesco, Fiesco ! thou createst a void in my breast which the whole race of men, multiplied threefold, can never more fill.

FIESCO (*deeply moved.*)

Be—my—friend !

VERRINA.

Cast away this hateful purple, and I am so ! The first prince was a murderer, and wore the purple to hide the stains of his crime in its hue of blood—hear me, Fiesco—I am a soldier—and know little of moist eyes ; Fiesco—these are my first tears—cast away that purple !

FIESCO.

Silence !

VERRINA (*more warmly.*)

Fiesco ! did the crowns of this earth lie before me as a bribe, all its tortures on the other hand as a bugbear to *make me bend my knee to a mortal*—I would not

kneel ! Fiesco ! (*kneeling to him*) it is my first prostration — cast away this purple !

FIESCO.

Stand up and vex me no further.

VERRINA.

I stand up — I vex you no more. (*Steps upon a board that leads to the galley.*) The Prince has the precedence, (*going over the board.*)

FIESCO.

Why do you pull my mantle — it falls !

VERRINA (*with terrible scorn.*)

Now, when the purple falls, the Duke must go next. (*plunges him into the sea.*)

FIESCO (*calls from the water.*)

Help — Genoa ! Help ! Save the Duke ! (*Sinks.*)

The amiable wife of Fiesco is not less deserving our attention. The first scene exhibits her on a night of revelry, retiring from the festive scene, heart-weary and stung with grief at her husband's supposed desertion, to weep over her lost happiness. She looks upon her husband as a being superior to herself, but one whose affections and whose honor should be exclusively hers. "I did not deserve to be your wife," she says to him, when she believes herself sacrificed for a heartless rival ; "but your wife deserved your regard ;" and this is the keenest reproach her gentleness can utter. Her mildness is a part of her nature ; her energy grows out of the affections. She does not enter into the ambitious plans of her lord ; pure and meek in her wishes, she longs but for retirement and peace, where she might enjoy exclusively the heart she must now divide with sterner cares. Yet she is eminently fitted to adorn rank ; there is a dignity about her unmingled with pride, the dignity of innocence, and of fervent love for all that is great and virtuous. She feels, but resents not, the contumelies of the princess whom she supposes the object of Fiesco's devotion ; her greatest pang is for the loss of him, and when *he is hers again*, she triumphs not in the humiliation of

her rival, but is the first to pity her mortification. The lofty contempt with which she repels the profligate Kalkagno, when he would presume on Fiesco's neglect of her, adds to the impression of her dignity. "The shame of Fiesco," she tells him, "can elevate no Kalkagno in her esteem—but must lower the whole race of men." Her dread and anxiety on her lord's account drives her forth into the tumult of the conspiracy, on the eventful night of its explosion; she wears Giannettino's scarlet mantle, and falls by the hand of Fiesco, who fancies he is wreaking his vengeance on the young prince. Her death in this manner has been censured; but to me it seems her being brought into the field of strife is a much greater blemish, especially as Bertha also figures in boy's clothes upon the scene of action. The picture of the anxious wife, awaiting in her palace the decision of her husband's destiny, trembling at every sound, and agitated in turn by fear and hope, would have been much more touching and accordant with the nature of the feminine and interesting Leonora.

The Lady Julia, sister to Doria, is an imperious coquette, incapable of gratitude or attachment, but actuated by mean and selfish pride. Her vanity and haughtiness are too undisguised to permit us to feel any interest in her fate; and we accordingly lose sight of her without regret when she disappears from the scene. Bertha is meek and innocent; her painful story forms an episode to the main action, and is ingeniously connected with it.

The wise and honorable Doge, Andrea Doria, a venerable old man of eighty years of age, displays a fine contrast to his nephew Giannettino, a worthless profligate, whose cold pride and ferocity of temper, joined to his tyrannical licentiousness, have procured him universal odium. It is the nephew's crimes that provoke popular indignation, and the injudicious indulgence of his aged relative involves him in their complaints. When warned by the faithless Moor of the treachery of Fiesco, the Doge sends the informant bound to his former master, declaring his intention to sleep without guards on the

ensuing night ; and by this somewhat overstrained mark of confidence, ties the hands of the chief conspirator, so far as regards his own life. Fiesco comes to the palace after midnight to warn him that his star is set, and Genoa risen against him, and to bid him escape from his approaching enemies ; Doria reminds him of the dangers he had encountered in past years, when he slept at sea in the midst of a destructive tempest. There is something natural and affecting in this recurrence of the veteran to his past days of glory, just at the moment when his ungrateful people abandon him. His expression of proud confidence, just before the fatal truth is proved beyond a doubt to his unbelieving sense, is inimitably striking. Incredulous of danger, he has dismissed his body guard, but one invulnerable protection is yet near him. "Has thou never heard that *Andrea Doria is eighty years old—and Genoa—happy?*" The anguish of the old man, when he finds himself at last betrayed by the Genoese, his children, and throws himself sorrow-stricken on the body of his nephew, is most touching and tragic. He sends to his people a lock of his white hair, praying that he may not be driven forth from his native land, and only craving as much earth as will hide his bones. This scene possesses as much pathos as any other in the tragedy.

An impression of magnificence never forsakes us in reading this piece. But few of the incidents can be accused of extravagance ; history furnished ample materials, and they have been used with discretion. Deep penetration into character, and vigor in its portraiture, are also evinced, with a flow of philosophical thought and elevation of feeling, alone sufficient to stamp "*Fiesco*" as an extraordinary production. If simplicity and truth are sometimes sacrificed to vastness and effect, we perceive in the very fault the excess of real force. The figures move before us as in a majestic panorama, exalted and colored beyond life, but living and acting.

"*Kabale and Liebe*," a domestic play, is without those pre-existing claims to attention, that arise from his

torical truth in the details of a tragedy. It is true that our pleasure in ideal characters loses nothing through the recollection that they are the birth of fiction ; for it is the poetic, not the historical truth, on which æsthetic effect is grounded ; and this truth depends not on the actual, but the possible. But the advantage of choosing events recorded in history for the construction of a dramatic plot, is in furnishing a ground work familiar to the spectator, for the creation of character. Part of the effect is already produced ; the outline of the picture is sketched for the convenience of the artist ; and he is at liberty to color and modify it at his pleasure. The introduction of personages of exalted rank has its advantages, as it enlarges their relations with others and the sphere in which they move ; though there is nothing *intrinsically* ennobling to the drama in the rank of its heroes. Lofty sentiments, and deep emotion have a sublimity quite independent of the accidents of birth and fortune.

We may perhaps conceive that our compassion for Lear would be less, had the broken hearted parent been a peasant instead of a monarch ; in truth, however, our pity is not enhanced by his dignity, but by the vast addition to his cup of misery in the loss of his kingdom and the contrast of his fortunes.—“*Kabale and Liebe*” is a tragedy of humble life ; one of the chief characters a musician’s daughter, and the other, though a nobleman, one whose ideas are too primitive and unselfish to agree with the cold policy of the nobility. The object of the piece is to display the conflict of the selfish intriguing spirit of world by wisdom, with the simple feelings of unsophisticated nature. The struggle is not carried on in one bosom ; it is between the young nobleman and his father, in whom and his secretary, the confidant of his schemes, is embodied the calculating, manœuvring temper which it is the design of the play to hold up to detestation. There is not the same variety of character as in “*Fiesco* ;” only two individuals being prominent enough to claim our particular regard. Ferdinand von

Walter, the young hero, is destined by his father to marry the Lady Milford, the favorite of the prince; the scheme is baffled by his devoted attachment to the poor, but beautiful and gifted Louise; a diabolical plan is then put in execution to separate the lovers by offering Ferdinand proof of the duplicity and infidelity of his mistress. The poor girl is compelled to write a letter, dictated by the elder Walter, who makes her father's life a condition of her obedience; and is sworn to secrecy; the artifice succeeds, and the young man, believing her guilty, and himself deceived, takes a terrible revenge; administers poison to her and himself, discovering her innocence only when too late. The catastrophe is full of horror; but its fearful details were perhaps necessary to work up to the highest pitch our abhorrence of the selfish, scheming, relentless spirit of the unprincipled father and his villanous secretary. The two lovers stand alone in the midst of cunning and deceit; their hearts are uncontaminated by the baseness and crimes of those about them; relying on the strength and excellence of their own natures, they spurn the influence that is secretly weaving a snare for their destruction. The passion of love is here painted with a purity and loftiness that exalt human nature.

Ferdinand, impatient of the mean restraints imposed by the policy of courtiers, is determined to cast aside the shackles, and deny his homage to usage and the cold dictates of worldly prudence. He feels that the accidents of birth and rank in no way elevate him above the object of his affection, who is of spirit kindred to his own, the only being capable of sympathizing with his feelings. He rejects promptly and with generous scorn the tinselled temptations with which his father strives to beguile his fancy; they cannot move him for an instant, though he is ready to be melted at the first accent of parental fondness. This noble spirit opposed to guile and vulgar craft, firm, fearless and magnanimous, presents an affecting and sublime spectacle; and it is melancholy to see him fall at last in the conflict, though the sense of

justice is in some measure satisfied by the unavailing remorse and final fate of the parties whose machinations have obtained success.

Every thing that is graceful and touching and feminine is displayed in the character of Louise. She is one of Schiller's happiest conceptions; gentle and retiring in demeanor, as befit her humble lot, there is concealed beneath the veil of modesty a noble and feeling heart, and an intellect of no common order. It is evident that she possesses a mind rich in natural gifts, for that, and her native purity and delicacy, are her only resource in the moment of severe trial; nor do they fail to sustain her with dignity amid her keenest sufferings. There is something ethereal and holy about her, that is felt as the presence of a spirit; from her first appearance as she comes to give the morning salutation to her father, to the last dreadful scene, notwithstanding that she is forced into contact with fraud and vice, and exposed to the most degrading suspicions and accusations; it is the magic of innocence; a charm that no unpropitious circumstances can destroy. The desolation of so beautiful and guileless a creature is moving in the highest degree; and the artless dignity with which she bears herself in affliction is the more touching, as it is the offspring of untutored nature, not the dictate of refined rules or prudential reasoning. We feel that she is in every respect worthy of her lover; and her native elevation of soul contrasts favorably with the rude, though honest, warmth of her father, and the vulgar and selfish meanness of the mother.

The whole interest and charm of this piece depend upon these two; their persevering attachment, and fearful fate, powerfully arrest the feelings. The leading idea of the tragedy has a unity and simplicity that harmonize with the conception and execution of the chief characters. In deep and earnest pathos, it has seldom been equalled. Its many harrowing scenes have been censured as intruding unnecessary pain upon the reader; and its enthusiasm may by some be accounted extravagance; *to me there seems* to be little exaggeration in the expres-

sion of emotion. Many are the eloquent and pathetic passages ; many where the utterance of exalted sentiment, or deep passion, alone, carries with it a commanding effect. I will offer a short specimen from the concluding scene, when Ferdinand, convinced of the falsehood of Louisa, has already accomplished his fatal purpose.

“FERDINAND (*observing her.*)

This fair work of the heavenly artist,—who can believe it ? Who should believe it ? (*taking her hand and holding it up.*) I will not call thee to account, Almighty Creator ! But wherefore infuse poison in so fair a vessel ?—can vice enter this mild clime ? O ! 'tis a paradox !

LOUISE.

To hear this—yet be constrained to silence !

FERDINAND.

And that sweet, melodious voice ! How can such harmony be born from disordered strings !—all so fair, so full of symmetry—of celestial perfection ! * * * *

LOUISE.

O, wicked presumption ! Ere he will confess an error, he will rather accuse heaven itself !

FERDINAND (*suddenly clasps her in his arms.*)

Yet once more, Louise ! yet once more, as in the day of our first embrace, when thou didst falter forth the name of Ferdinand—and the first accent of fond confidence burst from thy glowing lips ! O, the seed of an ineffable and eternal joy seemed in that moment to bud and bloom ! Then spread the future as a bright May day before our eyes ; golden years danced, in bridal beauty, before us. Then was I happy—Louise—Louise—Louise ! Why hast thou done this to me ?

LOUISE.

Weep on, weep on, Walter. Your anguish will be juster to me than your anger !

FERDINAND.

You are deceived : these are not the tears of anguish—not that warm luxurious dew, which distils balm in the

wounds of the soul, and sets the rigid wheel of feeling again in motion. They are lonely, cold drops, the terrible and eternal farewell of my love. Tears for thy soul—Louise? tears for the Godhead, for that his infinite beneficence here failed—for that his noblest work is marred so mischievously! Oh! it seems to me, the whole creation should veil itself, and be perplexed at what has happened in its midst. It was in the course of things that man should fall, and paradise be lost; but when the plague rages among angels, all nature is called to clothe herself in mourning.

LOUISE.

Drive me not to the uttermost, Walter! I have strength of soul as well as others, but it must be tried by human tests. Walter, yet a word—and then separation—a terrible destiny has entangled our spirits. Durst I open my lips, Walter, I could tell you—I could—but a cruel fate fetters my tongue, as it doth my love, and I must suffer your undeserved ill opinion of me.

FERDINAND.

Do you feel well, Louise?

LOUISE.

Wherefore that question?

FERDINAND.

Else it would grieve me for you, that you should go hence with a lie.

LOUISE.

I conjure you, Walter—

FERDINAND (*with violent emotion.*)

No—no—that revenge were too devilish! No—God forbid! I will not pursue it to *that* world! Louise! Didst thou love the marshal? Thou wilt never more leave this chamber!

LOUISE.

Ask what you will—I answer nothing more. (*Sits herself.*)

FERDINAND, (*solemnly.*)

Care for thine immortal soul—Louise! Didst thou

love the marshal? Thou wilt never more leave this chamber.

LOUISE.

I answer nothing more.

FERDINAND (*falls at her feet in a terrible transport of emotion.*)

Louise! Didst thou love the marshal! Before this light burns out—thou standest—before God!

LOUISE (*starting up with horror.*)

Jesus—what have I heard!—and I feel very ill!
(*Sinks back on the seat.*)

FERDINAND.

Already! * * * Tender nerves are fast grasped by the disease that gnaws the roots of manhood; a wretched grain of arsenic overturns them.

LOUISE.

Poison—poison? O my God!

FERDINAND.

So I fear; your lemonade was mixed in hell, you have drunken to your death.

LOUISE.

Death! death! O God—all-merciful! Poison—in the lemonade? death! Have compassion on my soul—O God of pity!

FERDINAND.

That is the great matter. I join in that petition.

LOUISE.

And my mother—my father! Saviour of the world! My poor lost father! Is there no salvation? My young life—and no salvation! Must I die—and now!

FERDINAND.

There is none—and you must die even now. But be quiet, we make the journey together.

LOUISE.

Ferdinand—thou too! Poison—Ferdinand! From thee? O God! forgive him—God of grace—take the sin from him.

FERDINAND.

Look to thine own reckoning. I fear me—it stands ill.

LOUISE.

Ferdinand ! Ferdinand ! O I can be silent no longer. Death, death releases from all oaths. Ferdinand ! Heaven and Earth contain nothing more wretched than thou art. I die innocent, Ferdinand !

FERDINAND.

What says she ? The traveller on *that* journey is not wont to set out with a falsehood !

LOUISE.

It is no falsehood—no falsehood ! I have uttered but *one* falsehood all my life long. Ha ! what an icy coldness runs through my veins !—when I wrote the letter to the marshal.

FERDINAND.

Ha ! that letter ! Praise to God ! I have now my manhood again.

LOUISE (*her speech is thick—her fingers begin to move convulsively.*)

That letter—collect yourself, to hear a fearful tale—my hand wrote, what my heart abhorred—your Father dictated it.

FERDINAND *stands during a long pause rigid as a statue, and at last falls as if smote with a thunderbolt.*

LOUISE.

Oh ! This woful error ! Ferdinand—they compelled me—forgive—your Louise would have preferred death—but my father—his danger—they made use of that—

FERDINAND (*fearfully excited.*)

Praised be God ! I feel not yet the poison ! (*Seizes his dagger.*)

LOUISE (*growing weaker.*)

Alas ! What wouldst thou ! It is thy father—

FERDINAND (*with an expression of unbounded fury.*)

The murderer and his father ! He must go along—that the Judge of the world may punish only the guilty ! (*Going.*)

LOUISE.

My Redeemer forgave in dying—Salvation for thee and him ! (*Dies.*)

FERDINAND (*turns quickly round, and falls in an agony beside her.*)

Hold—hold—escape me not—angel of Heaven ! (*Takes her hand, and lets it fall again.*) Cold—cold, and damp ! Her soul is fled. (*He springs up.*) God of my Louise, grace—grace for the most infamous of murderers ! It was her last prayer ! How fair and charming even in death ! The destroyer, moved, has touched this cheek with a sparing hand. That softness was no mask ; it maintains its place in death ! (*After a pause,*) But how ! Wherefore feel I nothing ! Will the strength of my youth save me ! Thankless trouble—that is not my thought ! (*Snatches the glass.*)”

The retributive curse his dying lips denounce against the guilty father is appalling in the utmost degree ; but the horror is softened by a revulsion of tenderer feeling, and he expires forgiving. “ As I stand with my God,” he exclaims, in the height of his reproachful agony,—“ I tremble ; yet have I never been a villain. Let my lot for eternity fall as it will ; on you may it not fall. But I have done a murder—(*with voice frightfully elevated*) a murder—the burden of which *thou* canst not expect me to drag *alone* into the presence of the Judge. Solemnly here I lay to thy charge the greatest, the most direful half ;* how thou shalt acquit thee, stands with thyself. (*Pointing him to Louise.*) Here—savage ! Feed on the terrible fruit of thy wisdom ; on this face is thy name written in distortion, and the destroying angel shall read it. May a shape like this, draw the curtain of thy couch when thou sleep’st, and extend thee an ice-cold hand ! May a shape like this stand before thy soul in the hour of death, and thrust aside thy last prayer !

* “ When arrives that day of terror, destined
To weigh at mercy’s throne our faults and merits,
The accusing angel in thy scale shall throw
My guilt’s most hideous half !”

Shiel’s “ *Adelgitha.*”

A shape like this stand upon thy grave at thy resurrection, and at thy side, when God shall judge thee !” The horror of this almost exceeds the bounds assigned to tragedy, and would have been too painful but for the immediate conclusion. The legal punishment awaiting the elder Walter and the secretary is felt to be deserved, and excites no pain in the spectator. I have not selected the closing scene as the most faultless in the piece, but because it has been highly praised by judges whose opinion deserves respect ; there is withal a gloomy and overwhelming power exhibited, that irresistibly enchains the interest. Nevertheless, the reader may feel regret that the catastrophe had not been less harrowing ; the life of those two beings is too blameless and exalted for a death so fearfully brought about.

The composition of the three tragedies thus briefly noticed, forms the first era in the literary history of our author ; his succeeding works were marked by a more decided improvement in taste, and an expansion of ideas suited to matured intellect and more enlarged observation and knowledge of life. His youthful errors were at an end with his youthful productions ; the offspring of the careful study of years call for more minute and careful examination.

PHILIP THE SECOND.

A THOROUGH acquaintance with modern poets, and especially with Shakspeare, contributed in great measure to the enlargement of Schiller's tastes. His more intimate knowledge of human nature, and the interests of the living world, also brought him valuable truths, which, wrought in his capacious and creative intellect, were reproduced in beautiful forms. In all ages, the most gifted authors have delighted to reflect the sentiments of their time, often artificial and temporary, in addition to the excellence which they possessed capable of ministering to the instruction and pleasure of all generations. Their expression of the feelings of their contemporaries has in many cases secured at once a rapid and brilliant renown which less obtrusive merit would have been years in building up. To this we may ascribe the success of many poets in our own literature, whose productions have created an excitement in the public mind, disproportioned to the appreciation of their more enduring excellencies ; Cowley, Dryden—and Byron in later years, are examples of this. Schiller disdained to court popularity by echoing the popular feeling ; but his mind was colored, perhaps unconsciously, by the prevailing taste, especially that which regarded the stage, and dramatic poetry ; and he thus embodied many of the feelings and principles of his own age.

"*Don Carlos*," the first fruit of his ripened genius, fulfilled the hopes of his future eminence excited by the plays he had already produced. The seed that had sprung up in such wild luxuriance and florid bloom began to exhibit its rich fruit, not as yet, however,

in perfect maturity. The tragedy of *Don Carlos* was pronounced by the critics, too long and perplexed and declamatory ; yet there is no doubt of its having been without a rival at the time of its appearance, and the finest play Europe had seen for more than a century. Schlegel says of it, "the old and tumid extravagance was not altogether lost, but merely clothed with choice forms ;" and remarks with more obvious justice — "his dear won thoughts on human nature and social institutions were of such value in the eyes of the poet, that he exhibited them with circumstantial fulness, instead of expressing them by the progress of the action, and made his characters philosophize more or less on the subject of themselves and others." An analysis of the play, before entering upon the examination of the characters, may not be unacceptable to such readers as are unacquainted with the original.

Few invasions of the truth of history have obtained more general or lasting belief, than the story of the disastrous attachment between Carlos and Isabella. I doubt if there be many who do not even now receive as fact the poetical version of the affair, or who are aware that the romance has no other foundation than the inventive imagination of writers in want of materials for weaving an interesting fiction. Who first originated the error, I know not ; but the truth was, that the Infant of Spain and the princess Isabella were betrothed at too early an age to be enamored of each other ; they never met till king Philip's own marriage with the princess according to his change of policy some years after, and furthermore it is rendered unlikely, as well by the unloveable nature of Don Carlos, as by the universally acknowledged discretion and virtue of his mother-in-law, that any attachment could have grown up between them *after* her union with the king. Their alleged love has served to "adorn a tale" with many a dealer in fiction, both in the novel and the drama ; but it is altogether unconfirmed by the Spanish historians of the time ; and it is not to be supposed, had *there existed the slightest ground for jealousy, that*

such a motive would not have been attributed to Philip, in the endeavor to account for the mysterious death of the crown prince. The prince of Orange, in his vindication against Philip's proscription, among all his reproaches does not that I remember say aught of the father's having supplanted his son, though he ascribes that son's death to the king's desire to procure a dispensation from the pope for a marriage he had in contemplation ; the dispensation being granted "in order to prevent the Spanish monarchy from being left without a male heir."—It seems to have been the general impression that Don Carlos was cruelly treated by his father ; Watson, in his history of the reign of Philip the Second, says that the people of the Netherlands were confirmed in their despair of obtaining mercy at the hands of the king, by the accounts transmitted to them at the time from Spain, of parental harshness towards the prince. The Infant had, it seems, from his earliest youth been noted for impetuosity and violence of temper, joined to a very moderate share of wisdom or discretion, and had displayed the most intemperate desire to be admitted to a share in the administration of his father's dominions. The most consistent and probable accounts bear testimony to the imprudent rage of the prince, on the king's refusal to gratify his wishes ; his violent aversion to the duke of Alva, Ruy Gomez de Sylva, and others in his father's confidence, whom he considered as spies on his own conduct ; his open censures of the measures of Philip's government, particularly those adopted in the Netherlands, his threats against the duke of Alva for accepting the government in those provinces ; and the design he is said to have entertained of departing from Spain to place himself at the head of the malecontents. Philip, as was justifiable under such circumstances, after consulting with the inquisitors at Madrid according to his wont, prevented the execution of the rebellious designs of Carlos by depriving him of his liberty ; and the humiliation of this punishment is said to have driven the high-spirited young prince to the most frantic at-

tempts upon his own life. The tale of his conspiracy to murder his father cannot but be regarded as questionable. Several nobles and princes endeavored to intercede in his favor : but Philip was inexorable ; and after six months' imprisonment caused the inquisition to pass sentence of death against the Infant ; a sentence not executed publicly, but, as is generally believed by means of poison secretly administered to him by order of the king.

Philip's general character for relentless cruelty was such as by no means to vindicate him in the eyes of the world from the imputation of the most culpable severity in this instance ; consequently even the calumnies of his enemies passed current. The guilt of Carlos was denied ; and for the father who could pronounce and execute so terrible a sentence against his own offspring, no accusation could be too dark and revolting. He was doomed to find "an immortality of ill" in the embellished tales of poets who took this appalling event for a theme ; St. Real's romance spread among all classes the knowledge of the incident, amplified and colored according to his own fancy, and the numerous writers who followed him, founding their fictions on the same portion of history, were not likely to spoil a striking narrative for the sake of doing justice to a monarch so universally detested as Philip the Second.

The story of the king having poisoned Isabella has never been sustained by any creditable authority, and I suspect is also indebted for its origin to the French romance. Her character, as represented in history, appears to have been unsullied in every respect ; yet she has been not the least sufferer in the received version of the matter, which paints her as returning the attachment of her husband's son. It is possible that she may not have loved the king, a monster of selfishness and cruelty, incapable of awakening or reciprocating genuine tenderness ; but we have no reason to suppose she cherished attachment towards any other. It is necessary thus to *separate the true records* from those of imagination, to

protect the innocent against undeserved imputations. If Philip's character has suffered, his crimes were so great and numerous, that he would hardly be benefited, were the present stricken from his account.—We are now at liberty to examine the story as exhibited in avowed fiction; the want of historical truth will not interfere with its interest and truth to nature.

Both Schiller and Alfieri, in selecting this subject for the drama, have borrowed from the romance above mentioned. The Infant is here painted as a high-minded and generous prince, deprived by his father of the object of his dearest affections, with feelings blighted by this most dreadful of all visitations, struggling vainly against a passion once innocent and proper, but by circumstances suddenly rendered deeply criminal. The bride destined for him has been torn away from him forever, and his despair at her loss has blasted all the finer feelings of his soul, darkened the visions of glory that inspired his youth, and cast him out from the brotherhood of men to pass through the desert of life a lone and stricken being. In this view the events that closed his life are eminently adapted for tragedy; and Schiller has wrought up his materials with wonderful effect. By his admirable fidelity of delineation, an excellence remarkable in nearly all his plays, we are transported at once into the midst of the Spanish court, and the piece has all the aids and appliances which a graphic and distinct picture of the manners of that age and country can give. We have no "voices in the desert" as in the scene of Alfieri; all around reminds us that we are among the ministers and courtiers of a bigoted and despotic monarch; there are the pomp and circumstance of sovereign state; the jealousies, repinings, fears and plots of selfish, intriguing and haughty grandees; the designs and labors of patriotic enthusiasm and of less disinterested feelings, and the contrast of innocence and unsuspecting credulity with manœuvring address and artful malice. Amidst these various elements and complex movements, the keen *judgment of the author* has selected and seized upon the

characteristic traits of the objects he designed to represent, has arranged and individualized them so as to produce a perfect picture in the mind of the reader. This faculty of expressing his conceptions with impressiveness and vigor, a faculty second in importance only to the creative power of the true poet, Schiller possessed in a high degree, and had refined and cultivated it by assiduous study.

The first act of "Don Carlos" opens with an interview between the prince and the king's confessor Domingo, in the royal garden at Aranjuez, where the priest artfully endeavors to discover the cause of the evident melancholy cherished by Carlos. With this design he alludes to the queen, and the sorrow which the depression of her son-in-law has occasioned her. The prince, with artifice of which he seems afterwards ashamed, replies by accusing her of having cost him the affection of his father; but on Domingo's relation of an incident occurring at a recent tournament which betrayed the deep interest felt for his safety by his mother-in-law, Carlos haughtily rebukes the insinuating priest, with a vehemence however, that half betrays his own feelings to the keen eye of suspicion, and charges him with being a spy upon his privacy. He is presently relieved from the company of the confessor, and the marquis of Posa enters. This personage, who plays a conspicuous part in the drama, and is in fact the hero of the piece, is a political enthusiast, whose whole soul is devoted to the attainment of a favorite object, to which all his efforts and intrigues have an ultimate tendency. The delight of Carlos at again embracing his friend, just returned from a tour through Europe, is so excessive that the marquis himself reproves his boyish weakness, which the prince excuses by confessing his desolation and misery.

"Nay—let me weep;
Weep on thy breast hot tears—mine only friend!
I have none—none—in the wide full earth none—
Far as my father's royal sceptre reaches—
Far as the seaward breeze our flag sends forth—

There is no place—not one—where I may pour
 My bitter tears—but this! O Roderick,
 By all that thou and I may hope in heaven
 Of future rest—drive me not hence!”

With pathetic earnestness the unhappy youth reminds the marquis of the days of their boyhood and their affection; relates an instance of his own devotion to him, in which he bore the punishment of some juvenile offence committed by Posa, and resented by the king;—but his friend sympathizes coldly with these emotions; his mind is occupied with thoughts too high and momentous to find pleasure in the recollections of childhood—he would pay the debt of kindness in manlier coin. The prince, in explanation of his previous agitation, and his long cherished grief, confesses his love for the queen his step-mother, and his eager wish for an interview with her without the presence of malicious spectators. His friend, after exacting from him a promise to undertake nothing without his knowledge and sanction, engages to help him to a private audience. It is no part of the design of Posa to smother this unfortunate attachment, so long as he fancies it can be made subservient to the accomplishment of his schemes.

The next scene introduces us into the retirement of the queen. Elizabeth of Valois, the wife of Philip, is surrounded by her ladies, who converse upon their anticipated return to Madrid, and the sports and festivities that wait to welcome the royal pair. These are savage as the temper of the age; and the delight in anticipation displayed by some of the noble dames calls for the mild reprehension of the gentle queen. A better subject for discussion is offered in the approaching marriage of the princess of Eboli, one of the ladies, to a nobleman of Spain. The queen, with playful grace, inquires his merits of the destined bride, but is surprised when the latter, in a passion of tears, throws herself at her feet, beseeching she may be saved from such a sacrifice. Elizabeth promises her liberty—then dismisses the subject *with an abruptness* that shows displeasing remembrances are awakened in her mind, and asks for her daughter the

Infanta, a child of three years old. Immediately after, a page announces the marquis of Posa, as having arrived from France and the Netherlands, and waiting to present a letter to her majesty. The duchess of Olivarez, who holds supremacy over the other ladies, objects to his admission at such a time and place, as a violation of court-etiquette;* but is overruled by the queen, who commands the entrance of the marquis, and permits her scrupulous governess to retire. The noble knight is most graciously received, and seizes the occasion to request leave to introduce his friend into the presence. Carlos enters, and kneeling, kisses the hand of his mother-in-law; the marquis and ladies retire. The scene that ensues is admirable; the passionate sorrow and devotedness of the prince, and the dignity and virtue of the youthful queen, are exquisitely pictured. She appeals to his manhood and heroic spirit to conquer his ill-fated passion; "Elizabeth," she says, "was your first love; let your second be Spain!" He promises silence if not forgetfulness; and Posa suddenly rushes in, announces the king, and leads his friend hastily away. Philip enters with several of his nobles, and is surprised and displeased at finding his wife alone; the marchioness of Mondekar, who assumes the blame, to vindicate her mistress, is dismissed by him from the court, and banished from Madrid for ten years. The queen, indignant at the suspicions cast upon herself, and the treatment of her domestic, evades a reply to the king's questions, and bids the marchioness a weeping adieu.—After the departure of Elizabeth with Philip and his train, Carlos and Posa return; the prince is now brought to the point ardently wished by his friend; he declares his resolution to ask of his father the government of Flanders, which

* Madame de Stael has observed how strikingly the ceremonious gravity of the court of Philip II. is characterized in this scene. The queen asks one of her ladies if she loves best to reside at Aranjuez or Madrid; the reply is, that the Spanish queens have been accustomed, time immemorial, to reside a certain number of months at both places.—Elizabeth asks for her child; she is told that the hour fixed for her daughter's visit is not yet arrived.—When the king appears, he banishes one of the ladies for ten years, for the crime of having left her mistress alone half an hour.

he hopes to obtain by his solicitations, and thereby escape the temptations continually presented during his residence at the court. He means to make a last appeal to parental feeling in the bosom of the king, hoping to regain by submission and candor the confidence and affection so long lost. Posa expresses the most enthusiastic approbation of his purpose, and they pledge inviolable friendship.

In the second act Carlos seeks the king and implores a private audience, which is granted with reluctance and apparent displeasure. The prince, alone with his father, lays open his heart; implores forgiveness for his offences, and expresses in the most ardent language his desire for a perfect reconciliation. Upon the machinations of designing courtiers he charges the fault of the breach that has so long existed between them; pleads that he will do for the sake of affection the service his corrupt ministers do for their own interests; that a fount of purer love than gold can purchase, swells in the heart of Philip's son. The following picture of confidence and happiness drawn by Carlos, succeeds the startled admission of Philip that he is alone upon a throne.

"You have been so, my Lord. Hate me no more,
I'll love you with a warm and duteous love,
Only—I pray—hate me no more! How lovely,
How sweet it is, in a fair soul to feel
Ourselves as holy things enshrined; to know
Our happiness another cheek doth kindle,
Our trouble doth another bosom swell—
Our sorrow fill with tears another's eyes!
How fair and glorious is it—hand in hand
With a beloved and duteous son once more
To tread the rose-strewed path of early youth!
To dream again life's dream of beauty o'er!
How great and blessed in your children's virtue
Immortal, ever present to endure,
The benefactor of a century!
How fair to plant, what a beloved offspring
One day shall reap—to sow what shall make glad
Their future fields; the joy anticipate,
The gratitude, their hearts shall feel!—My father,
Your priest is wisely silent of this Eden—"

Carlos then offers his petition that he may have the command of the army destined to quell the insurrection

in the Low Countries. He hopes much from the attachment of the Netherlands to him, and reasonably anticipates that his appearance in person, his dignity as crown prince, and the course of mildness and forbearance he proposes to pursue, may bring them back to their allegiance. The king intimates gloomily his suspicion that treacherous designs against his throne and life are concealed under the philanthropic zeal of his son; Carlos is horror-struck and deeply wounded at the insinuation, but withdraws not his prayer, pressing it more earnestly again and again, in spite of the rising displeasure of the monarch. Philip haughtily and decisively rejects his suit, having bestowed the command upon the duke of Alba; and commands the mortified prince to remain in Spain; Carlos leaves the audience chamber, and Alba entering, receives the royal order to prepare for his immediate departure for Brussels.

The next scene takes place in an antechamber to the queen's apartment. Carlos is in conference with a page belonging to the queen, who has privately brought him a letter and a key. In a tumult of contending feelings the prince breaks the seal, and at the same moment duke Alba crosses to the inner chamber. The letter is in a female hand, and appoints a meeting in a cabinet attached to her majesty's apartments, safe from intrusion, "where love can freely speak which has so long only trusted to glances." Carlos is ignorant of the queen's handwriting—but when convinced of the fidelity of the page, does not imagine the letter to be from any other than herself. The stripling, who he knows to belong to Elizabeth, confirms him in this supposition without being conscious of his error, replying to his eager questions that the letter was given him "by her own hand." The possessor of the hand is not named by either; and hence arises the mistake. The surprise and agitation of the prince are extreme; yet in the bitterness of a spirit wounded by unkindness, he does not hesitate to accept the bliss he fancies offered him. Before he can escape from the antechamber Alba enters, and requests a conference. A

long interview follows, which at length, in spite of the studied calmness of the duke, terminates in a dispute; both draw their swords, but are interrupted by the queen, who rushes from her chamber at the clash of weapons. The effect of her appearance is instantaneous; Carlos, at a word of remonstrance from her, drops his sword, and embracing Alba, asks his forgiveness; the queen, accompanied by the duke, returns into her closet.

We are then introduced into a cabinet, where the princess of Eboli, fancifully dressed, is playing on the lute. She is enamored of the prince, and is anxiously awaiting the return of the messenger by whom she despatched her letter. The page of the preceding scene appears;—she starts up and hastily questions him; he relates the words and the emotion of the prince on the reception of her billet, and informs her that he may be momentarily expected. The boy is dismissed, and Carlos enters the cabinet by means of the key conveyed to him by the page. Surprise at finding himself alone with the princess of Eboli, and embarrassment, deprive him of his self-possession; the graceful and animated conversation of the lady does much to remove the first awkwardness of his mistake, and he becomes insensibly interested, though at a loss to account for the apparent pleasure with which his fancied intrusion is received. The princess puts forth all the seductive graces and fascinations with which the poet has endowed her, to charm the heart of her guest; her sentiments respecting love excite his warm admiration.

“—— It is
The invaluable diamond, which I give
Freely away—or else forever hid,
Must bury—like the noble hearted merchant,
Who, all unmoved by the Rialto's gold,
Or kings' displeasure, to the mighty sea
Gave back his pearl—too proud to part with it
Below its price.”

She informs him of the king's design to bestow her *hand upon Don Ruy Gomez, count of Silva, and of her*

aversion to the match ; and wishes to be guided by his counsel ;—the prince is enchanted with her wit and beauty, and the crisis approaches.

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

" Long since had I departed from this court,
And from the world departed ; buried me
Within the cloister's walls—but that one tie
Still held me back, one tie, that to the world
Binds me with force resistless. Ah ! perchance
A phantom ! yet so dear to me !—I love ;—
And I am——not beloved.

CARLOS.

You are—you are !
Truly as God doth dwell in heaven ; I swear it—
You are——unspeakably.

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

And dost thou swear it ?
That was indeed mine angel's voice ! Yes—yes !
If thou dost swear it—Carlos—then indeed
Do I believe—I am !"

This avowal on the lady's part is understood ; but the prince, though he opens his arms to receive her when in the transport of affection she throws herself into them, has no idea of returning in coin the love so unexpectedly offered him. A sudden thought has struck him ; it is no less than to make the enamored princess a confidant of his attachment to his mother-in-law ; he proceeds, in accordance with his mad design, to acquaint her with his love for another, when she suddenly interrupts his communication by her exclamations of surprise and horror. The truth flashes upon her mind ; and in an agony of shame she demands her key and letters. She had a few moments before shown him a letter from the king, which he retains in his possession. Carlos refuses to give up the letters, and leaves her to mortification and regret. Reasoning on what she has seen and heard, she conjectures that the queen is her fortunate rival ; and vows revenge against her royal mistress.

In the mean time, duke Alba and Domingo arrange a plot for the ruin of the prince, and resolve to effect his destruction by exciting jealous suspicion in the bosom of

the king. To the fulfilment of their schemes one ally is wanting,—the princess of Eboli, who is beloved by Philip ; she presently appears ; Alba retires, and she directs the priest, who had been the bearer of the king's letter to her, to signify to the monarch her readiness to receive him. Her insinuations against the queen's honor, and vows that she will expose her to the wrath of Philip, are answered with joy by Domingo, who calls the duke to confirm their league ; and it is agreed between them that the princess shall first accuse Elizabeth ; as her majesty's companion and confidant her testimony will be accepted.

Carlos meanwhile seeks his friend, and relates the ill success of the petition, and his further alienation from the king ; not concealing the mysterious summons he had subsequently received, and his interview with Eboli ; shows the king's love-letter to her, and exultingly asserts that such a document is sufficient to free the queen from her matrimonial obligations. Posa warns him against the arts of the princess, and unfolds her character ; reasons against the blind passion which still rages in the bosom of the prince, arouses his sense of shame, rebukes him for his madness, and overwhelms him with the consciousness of guilt. He obtains possession of the letter, and having listened to the expressions of remorse and warm trust in his friendship, which fall from the lips of the repentant prince, rewards him by permitting him to seek an audience with Elizabeth. The zealous politician perceives that the only way to lead his friend to the fulfilment of his far-reaching designs, is to take advantage of the queen's influence over him.

The third act opens in the king's sleeping chamber. Philip is alone ; a table, with a burning lamp, is near him, on which he leans in deep thought, gazing on a letter and a medallion lying before him. These have been taken recently from a casket belonging to the queen, and sent as proof of her guilt to the jealous sovereign. The monarch's pride, which is the source of *his jealousy*, is alarmed and wounded ; he sends for one

after another of his ministers, questions and dismisses them haughtily, ordering his confessor to be summoned. Domingo's evidence is the same in substance with that of his fellow conspirator Alba, but his doubts are more cautiously and artfully expressed. Having heard him through, Philip recalls Alba, and charges both with a plot for the destruction of his son; contemptuously alluding to their known hostility to the prince;—then declares his intention to command a public trial of the queen, and reminding them that her doom will be death if found guilty—asks if they, as her accusers, will submit to the same sentence, if she be proved innocent. Duke Alba consents to support his charge on these terms, and is ordered to await further commands in the audience chamber.

In the hall of audience are assembled the grandees of Spain; Medina Sidonia, the admiral, just returned from his unsuccessful expedition, and disposed to face the English cannon rather than the displeasure of his master, kneels to relate his disasters to Philip, and to the surprise of all, is graciously pardoned for the fault of storms, and welcomed to Madrid. Here we may observe a peculiar trait in the character of the despot:—it cannot be supposed that from magnanimity or a sense of justice he abstains from punishing the unfortunate admiral. Medina Sidonia perhaps owes his safety to a wish on the part of the hoary monarch to inspire in those about him respect for age. Such is the motive which induced an aged pope to refuse the pardon solicited for Beatrice Cenci after her parricide; and such I conceive to be the most probable motive for Philip's leniency. Or, his pride may have rendered him unwilling to acknowledge his judgment in fault, by charging the failure on the servant chosen by himself; choosing rather to submit with apparent resignation to inevitable calamity. In either view, the incident throws light on his character.

The king then inquires the cause of the absence of the marquis of Posa, who has failed to pay his duty at the feet of his sovereign since his return from his travels;

the praises lavished by the courtiers upon the noble deeds by which Posa, though young, had already distinguished himself, astonish Philip and inspire him with curiosity to know the man, "who hath done all this, yet among three whom I question concerning him hath created no envy."—The celebrated interview that ensues between the marquis and the king—in which the voice of earnest and eloquent remonstrance is first lifted in the presence of despotism, in which the isolated and haughty tyrant is first taught to feel that virtue may exist, beyond his power to bribe or even to reward—in which he looks for the first time upon the man, alone in all his dominions, needs him not—has been censured by many on several accounts ; its defence must be hereafter. It is sufficient here to say, the monarch engages the disinterested knight in his service, entrusts him with his confidence in relation to the queen and his son, and gives him full authority and opportunity to watch the movements of both. Posa takes advantage of this trust speedily to demand an audience of the queen ; in which he warns her of danger and seconds the request of Carlos for an interview, overcoming her scruples by assuring her that the measure is necessary not only to the private happiness of the prince, but to the weal of the state. The liberty of Flanders is sacrificed ; Alba's appointment as leader of the royal army has struck a death blow to the hopes of the people. But one way remains to prevent the destruction impending over those provinces, and their loss to the Spanish crown ; it must be undertaken by Carlos, who must by her be persuaded to the enterprise.

MARQUIS OF POSA.

"He must

Be disobedient to the royal will ;
 Must privately betake himself to Brussels ;
 With open arms the Flemings there await him.
 The Netherlands will to his standard throng—
 Strength the good cause receives through the king's son.
 Trembles before his arms the Spanish throne ;
 That which the king in Madrid did refuse,
 Constrained he'll grant in Brussels."

After some hesitation, the queen consents to what she imagines a measure of necessity, and writes a few lines to Carlos, recommending him to follow the advice of the marquis.

Count Lerma, with good intent but injudicious zeal, meanwhile warns Carlos against the marquis of Posa ; acquaints him with his long audience and close confidence with the king ; but succeeds not in rousing in the bosom of the prince any distrust of his friend, as is proved by their subsequent interview. Posa gives him the queen's note, then asks for it, as more safe in his custody. With evident reluctance, Carlos confides the precious paper to his hands, then as if ashamed of his suspicion, throws himself trembling with agitation upon his neck.

The next scene is in the royal cabinet, where Philip is alone with the Infanta, his daughter. The medallion and letter are before him ; he has thrown the former in a transport of jealousy upon the floor. The queen enters and throws herself at his feet, strongly agitated, demanding justice against the felon who has robbed her casket. The offender, she suggests, must be of rank, for a pearl and diamond of immense value were left untouched, and only a letter and medallion taken away. To the king's stern questions she answers without hesitation, that both were gifts from the prince, sent before her marriage with the king. Her openness and unevasive answers convey to the reader's mind the most perfect conviction of her entire innocence ; the slightest wavering or shadow of fear would have marred all. The child finds the medallion on the floor and brings it to her mother ; who then in a strain of beautiful remonstrance rebukes the king for his unjust suspicions and unfair trial of her. Philip acknowledges the casket was opened at his command, and haughtily asks if she has never deceived him, reminding her of the scene in the garden at Aranjuez. The queen candidly confesses her disingenuous evasions of his inquiries at that time ; but excuses herself by charging her lord with unwarrantable harshness of manner before her domestics. *She censures also his cruel injustice towards*

his son, and avows the warmest esteem for the prince, who had once been her affianced husband ; as a near relative, and one who has borne a name yet nearer, tenderness is due to him. As might be expected, the king reproves this unusual boldness ; becoming more violent he pushes the child away ; the queen, offended at his invecitives, takes her daughter by the hand, and with dignified composure walks to the door of the cabinet. She can proceed no further, but overcome by her feelings falls in a swoon on the threshold ; the alarm is given ; she is carried to her apartment by her women, but not till the news of so ominous an incident is spread through the court. Philip dismisses his courtiers, but welcomes eagerly the marquis of Posa, who demands a private audience, and gives the king a pocket book, which he says he took from the prince's chamber. Among the papers it contains is the letter from the princess of Eboli to Carlos ; at sight of this paper a light flashes on the mind of the king, who perceives her motive for traducing her mistress.. The marquis receives permission to control the movements of the prince, and a full warrant for his arrest and imprisonment, should he at any time deem such a measure necessary.

In the gallery Carlos meets again the boding count Lerma. The old man describes his pocket book, of blue velvet, wrought with gold, and tells him he saw it in the king's hand, while Posa stood beside him, and received the royal thanks for "the discovery." The prince cannot disbelieve a story so well attested, but fears not for himself ; his whole soul is bent to secure the safety of the queen, which he conceives endangered by the unfortunate note sent to him by Posa, that was in the pocket book when he gave it to the marquis. It is a beautiful trait in the character of this youth, that under no circumstances does it enter his mind to doubt the nobleness of his friend. Even in the face of this damning evidence, his only exclamation is—"I have lost him!" He knows the marquis to be actuated by *motives higher* than those affecting the private safety or

happiness of any man in the realm : and if he imagines that he is to be offered up for the good of a nation, he thinks not of charging with treachery or cruelty the man who, he is convinced, is impelled by necessity to the course he pursues.

In his extremity he bethinks himself of the princess of Eboli, and in despair of assistance from any other source, hastens to beseech her by her past tenderness for him, to help him to an audience with his mother. In her extreme surprise and confusion, she scarcely comprehends his request ; and they are interrupted by the marquis of Posa, followed by two officers of the guard ; displaying the royal warrant, he arrests Carlos, and hurries him away before he has time to utter another word ; then endeavors to learn from the lady how much he has already communicated. Holding a dagger to her breast, he threatens to murder her if she will not disclose the secret ; then struck by a sudden thought, releases her. Eboli rushes to the queen's presence and falls at the feet of her mistress, to announce the prince's arrest.

“ QUEEN.

Now, God be praised—it was by Posa's hand
He was made prisoner !

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

And say you that
So calmly—queen ? so coldly ? Righteous Heaven !
You think not—Oh ! you know not—

QUEEN.

Wherefore he's
A prisoner ? For some error, I suppose,
Which to the headlong character of youth
Was natural.

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

No—no ! I know it better !
O queen ! An infamous, a devilish deed !
For him there is no safety more ! he dies !

QUEEN.

He dies ?

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

And I—I am his murderer !

QUEEN.

He dies? Nay—frantic girl—reflect—

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

And wherefore,
Wherefore dies he? O, could I but have known
That it would come to this!

QUEEN (*taking her hand*).

Princess, your reason
Has quite forsaken you. Collect your spirits;
Compose yourself—that without looks of horror
That so affright me, you may tell me all.
What know you? What has happened?

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

O, not thus,
Not with such heavenly condescension—not
So graciously—my mistress! Flames of hell
Rage in this conscious breast. I am not worthy
To raise my look profane up to that summit
Of purity and glory. Crush, O crush
The wretch who at your feet lies bowed by shame,
Repentance—self-abhorrence!

QUEEN.

Unhappy girl,
What have you to confess?

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

Angel of light!
Pure being! Yet you know not—you suspect not
The demon whom you smiled upon so sweetly.
Now learn to know him. I—I was the felon
Who robbed your casket.

QUEEN.

You?

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

And who delivered
That letter to the king.

QUEEN.

You?

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

And who dared
Accuse you.

QUEEN.

You—you could——

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

Revenge—love—madness—
I hated you—I loved the prince.

QUEEN.

You loved him ?

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

I told him of my passion—and I found
No answering love.

QUEEN (*after a pause.*)

O now—is all unriddled !
Stand up : you loved him—I forgive you all—
All is forgotten now : stand up ! (*Reaches out her hand.*)

PRINCESS OF EBOLI.

No—no !

A horrible confession yet remains.
Not yet, great queen !"

After the disclosure that ensues, Elizabeth, in silence, retires to her closet. She can forgive duplicity and malice towards herself, but her nature revolts from such infamy as is revealed to her. The duchess of Olivarez enters from the closet, and demands from the prostrate princess her cross and key ; she delivers them up, listens a few moments vainly for the queen's return, then despairing rushes out.

In the presence of Elizabeth, the marquis of Posa speaks in a tone of the deepest despondency, announcing the loss of the game in which he had staked his life. Yet he quiets her apprehensions on the prince's account ; the cause demanded one victim, and he has devoted himself. With a melancholy presentiment of his own approaching fate, he commits his friend to the queen, whom he beseeches to regard him with unalterable affection, that he may yet fulfil the high destiny reserved for him and become a benefactor to his people.

In the meantime the king's ante-room is crowded by the nobles of Spain, and the royal ministers, waiting to see the monarch, who has forbidden all access to his person. Don Raimond von Taxis brings an intercepted letter to the prince of Orange, which he must deliver to Philip without delay. He enters the royal cabinet ; Alba and Domingo remain without in suspense, trembling for their own fate ; the other courtiers busy themselves in conjectures respecting the strange conduct of the

king—the imprisonment of his son, and the ominous aspect of affairs. Count Lerma comes into the ante-chamber, apparently shocked, and summons Alba to the presence. The princess of Eboli hastily enters from without and is rushing to the king, but is held back by Domingo ; at length Alba enters and announces their complete triumph.

The explanation of these events is reserved for the last act, which discovers Carlos in a dungeon into which the marquis enters. Though the unfortunate youth can no longer doubt the perfidy of his friend, he does not dream of reproaching him for an act he is convinced sprang from necessity, but only regrets that the queen is to be involved in his destruction. Convinced that both are victims deliberately sacrificed, his surprise is extreme when Posa gives him again the queen's letter, which he had committed to his safe keeping, and had imagined in the hands of Philip. An eclarcissement ensues ; in the midst of which duke Alba enters to announce his freedom, and apologize on the part of the king for the mistake that led to his imprisonment. The prince refuses to take back his sword, or leave the dungeon till his father comes in person to restore him to liberty. Alba departs with this message, and the marquis, exulting in the success of his scheme, explains fully all his past conduct. He has seemed the prince's enemy only that he may serve him better. When, deceived by Count Lerma's officious representations, Carlos had thrown himself at the feet of the princess of Eboli, and Posa had arrived too late to prevent a confession, which in the hands of that envious woman might ruin all—the marquis had suddenly resolved upon a bold manœuvre. This was no less than to divert the king's suspicions to himself, and thereby secure time for the prince's escape to Brabant. For this purpose he wrote the letter to the prince of Orange, stating that he (the marquis) was in love with the queen ; that he sought to fix the sovereign's suspicion upon his son, who was not only innocent of the offence, but had *endeavored, through Eboli, to warn his mother-in-law*

against the arts of Posa. This letter, as the writer intended, was intercepted by Taxis, and carried to the king; and the prince in consequence restored to favor. The marquis implores his friend to escape into Flanders, where his duty lies; Carlos refuses to leave him; at the same instant a shot is heard through the prison door, and the gallant Posa falls and expires. The king and nobles enter; Philip offers to embrace his son, who repels him indignantly, and discloses the fact that Posa was his friend. None of his reproaches are so bitter to his father, as his taunting allusion to the fraud practised on him.

“ —Your favor you bestowed
On him—he died for me! Your confidence,
Your friendship you did urge—nay, force upon him;
Your sceptre was the plaything of his hands;
He cast it forth—and died for me! —And was
It possible? Could you give credit—you—
To such a dull deceit? How slightly he
Must have esteemed you—that he ever dreamed
With this poor mockery to overreach you!”

A tumult is heard without, and an officer of the guard entering in haste, announces a rebellion among the populace, who in countless crowds surround the palace, clamorous for the prince, whose life they have heard is in danger. Philip, delirious with indignation and offended pride, is hurried away by his attendants; and Carlos, left alone, is joined by Merkado, physician to the queen, who brings her request for an interview, that she may communicate to him his deceased friend's last charge. The prince is to cross the vault at midnight, in the habit of a monk, that he may be taken for the ghost of the dead emperor by the superstitious guards.—This proposed interview is discovered to the king by other means, and at the appointed hour of twelve, after the appearance of Carlos, he orders the entrances to the vault to be stopped, and sends for the grand inquisitor. In a terrible scene with this aged dignitary, Philip delivers into his hands the destiny of his son. The plot hastens to its catastrophe. In a remote apartment the queen's last

meeting with the doomed prince takes place. Carlos has awakened from his former madness ; devoted only to the accomplishment of his friend's dying request, he disclaims the entertainment of other feelings for the queen than affection founded on the circumstance that she was the confidant and friend of the marquis. At this juncture the king, grand inquisitor and nobles appear in the back ground, unperceived by the prince or Elizabeth.

"CARLOS.

Now I depart from Spain,
To see my father in this life no more ;
I cannot love him ; nature in my breast
Is now extinct—be you again his wife ;
His son is lost to him. Return to duty.
I go—to rescue my oppressed people
From tyrant hands. Madrid sees me as king,
Or never more. Now for our last farewell !
* * * Did you hear nought ?

QUEEN.

No—nothing—save the clock
That sounds our separation.

CARLOS.

Then good night,
Mother ! from Ghent you will receive the letter
Which shall the secret of this interview
Make public. I depart—henceforth with Philip
To walk an open path. Henceforth between us
I would have nothing secret. You need never
Shun the world's eyes.
Be this my last deceit. (*Attempts to put on his mask ; the
King steps between them.*)

KING.

It is your last ! (*Queen falls senseless*)

CARLOS (*catches her in his arms.*)

Is she dead ?

Oh, Heaven and earth !

KING (*coldly, to the Grand Inquisitor.*)

Cardinal—I have done

My part——do yours !"

The foregoing sketch of this intricate play prepares us for an examination of the personages, who are severally drawn with elaborate care. Philip, as first in place,

claims our attention ; hard-hearted, cold-blooded, selfish and cruel by nature, limited in his intellect, unrestrained by moral principle, and of unbounded pride, he is thoroughly a tyrant. His ruling motive is a desire to extend and consolidate his own power ; to this the promptings of nature and the dictates of humanity have been ever sacrificed. He has no sympathy with a single fellow being ; he has passed through life without a friend ; uncared for by those most dependent upon his caprices, forever confined within the narrow circle of his own immediate self-interests—the gloom of his soul never lighted up by a single spark of any great or generous emotion. Yet we do not see him brooding over his cold and solitary destiny ; he sways a mighty sceptre with an iron hand, with an indomitable will, and finds his employment and pleasure in subduing the force of others, in adding to the vast distance that already separates him from inferior mortals. To elevate *himself*, and through himself, all that bears relation to his greatness, is the sole aim of his existence ; an aim which he pursues steadily and unswervingly, and to which he would render all things else subservient. His bigotry and relentless tyranny have plunged the Netherlands into misery, and excited them to revolt ; but the flinty despot dreams not of retracing a step of his course, to secure their allegiance ; the thought of their sufferings, of conciliating clemency, finds no place in his mind ; he discerns afar off the goal of his wishes, unlimited sovereignty ;—the path to it is through blood and misery, over the trampled bodies of thousands of his subjects—the desolation of widows—the ruin of orphans—the blight of a prosperous and happy land—but he pauses not, though the sympathies of Europe for an outraged nation call on him to forbear ! His understanding, fettered by selfishness, admits not the idea of the spirit of independence that is abroad ; he hopes to conclude his work by the same means that begun it ; to fling

“Himself against the wheel of a world’s fate.”

This very resistless and relentless will, this immutable

direction of purpose, invests Philip with a species of grandeur, a dignity, which revolting and appalling as it is, infallibly secures him from contempt. His cold cruelty excites our hatred ; his despotic power, and the deliberate barbarity with which he uses it, awaken fear ; but scorn is not for him ; he is a dark and dreadful being, locking up in his breast, inaccessible to human emotion, designs and resolves fit for the conception of a demon—walking among men the object of mysterious terror, to blast and to destroy. His gloomy and austere superstition strengthens and heightens his other evil qualities, by stamping his actions with its terrible sanction. His jealousy is the offspring of pride ; a pride of no generous origin, and producing no salutary effects ; such a passion as might dwell in the bosom of the enemy of mankind. In the depths of his soul no soft or beautiful image is ever reflected ; the stern and the hateful alone abide in those recesses unvisited by kindly gleams of sunshine. This picture is gradually unfolded to us in the course of the tragedy.

Schiller has been charged with inconsistency in the delineation of Philip ; in looking closely into the shades and blendings of the character, I can perceive no inconsistency. The scene most loudly censured, and mentioned by many among “the sins against good taste” of the author, is the interview between the monarch and Posa, which records the pleadings of the marquis against the usurpations of despotism,—and the sudden and mysterious influence obtained by him over the mind of the king. Mrs Hemans, whose elegant mind could appreciate keenly the beauties of Schiller, remarks concerning this scene—“Not even Schiller’s mighty spells can, I think, win the most ‘unquestioning spirit’ to suppose that such a voice of truth and freedom *could* have been lifted up and endured, in the presence of the cold, stern Philip the Second—that he would, even for a moment, have listened to the language thus fearlessly bursting from a noble heart.”

It appears to me that the critics forget, in their con-

denmation of this portion of the drama, that Schiller's Philip the Second is in his way, a man guided by principle; that is, *by a consistent and unchangeable aim*. His natural keenness of perception and discernment of character teach him the true motives and feelings of those around him; his haughty and suspicious soul feels no dependence upon them; he knows their hypocrisy and baseness, and despises internally the minions of his will. His sole resting-place and society is within himself; hence his selfish jealousy and scrutiny, and perpetual apprehension; it is only by appeals to his pride and selfishness that he can be moved; but to such appeals he will never fail to listen. With this keen watchfulness over his own interests, and this unscrupulous desire to advance them at every cost, he has the consciousness of his own precarious position, and his utter exclusion from the sympathy or affections of his court. He sits alone among his millions; he feels want amidst all his treasures; not the craving of a generous spirit for an interchange of kindly sentiment, but the want of what may secure his power. We hear him confess that he is alone; that the fury of suspicion disturbs his slumbers; we follow him into his solitary chamber, and see the lord of all the earth a prey to disappointment and boding uncertainties. When his pride is further invaded by gloomy suspicion of the infidelity of his queen, he feels more sensibly the want of disinterested counsel; he is especially desirous of knowing how far the stain upon the royal honor may be suspected by others. The guarded and courtly respect with which he is met in his appeal to Count Lerma, excites his indignation; and his disappointment is powerfully expressed;

“ Upon this rock I strike—and will have water—
Water to quench my burning fever's thirst—
He gives me glowing gold!”

Nor is he slow to perceive the interested designs of Domingo and Alba; to see that under a mask of devotion is concealed envious resentment against the prince,

which they hope to gratify through his means. With cold and bitter haughtiness he confounds their devices ;

"How gladly would the innocent man here strengthen
His petty spite with my wrath's giant arm !
I am the bow, ye think in your wild fancies,
That may be bent for service at your pleasure !"

It is at this moment, when, disgusted with the hollow artifices of his courtiers, tired of serving his ends by means of the vices of others swayed by the rein of power, of his attempt to scoop from the dark mound of error the pure spring of truth—he wishes for a friend—a *man*—"because he is not like providence, omniscient"—a man, "of pure and open heart, with clear spirit and unclouded eye," who may help him to find the deeply hidden fountain—"the single one among the thousands who flutter round the disk of grandeur's sun,"—it is at this moment, when in the long list of his dependants, he can find none worthy of trust—that he is confronted with the advocate and representative of true manhood, the only being, in the whole circle of his empire "who does not stand in need of him." The only man, who among crowds of suitors has "shunned his thanks." What wonder that such a phenomenon should strike with wonder the hard monarch ! He sees there is no lack of pride, of honest pride ; but this is as he would have it—"his Spaniards should be haughty ;" he perceives the value of that integrity which disdains to flatter, or even to accept responsibility when it cannot approve the measures it is required to extend ; not content to be the chisel to execute the designs of another artist. The king, observe ! is not touched by the exalted and ardent philanthropy of the marquis ; nor does Posa endeavor to excite any such feeling in his breast. He appeals to him not simply by painting the possible happiness of nations, dependent on a movement of his pen ; he dwells not on the glory of a benefactor of the human race ; but he endeavors to enlist in the great cause the evil propensities of Philip—his pride and his *narrow ambition* ; paints the accession of greatness, true

greatness, which may be brought to the sovereign ; points out the real meanness and insecurity of a throne, filled only by a desolator ; the elevating influence of that freedom, which in exalting the happiness of men, should make the bestower as a god ! Philip could never have become a beneficent sovereign ; but this incapacity arose not more from his want of the gentle affections, and of sympathy with his fellow beings, than from a narrowness of understanding that prevented him from appreciating the salutary effects of an enlightened and liberal policy. His fears are not alarmed—for the marquis especially disclaims being a revolutionist ;

" Dangerous I seem—for thoughts above my state ?
I am not so, my king. My wishes all
Lie buried here. (*Laying his hand on his breast.*)

The rage of innovation,
Which but more grievous makes the weight o' the chains
It cannot break—shall never heat my blood.
The century is not ripe for my ideal.
I live a citizen of future times.
Can a mere picture, sire, disturb your rest ?
Your breath effaces it."

Philip is thus convinced that the sentiments of the marquis have never been revealed to any other than himself ; he conceives a high opinion of the abilities of the man who could in such an age, conceive such a system ; and the boldness that has ventured to unfold such truths in his presence is a pledge to him of incorruptible integrity.

His wish to engage such a man in his service is natural and probable. Nor is it here out of character that he should forgive the temerity of the enthusiast ; for, remember, feeling, of whatever kind, has little to do with the course he pursues. His pride, the only passion of his nature, can experience less injury in trusting to a man, true and devoted to principles whose length and breadth are now within Philip's observation, than in committing its interests to shuffling, artificial, selfish flatterers. He fancies that he has read the soul of Posa in its depths, and can see *precisely* how far "the bane may be turned

to something better." He gives him his confidence in affairs on which he needs counsel, with a certainty that faithful service will be performed ; he would work out his evil purposes with an instrument whose attempered excellence has been proved in the production of good.

In this view I find nothing out of character or improbable in the influence obtained by Posa over the tyrant. The feelings and purposes of the marquis himself in this interview, and the succeeding ones with the king, must elsewhere be made the subject of inquiry. To the readers of the scene by itself, an impression of impossibility might destroy its interest. But those who take into view the preceding circumstances—the void first felt and so exactly filled by a character like the marquis, destined in spite of his liberal sentiments to fulfil the unalterable purposes of the monarch, will discover, I apprehend, but little stretch even of poetic license.

No one imagines that Philip could ever have been brought to entertain an idea of investing the daring enthusiast with any portion of his regal power. He would never in all probability, have sent the marquis into the Netherlands, to bring his rebellious subjects to order. The measure of confidence and authority he granted him in the midst of his court, to be exercised under his own eye, surely infer no prospect of any vast increase in future.

No part of the tragedy is more striking than the scene immediately following the death of Posa, in which for the first time, his character is fully unfolded to the apprehension of the king. He sees himself deceived and duped, the instrument of others ; and feels to his heart's core the taunts of the prince.

"He was no man for you ! he knew it
Himself, right well—as he with all your crowns
Rejected you. That fine harp-string was crushed
Beneath your iron hand. You could do nought
But murder him !"

What vain regret and self-reproach—what emotions of *bate and resentment* towards those who witnessed his

yieldings—what agonies of shame, of wounded pride—of dark remorse, not for the guilt of the deed, but its humiliating consequences—rack the inmost soul of the haughty sovereign ! He stands in strange silence amid the reproaches of his son and the terror of his courtiers ; he feels the presence of superior greatness, and the weight is intolerable. Carlos is triumphant, even at the moment that he bids adieu to life, kneeling beside the body of his slaughtered friend. The spirit of despotism has done involuntary homage to the spirit of freedom !

The tumult and shouts of the people without are heard ; the nobles crowd about their monarch, imploring him to seek safety in flight ; the delirious fancy of the king conjures up gloomy images of terror ; he feels his throne shake under him ; feels himself judged of those whom he had deemed the slaves of his will. His adventitious supports are violently torn away—he feels for the moment his condition without them. He has spurned the protection, the enjoyment of nature and manhood ; he is pursued by their weakness and their terrors. He is isolated from his race, yet an object of pity, because in the distortion of the features we discern the likeness of man ; because through his remnant of humanity he is wretched.

A picture no less impressive and awful is presented in a subsequent scene, in which the king comes forward, alone in the circle of his court, unconscious of observation, and grovelling beneath the shadow of his fearful remorse. His look wild and haggard, like one who walks in a dream, his apparel disordered, with slow step and vacant stare he passes among his affrighted grandees, his thoughts and sight turned inward to the harrowing vision before his spirit's gaze, till the madness of his burning soul finds utterance.

“ Give this dead back to me ! ”

Then the omnipotent craving of his master passion :

“ He thought so poorly

Of me—and died i' the error. I must have him

Again—he must think otherwise of me !

ALBA (*approaches timidly*).

Sire——

PHILIP.

Who speaks here? (*looking round the circle.*)
 Have you forgotten whom
 You stand before? Why kneel you not—bold man?
 Still am I king, and I will have submission.
 Must all neglect, because there's one has dared
 Despise me?

ALBA.

O, no more of him—my king!
 Another foe, important as he was,
 Is in your kingdom's heart!

FERIA.

Prince Carlos——

PHILIP.

He had a friend, who has met death for him;
 For him! with me he had a kingdom shared!
 How looked he down on me! So haughtily
 None look down from thrones!"

* * * * *
 The dead arise no more! Who dares to say
 That I am happy! In the grave dwells one
 Who did withhold esteem from me! What now
 Are all the living to me? One high spirit,
 One free man, rose in this whole century;
 One—he despised me—and died!"

The Philip of Alfieri's tragedy, after listening to the bold vindication of Perez, exclaims in simple astonishment—

"—— Alma sì fatta
 Nasce ov'io regno? e dov'io regno, ha vita?"

The finishing touch to this masterly and solemn picture is given in the interview between Philip and the grand inquisitor. It was only through his superstition that the tyrant could be tyrannized over, without injury to the consistency of his character. The fanatical, relentless spirit of that time is perfectly embodied in this scene, which has been pronounced by distinguished critics the most powerful in the play. The cold brevity of the dialogue is most appalling. The reader must judge of it in connexion with what has already passed. When the king announces the murder of the marquis, he is amazed

by the declaration of the priest that the deceased was well known to him.

KING.

"What know you? and through whom? How long?"

GRAND INQUISITOR.

For years

What you—since sunset.

KING.

You have known—this man?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

The course of all his life, begun and closed,
Lies in the Inquisition's register.]

KING.

Yet went he thus at large!

GRAND INQUISITOR.

The line on which

He was allowed to play—was long—but yet
Could not be broke.

KING.

He went beyond the limits

Of my dominions.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Wheresoe'er he was

Was I.

KING (*pacing up and down with a displeased air.*)

It was then known—my strait—my riak—
And wherefore I not warned?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

I may retort

This question—wherefore ask not counsel, when
You threw yourself into this stranger's arms?
You knew him? To the heretic *one* look
Unmasked you. What availed it you, to embezzle
This offering at the holy shrine of duty!
Are we *thus* trifled with? If majesty
Stoop so to be the accomplice of the felon,
Behind our backs to league with our worst foes,
What shall we do? If one find grace, what justice
Hundreds of thousands—say—could immolate?

* The writer is unacquainted with any translation of the plays of Schiller excepting Wallenstein; and is therefore compelled to use in all the extracts a version of her own, which has indeed no earthly pretension except that of being as *literal* as the structure of verse will possibly allow.

KING.

He too is sacrificed.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No—he is murdered !
 And basely—infamously ! No ! That blood,
 Which should have flowed to swell our tide of glory,
 By an assassin's worthless hand is shed.
 The man was ours—who gave *you* title, king,
 The order's sacred property to touch ?
 By us he was devoted. God bestowed him
 A victim to the time's necessity :
 By such a spirit's solemn punishment
 To make a spectacle of boasting reason,
 That was my purpose. Now in ruins lies
 The toil of many years ! We are despoiled,
 And you no trophy have—save bloody hands !

KING.

Passion had vanquished me—Forgive me !

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Passion ?

Is it the Infant, Philip, speaks ? Have I
 Alone, grown old ? Passion ?

(shaking his head in displeasure.)

Be conscience free

In your dominions, if *you* wear your chains.

KING.

In these things I am yet a novice. Pray you,
 Have patience with me !

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No—I am not appeased.

Your whole past reign to bring to disrepute !
 Where was the Philip then, whose stedfast soul,
 Like the pole star in heaven, unchanged, eternal,
 Revolved about itself ! Was a whole Past
 Sunken behind you ? Was the world no longer
 The same, the hour you gave your hand to him ?
 Poison no longer poison ? Were there fallen
 Twixt good and evil, twixt the true and false,
 Partition walls ? What is a purpose ? what
 Constancy, truth—if in a fickle moment
 The rule that governed sixty years may melt
 Like a vain dame's caprice ?

KING.

I read his face.

Too closely clings mortality to me ;
 To your heart hath the world an avenue
 Much narrower. Your eyes are quenched—

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What should
This man with you? What new could he display
For which you were not prepared? Know you so little
Enthusiasm—innovation?
The boastful talk of world reformers—falls it
So strangely on your ears? If that proud structure,
Your faith, falls with the battery of words,
With what face, ask I, sign you the death warrant
For many thousand feeble souls, who mount
The pile for nothing worse?

KING.

I craved a Man.

For this Domingo—

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Wherefore seek a man?
Men are but numbers for you—nothing further.
Must I the elements of royalty
Teach o'er to my gray scholar? The world's God
Learns not to need, what he may find denied him.—
When you do prate of sympathy, have you
Granted all men your equals? And what right,
If I may know, have you to lord it o'er
Your equals?

KING.

I am but a feeble man—
I feel it—From the creature you demand
What only the Creator can fulfil.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

No—sire—I am not deceived. You stand discovered:
You would elude us. The fetters of our order
Weigh heavily upon you; you would be
Free and alone. (*Stops; the King is silent.*)

We are avenged; now thank
The church, that she was pleased to punish you
But with maternal arm—The choice which blindly
She suffered you to make—your chastisement.
Now are you lessoned. Now come back to us—
Stood I not now before you—by the God
Of life! before me you should stand tomorrow.

KING.

Speak not thus! moderate your anger, priest!
I will not suffer it. I cannot hold
Parley in words like those.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Wherefore call you
The shade of Samuel up! Two kings I gave
Unto the Spanish throne—and fondly hoped
To leave a firmly grounded work behind me.

CHARACTERS OF SCHILLER.

The fruit of my life's labor now is lost ;
 Don Philip's self doth shake mine edifice.
 And now, sire—wherefore am I called ? What do
 I here ? I would not, fain, repeat this visit.

KING.

One labor yet, the last—then mayest thou
 Depart in peace. Let what is past be past.
 Be peace between us. We are reconciled ?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

If Philip bends in due humility.

KING (*after a pause.*)

My son projects revolt.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What do you purpose ?

KING.

Nothing—or all.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

What mean you here by all ?

KING.

I let him 'scape—if I must slay him not.

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Well—sire ?

KING.

Can you a new faith build me up,
 That shall excuse us a son's bloody death ?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

To appease Eternal Righteousness, expired
 The Son of God upon the cross.

KING.

You will
 Throughout all Europe this opinion plant ?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Far as the cross is honored.

KING.

I do violence
 To nature ; her all powerful voice will you
 Also to silence bring ?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Before belief
 Avails no voice of nature.

KING.

I resign

My office as the judge into your hands.
May I withdraw from it?

GRAND INQUISITOR.

Give him to me."

A view of the character of Philip as portrayed by Schiller, naturally directs attention to the "*Filippo*" of Alfieri. Though both these writers have selected the same subject for dramatic effort, and used the same materials, there can hardly be said to be any competition between them; so different is the mode in which they bring their genius into action. Schiller disdains all constraint save that of truth and nature; with Alfieri all is within the compass of art. Reflection ever takes the place of imagination. His mind is like an Etruscan edifice, while that of Schiller resembles the colossal and uncrowned Alps.—Schiller's play owes much of its effect to the fidelity with which he has brought the scene before us; he gives us a glowing picture of the times, which strikingly arrests our attention, before his characters have time to gain upon us. Alfieri on the contrary gave no locality to his dramas; his scenes have an aspect of isolation and barrenness that renders them bald and gloomy. There is nothing national about his heroes; his kings and warriors of the middle ages might have been represented as Greeks and Romans, so far as tragic costume is concerned; they have, in fact, no country. He aims at the exhibition of man solely as a human being; forgetting that though man may be man when stripped of costume, he is not man as we know him and as he moves in the world; and that a portion of his individuality must inevitably be lost by removing from our view those external circumstances which so universally influence his character and actions.

The style of the German poet, again, differs essentially from that of Alfieri. The former admitted all the exuberant graces belonging to the romantic system; richness of imagery and coloring, and brilliant poetry, the very breath of life to his conceptions. His flexible language is adapted to every variety of emotion; and the

seductive warmth of his eloquence not unfrequently clothes ordinary thoughts in a dazzling drapery. He abounds also in the most glowing and elevated sentiments, either arising naturally out of the subject, or ingeniously combined with it. It is quite different with Alfieri; the severity and acrimony belonging to his character entered into the composition of all his tragedies. Despising the decorations of the poets of the opera, he studiously excluded every species of ornament from his verse, aiming at a laconic sublimity which too frequently becomes affectation. He suffers no embellishment to relieve the dialogue; he disdains poetical figures, and his contempt for the softer emotions renders a want of pathos inevitable.

An eminent French writer has remarked, that "Shakspeare had a greater knowledge of the human heart than of the theatre." He whom French formalists have pronounced barbarous, "had a mind too philosophical, a penetration too subtle, for the point of view of the scene; he judged his characters with the impartiality of a superior being." True it is that his delineations have too much depth for the purposes of the stage: none but French critics would have thought of charging that on him as a fault! From such an imputation the French drama is eminently free; it exhibits not so much character as passion; our acquaintance with the hero ripens into no more familiarity than we acquire at the first interview. We see him busy in important action; but for his disposition, we must take his own word or that of his familiar attendant. In this respect the Italian school resembles the French. The dramatists of the romantic school, by throwing the hero into many situations before our eyes, and showing his influence on others, and the influence exerted on him by persons and circumstances, make him *act* his character instead of describing it; and in those delicate inadvertencies and minute touches, by which in real life a man's disposition is always unveiled, enable us to elicit and determine the character for ourselves.

Alfieri's love of simplicity led him to reduce tragedy to its elements. Not satisfied with adherence to the unities of time and place, he studied to preserve unity of action, by scrupulously avoiding the introduction of aught that might distract the interest it was his object to concentrate upon a single point. His idea of perfect dramatic unity, appears to have been that it signifies the exhibition of a single passion, confined to the effect of a single or a very limited range of incidents, having a direct influence upon it. The opposition to, or conflict with, this paramount passion, is seldom that of other emotions, but of outward events or circumstances. The feeling, too, is described, or expressed in soliloquies, which Alfieri's exclusion of minor personages rendered necessary to explain the business of the plot, rather than exemplified in natural action.

It is undoubtedly to be regretted, that a powerful and commanding mind like that of this poet, should have submitted to unnatural restrictions, that cramped the native vigor of his genius, for the sake of approaching artificial and conventional models of excellence. With all his ardent aspirations after political freedom, and his scorn of dependence, he made no effort to rescue the drama of his country from its enthrallment, but on the contrary, riveted more firmly the chains imposed by Frissino and Rucellai.

"Filippo" is marked by the harshness and rigid brevity of diction which particularly distinguished the earlier productions of the noble author. It exhibits, also, in a high degree, his greatest excellencies; concentrated energy, and sublimity of conception. He has employed different means from those of Schiller to produce his effect; the picture he presents is less elaborate, but far more striking and terrific. His touches were immeasurably fewer, but each *tells* with tremendous effect. We doubt if in the range of dramatic poetry, any conception has embodied more power than that of Alfieri's tyrant in

this piece. It suited his stern genius to depict such a being. Dark, haughty, vindictive and cruel, as he is painted, the impression produced by Filippo is deepened by his cold and impenetrable reserve. It was a bold and masterly stroke in the Italian poet, to represent the despot keeping himself aloof from all support or confidence of others, and shrouding his designs ever in an inscrutable veil. It would have enfeebled the effect to suffer him to indulge in prolonged conversations, to reveal his designs in confidential intercourse, or even in soliloquies. We are not shown the mechanism of the king's mind. We can see only into its black recesses by occasional brief glimpses, or by penetrating through the veil of hypocrisy. Even in the presence of Gomez, his tried counsellor and servant, Filippo maintains his habitual guarded and haughty reserve. His commands are brief and laconic to a studied degree, and his follower in cruelty rather divines his meaning from his long habit of sharing in the schemes of his master, than gathers from the king's language the full import of the words uttered. On no occasion does the monarch express openly what we might suppose his feelings; dissimulation seems a part of his nature. In the council scene and in that of his remonstrance with his son, there is a cold, implacable, sneering irony in his manner, that is impressive though revolting. It is the triumph of the poet's art, that notwithstanding this shroud of mystery and deceit, we are yet enabled to comprehend the depth of atrocious malignity in the soul of the tyrant. All lies not open to view, but the partial and dubious glances we obtain, convey the most forcible ideas to the mind, and there is the flash of truth, horrible truth, over the picture.

Filippo's keen scrutiny of the feelings of others is no less remarkable than his concealment of his own. Both these traits are strikingly exhibited in the first appearance of the king, which is in the beginning of the second act. The short interview with his minister before Isabella is summoned, is characteristic of his laconic reserve.

FILIPPO.

"Gomez—what thing above all else in the world
Dost thou esteem?"

GOMEZ.

Your favor.

FILIPPO.

By what means

Hopest thou to keep it?"

GOMEZ.

By the selfsame means

That first obtained it, sire;—obedience,
And silence.

FILIPPO.

"Thou today must practise both." *

The artful examination of Isabella, whose countenance and actions the crafty minister is commanded to watch, usually illustrates his cold and scrutinizing jealousy. Pretending a wish for her advice in a matter affecting private relations as well as the concerns of state, he proceeds—

"—— Carlos—my son—lov'st thou,
Or hatest thou him?"

ISABELLA.

My lord—

FILIPPO.

I understand thee.

If to thy inclinations—not the voice
Of virtue thou didst listen, thou wouldst feel
Thyself—his stepdame.

ISABELLA.

Nay—not so; the prince—

FILIPPO.

To thee is dear, then; virtue in thy heart

* "*Fil.* Gomez, qual cosa sovra ogni altra al' mondo
In pregio hai tu?"

Gom. La grazia tua.

Fil. Qual mezzo

Gom. Stimi a serbarla?

Il mezzo, ond' is la ottenni;

Gom. Obbedire, e tacere.

Fil. Oggi tu dunque

Far l'uno e l'altro dei."—

So firmly reigns, that thou, the wife of Philip,
The son of Philip lov'st with love—maternal.

ISABELLA.

Yours are the pattern of my thoughts; you love him;
—At least I do believe it—in like manner
I also—love him.”*

In the brief dialogue between him and Gomez at the close of the scene, showing the result of their investigations—their silent understanding and concert, has something in it more appalling than the most vehement denunciation.

FILIPPO.

“Heardst thou?

GOMEZ.

I heard.

FILIPPO.

Saw'st thou?

GOMEZ.

I saw.

FILIPPO.

Distraction!

Suspicion then—

GOMEZ.

Is certainty.

FILIPPO.

And yet

Philip is unrevenged?

* “*FIL.* ——— Carlo, il mio figlio—l'ami?
O l' odj tu?

Isab.

Signor——

FIL.

Ben già t'intendo.

Se del tuo cor gli affetti, e non le voci

Di tua virtude ascolti, a lui tu senti

D'esser——madrigna.

Isab.

Ah no! t'inganni; il prence——

FIL.

Ti è caro dunque; in te virtude adunque

Cotanta hai tu, che di Filippo sposa,

Pur di Filippo il figlio ami d' amore——

——Materno.

Isab.

——A' miei pensier tu sol sei norma.

Tu l'ami——o il credo almen;—e in simil guisa

Anch' io——l' amo.”

GOMEZ.

Think—

FILIPPO.

I have thought;

Follow thou me.” *

Gomez, “most impious minister of the most impious king,” is but a reflection of his master. Isabella has sufficient firmness of mind, which is yet overpowered. The closing scene, brief, rapid and animated, as it is in most of Alfieri’s plays, displays still more strongly the implacable cruelty of the king; after Carlos is dead, the queen exclaims—

“Ah yes! I follow thee; Death—thou art welcome:
In thee——

FILIPPO.

Live then—in thy despite—Live on!

ISABELLA.

Let me—O fearful punishment! He dies!
And I—

FILIPPO.

From him thus severed, thou shalt live!
Shalt live to years of grief: to me a joy
Shall be thy tedious sorrow. When divorced
From this thy guilty love, thou find’st life sweet,
Then I will kill thee.

ISABELLA.

In thy presence live?
Endure thy sight? No—never! I will die!
The poisoned cup thy poniard shall replace!

FILIPPO.

Hold—hold!

* “*Fil.* Udisti?

Gom. Udii.

Fil. Vedesti?

Gom. Io vidi.

Fil. O rabbia!

Daunque il sospetto——

Gom.

È omai certezza.

Fil.

È inulto

Filippo è ancor?

Gom.

Pensa——

Fil.

Pensai.—Mi segui.”

ISABELLA.

I die!

FILIPPO.

O heaven! what sight is this?

ISABELLA.

Thou seest expire—thy wife—thy son—both innocent—
Both by thy hand.—I come—beloved Carlos!"*

There is less diffuseness throughout this piece than Alfieri commonly indulges in; but its chief excellence is in the character of Philip. There is indeed less of the *human* about his delineation than that of Schiller. It is painted in stronger colors, and with a greater predominance of shade. Schiller's creation has a dignity independent of obscurity; but it wants the mighty effect produced through that agency. We carry away the deeper impression from the tragedy of Alfieri; the mind lingers over the conception of Schiller, which takes hold of the imagination less forcibly, but which grows on us, unfolding varied evidences of skill from different points of view.

* "*Isab.* Ah! sì; ti seguo. O morte,
Tu mi sei gioia; in te——"

Fil. Vivrai tu dunque;

Isab. Mal tuo grado, vivrai. Lasciami—O reo

Supplizio! ei muore; ed io?—

Fil. Da lui disgiunta,

Sì, tu vivrai, giorni vivrai di pianto;

Mi fia sollievo il tuo lungo dolore.

Quando poi, scavra dell' amor tuo infame,

Viver vorrai, darotti allora io morte.

Isab. Viverti al fianco?—io supportar tua vista?

Non fia mai—no! morir vogl' io—Supplisca

Al tutto nappo—il tuo pugnàl——

Fil. T' arresta—

Isab. Io moro—

Fil. Oh ciel! che veggio?

Isab. Morir vedi—

La sposa—e il figlio—ambo innocenti—ed ambo

Per mano tua——Ti seguo—amato Carlo."

MARQUIS OF POSA.

WE come next to the character of the Marquis Von Posa ; and here I have been assisted by the comments of Schiller himself, who wrote a series of annotatory letters, in reply apparently to sundry objections urged against this personage, and the part he plays in the piece. The author seems to have embodied his own spirit and sentiments in this creation ; it is besides wholly German. Posa has the earnestness and sincerity, the devoted and persevering enthusiasm so remarkable among the loftier spirits of that people ; the elevation of thought, dwelling instinctively on the noble and the exalted ; the stretch and depth of intellect, ever scaling the sublime and measuring the grand ;—vast and comprehensive, yet full of order and harmony.

Some critics have pronounced the marquis a mere abstraction ; too full of greatness and heroism, which are *idealized* beyond all resemblance to life. That his acts of heroic devotedness were not quite unprecedented, a reference to the numerous examples of history may convince us ; I hope to show, by analyzing the character, that his motives were natural in a mind so constituted. More plausible objectors have urged that this individual, who might have passed current in another age, was wholly unsuited to the time of Philip the Second ; that the sentiments of a reformer, if such had existed at that period, could never have so soon ripened into action but must have been altogether confined to theories.

The Marquis of Posa, like all great and original minds, rises as it were on the verge between darkness and light ; he stands separated from his fellow men, an *isolated, yet a prominent* being. The age in which he

appears witnesses the universal ferment when revolution is as yet incipient ;—the struggle of prejudice with reason ; of anarchy with judgment ; the faint dawn of truth. From such times are produced the most extraordinary men. The ideas of freedom and of the nobility of human nature with which chance or education inspired his pure and feeling spirit, are more striking from their novelty, and take the stronger hold on him ; even the secrecy he is compelled to observe respecting them contributes to deepen and cherish the impression. The stamp has not been worn away by long use of the trivial, which in these days would so quickly have effaced the salutary image ; by the prating of schools, or by the wit of the world. His soul, receiving this idea, feels itself in a new and fair region, where beauty breathes in unwonted forms ; it is dazzled with strange light, and enchanted with lovely dreams. The opposition, the contrasting shadow of bondage and superstition, enhancing its splendor, bind him closer to his visioned world. The brightest dream of liberty has its birth in a dungeon. The boldest ideal of a republic, of universal toleration and freedom of conscience, may be conceived most naturally in an age of bigotry and despotism—an age like that of Philip the Second.

The period was that in which the Reformation had given the first impulse to freedom of thought, and the spirit of independence ; feelings cherished, and stamped with earnestness by the troubles in the Netherlands among the subjects of Philip. Posa's personal exemption from control, and his rank as a knight of Malta, has contributed to nourish and ripen his speculative enthusiasm. He is meant for a *hero*, and represented throughout as such ; he has proved in youth with his sword, his firmness and courage. Of an ardent and generous nature, from his childhood a zealous philanthropist, and thrown by accident into circumstances favorable to the growth and development of his natural propensities, it may assuredly be supposed that truth and elevating philosophy should produce an effect upon his mind, as great

as on that of the visionary scholar, or the feeble worldling.

The two principal points objected to in the character of the Marquis, are his interview with the king mentioned in the last chapter, and his self-sacrifice for his friend. The latter stone of offence has been removed by the author's own able exposition.

The friendship of Posa is secondary to the great object he has in view, the advancement of the universal interests of man. In his earliest interviews with Carlos, the poet never loses sight of this design. The link between them is the remembrance of their boyish years ; harmony of feeling, kindred enthusiasm for truth, freedom and virtue have knit their souls together. The strength of feeling so prominent in Posa, unfolded in his manhood with such powerful energy, must early have had an object ; the benevolence which has expanded "to embrace humanity," in its first streams must have flowed in a narrower channel. His zealous, creative spirit required matter to work upon ; where could better be found than the bosom of an ardent, affectionate prince ? But even in youth he was cool and contemplative in friendship. His affection depended little on personal attachment. He thinks of Carlos as the prince ; and while Carlos opens his arms to welcome the friend of his bosom, asking love and sympathy, the political enthusiast kneels at his feet. The lofty apprehension of freedom and the nobility of humanity ripened sooner than friendship in his soul ; his love for Carlos was but a branch engrafted on a larger stem. Even in the melting moment of confidence and affection, the flow of soul to soul, he loses not the future, "I will pay the debt," he says, "when thou art *king*." Could friendship flourish in perfect vigor with this living, ever-present feeling of the difference in their rank ? or might not the tie between them be referred to gratitude and sympathy ? The feelings, misgivings, dreams and plans which crowded in the boyish mind of the marquis sought and craved sympathy ; and Carlos alone replied to, and could dream with him.

A soul like Posa's must early feel, and strive to use its superiority ; and the prince leaned upon him with such docile gentleness ! He saw *himself* in this fair mirror, and rejoiced at the reflection. Thus began their boyish friendship.

Then they parted, and all was changed. Carlos returned to his father's court, and Posa was cast upon the world. The prince, spoiled by his early dependence on a noble and warm-hearted youth, finds none in the circle of the court who can satisfy the longings of his bosom. All around him is empty and barren. Alone amidst the crowd, banished from favor, he indulges in pleasing visions of the past. His early impressions are warm and vivid, his heart, formed for benevolence and wanting a worthy object, consumes its own energies in unsatisfying dreams. Gradually he sinks into inactive contemplation ; his strength is expended in the struggle against his outward condition. His father's harshness spreads a hue of gloom over his being—the corroding worm is in his soul's flower ;—it is the death of enthusiasm ! Thrown back on himself, without energy or occupation, brooding over his own thoughts, weakened with fruitless struggles—incapable longer of soaring above his circumstances—so finds him **FIRST LOVE**. He has no strength to oppose its despotic sway ; his early sentiments, which could alone have maintained an equilibrium, are strangers to his mind ; the passion rules him with arbitrary power ; he is wholly resigned to it. On a single object all his faculties are concentrated ; his soul is fettered to one ever-burning wish ; how should it escape from its prison into the vastness of the universe ? Unable to gratify his love, or conquer it by strength of mind, he exists between life and nothingness ; wasting visibly away, with no relief to his consuming anguish, no feeling, no open heart in which he may pour out the bitterness of his own. His very helplessness, and the poverty felt by the heart, bring him back to the point when his bosom's fulness required an overflow ; he feels more keenly the need of

sympathy because he is alone and unhappy. Thus he meets his returned friend.

Quite otherwise, meanwhile, has it fared with Posa. With all the vigor of his youthful dispositions, the warmth of his heart, the impulse of his genius, cast upon the universe, he has seen men act in mass, as well as individually, and found opportunity to bring his ideal to the test of experience and observation. All he heard and saw has been devoured with eagerness, and thought and acted upon in reference to that ideal. He has beheld man in many varieties of condition; in various climes, states, ranks, and degrees of happiness. He has gradually arrived at a conception of man in the abstract, and before this thought each smaller relation vanishes. His soul expands; he steps as it were out of himself; he considers not an individual, but the whole race; his youthful affection is swallowed up in universal philanthropy. From an idle enthusiast he is grown a busy, acting man. Former dreams and presentiments, that lay obscure and unfledged in his mind, have reached a perfect growth; crude visions have ripened into solid plans, a vague longing is developed into an earnest and well-directed activity. He has studied the spirit of nations, proved their condition, and weighed their means of help; in communion with kindred minds has seen his ideas under many forms and in many sides of view. The approval and sanction of eminent politicians have taken the tinge of romance from his theory, and stamped it with the assurance of justice and fitness.

Enriched with new and fruitful notions, full of vigor, creative impulse, bold and far-reaching designs, with busy head and glowing heart—inspired with high thoughts of the power and dignity of mankind, kindled with desire for the happiness of the great whole—he comes back to the mighty harvest, with earnest desire to find a theatre in which to realize his ideal, to bring forth his gathered treasure. In Flanders all is ready for a revolution. Knowing the spirit, strength, and resources of this people, *contrasted* with the power of their oppressor, he

looks on the great enterprise already as ended. His notions of republican freedom can find no where a more fortunate time, or a more favorable soil for their development. The more wretched he sees this people; the more earnestly presses the wish upon his heart, the more ardently he longs to bring the desire to its fulfilment. Here he remembers his friend, whom, glowing likewise with the vague ambition of doing good that reigned in his breast, he had parted from at the place of their academic studies. He thinks of him as the saviour of an oppressed people; the instrument of his high design. Regarding him as connected inseparably with his darling project, with speechless love he hastens to his arms in Madrid; trusting to find ripened the seed of humanity and heroic virtue he had sown; to embrace in the prince the deliverer of the Netherlands—the future creator of his visionary state. Carlos greets him with a burst of passionate affection.

CARLOS.

"I clasp thee to my breast—I feel thy heart
Beat against mine. O now—all's well again;
I fling myself upon my Roderic's neck!"

What says Posa, who left his friend in the bloom of youth, and finds him a walking corpse? Does he ask the cause of this mournful change—or listen to the complaints of the suffering prince? He repels coldly the unwelcome burst of feeling:

POSA.

"It was not thus, that I did hope to meet
Don Philip's son—
No—this is not the lion-hearted youth
To whom a noble and wronged people sent me.
I stand not here as Roderic before you—
Not as the playfellow of the boy Carlos—
The ambassador of the whole human race
I here embrace you ———" *

* I do not venture to give the expressive conclusion of the verses—

"— es sind die flandrischen
Provinzen, die an ihrem Halse weinen."

Carlos must bring forward all that is moving in his condition, must call back the scenes of boyhood, to awaken sympathy and draw attention to his own misery. Posa sees the hopes disappear with which he had hastened to Spain; he had fancied a hero panting for action, to whom he should open a theatre for great deeds; he reckoned on the store of elevated philanthropy he had left; on the vow pledged in past days of enthusiasm;—he finds a youth consumed with hopeless love.

CARLOS.

"I also once
 Dreamed of a prince of Spain—in whose proud cheek
 The fiery blood would mount, if one did speak
 Of Liberty!—Yet he is long since buried,
 Whom thou seest here—he is no more the Carlos
 Who took his leave of thee in Alkala,
 Who with the sweet and glorious vision burned
 Creator of a new and golden age
 For Spain to be:—Oh, the design was childish,
 But godlike fair! Past are those dreams!"

An unfortunate passion wasting the strength of the prince, and placing life itself in danger, a true friend to Carlos, one who had simply his interests at heart, would have left no means untried to extinguish the flame, would *never* have encouraged it. Posa, the citizen of the world, the advocate of the Netherlands, seeks by the readiest means, and at some cost, to end the hopeless wretchedness of the prince; and procures him an interview with the queen. So long as Carlos languished in despair, thus he reasoned—he would not feel for the woes of others; so long as his strength was smitten with blight, he was capable of no heroic resolution. From the prince in a state of misery, Flanders had naught to hope—but much from his soothed feelings and restored energies. He reads in the mind of his friend no longer the motives that had impelled him to lofty schemes; he must supply the place of this excitement—kindle the extinguished spirit of the hero at other fires; make use of the only passion now awake in his bosom. To this *must he link new ideas; a glimpse into the queen's hear*

shows him he may expect something from her co-operation. Yet he would only borrow from this source the first impulse ; he hopes that when Carlos is awake to nobler thoughts, this unhappy fire will die away. Thus he leads him to the queen's feet ; his sufferings are to be converted into an instrument of Posa's plans—the fate of Flanders must speak to his friend's heart through the lips of love.

“ In this hopeless flame
I soon discerned the golden beam of hope.”

From the hand of the queen, Carlos receives the letter brought for him out of the Netherlands by the marquis. The queen calls back his “ parting genius.”

This subordination of friendship to a mightier interest is also visible in their meeting in the cloister. The prince's plan has miscarried ; but he has made a discovery, he fancies, to the advantage of his love. His state of mind is most unfavorable to the intentions of the marquis ; all hope he had grounded on the attachment of Carlos to the queen sinks when that love sinks from its elevation and purity. “ O Carlos,” he exclaims in reproach, “ how poor, how very a beggar art thou become, since thou lovest none, but thyself ? ” Fearful of a relapse, he resolves to take a desperate step. So long as Carlos is near Elizabeth, he is unfit for the great design. His presence in the Low Countries can give matters a decisive turn ; thither must he fly, and enter into open rebellion. It may be a matter of question how far it was justifiable for a Spaniard to aid in the revolt of those provinces ; this point it does not lie within my present purpose to debate. Schiller was painting an enthusiast, whose code of morals permitted him to do a small evil, for the sake of the ultimate and greater good.

Would the prince's *friend* have thus trifled with his safety and fame ? But Posa, who feels himself called to the mighty enterprise of achieving a nation's freedom, acts in this according to his character. Every step in *his career* is marked by an adventurous boldness, which

an heroic aim alone can infuse ; friendship always moves cautiously, and is often faint-hearted. Earnestly and perseveringly he presses onward towards the lofty goal, all things of importance only in relation to his higher object.

With scene ninth of the third act opens the field of action for this character. The passion of Carlos has brought him to the brink of ruin ; proofs of his indiscretion are in the king's hands ; his thoughtlessness lays him open to the machinations of his enemies. His father's jealousy, exasperated by the craft of a designing priest, and the arts of a vindictive woman, and his own madness, threaten to overwhelm him ; his outward condition demands succor, no less than his agitated mind, and both menace the designs of Posa with failure. The prince must be extricated from danger, and the current of his feelings changed, if he is expected to minister to the great project ; his deliverance Posa alone must accomplish. Hitherto the marquis has been in shadow ; obscured by other personages who occupied the immediate attention ; but now the action is in his hands. His object, before only visible by glimpses, or beneath a veil, is now open and declared. The story of Carlos' love, which only prepared the way, yields place to the more important action. The building is erected—the scaffolding falls. The marquis has looked on the prince as his *indispensable instrument* ; hence his interest in him and care for his welfare, warm as if aroused by personal affection. Of course he dreams not of taking a more direct way to the accomplishment of his plans through the king. Thus, summoned to the presence of the monarch, he manifests indifference to the approaching interview, and wonders what Philip can possibly want with him. But this feeling occupies not long a mind accustomed, like his, to turn all to profit—to fashion plans out of accident—and view each event in reference to his ultimate object. A golden opportunity offers ; he approaches him who holds the destinies of millions in his hands ; *he would fain use the moment, which comes but*

once ! were but a spark of truth cast into *his* soul, who never hears truth ! who knows what a Providence might work out of it ? In this frame he awaits the sovereign.

All Posa could at first hope to gain in this interview, was, to astonish and humble the king ; to make him feel, for the first time, the embarrassment of a weaker mind before the greater ; to show him he could not dazzle or command the world's opinion. This view would produce the greater impression, as it must be perfectly new to Philip. But the marquis had judged Philip too superficially—or at least he was unacquainted with the then existing state of his mind, so highly favorable to him, and so prepared to receive whatever he might say with an indulgence beyond possible expectation. Posa's unexpected discovery of the king's dispositions, gives a new and powerful impulse to his enthusiasm, and changes the whole conduct of the piece. Emboldened by a success transcending his wildest hopes, a success which he possibly attributes to some obscured traits of humanity in the monarch—fired by the intoxicating thoughts that spring from the fancied discovery—he loses himself for the moment in the fond idea of reaching the consummation of his schemes, the reality of his ideal—immediately through the person of the king. This conception, extravagant as it is, stirs up all the fountains of emotion in his soul : he lays open his whole heart ; the creations of his fancy, the results of his deliberate thought, and the unlimited sway of this mental image over every faculty of his nature, are clearly shown. In this moment of feeling are the motives visible which have influenced his previous actions ; and it falls out with him as with other enthusiasts, governed by the ruling passion. His zeal no longer knows any bounds ; in the heat of his inspiration, he forgets himself so far as to ground hopes upon the king, for which delusion he will blush in the next moment of calm reflection. He thinks no more of Carlos. Why seek less speedy means of obtaining his object ? *This could not have happened to the bosom friend of the*

prince, to one who loved him for himself ; the very freedom and earnestness with which Posa revealed to Philip the darling schemes which had hitherto been a secret between him and the Infant, the very hope of completing them without his assistance, were violations of the faith of their friendship.

The whole illusion, however, cannot last longer than a moment. The first surprise of emotion may be forgiven ; but had the marquis continued to cherish so wild a belief, he would have sunk in our eyes to the idle visionary.

To render as clear as possible the design of the author in this oft-mentioned interview, I will extract it entire. It is interesting as unfolding the views of this reformer, and from the eloquence and lofty philosophy it embodies.

ACT III. SCENE IX.

THE MARQUIS *alone, in the King's Cabinet.*

MARQUIS.

Well counselled, duke : the moment should be used
Which comes but once. Truly, this courtier gives me
A worthy precept ; if with him meant basely,
Not so with me. (*Paces up and down.*)

But how am I come here ?

Is't only the caprice of wilful chance,
That shows to me my image in *this* mirror ?
Out of a million, me—the most unlikely,
That seized and brought to Philip's memory,
Chance only ? More perhaps—and what is chance
But the rough stone, beneath the sculptor's hand
That takes life's form ? Chance is the gift of Wisdom ;
It is man's part to shape it to his ends !
What would the king with me—it is no matter—
Full well I know what I would with the king.
Wer't but a single spark of truth—to cast
Boldly into that despot soul ! How fruitful,
There watched by Providence ! So what appeared
At first so idle, may most prudent be,
Most fortunate. Be it or not—I care not :
In this belief I'll act.

(*Takes a turn through the chamber, and at length stops before a picture, quietly observing it. The King appears in an adjoining chamber, where he gives an order—then enters, stops at the door, and looks at the Marquis a long time without being observed by him.*)

SCENE X.

THE KING, AND MARQUIS VON POSA.

The latter, so soon as he is aware of the presence of the King, goes and kneels before him, then rises, and stands without any sign of embarrassment.

KING (*looking at him surprised.*)
You 've been with me before—then?

MARQUIS.

No.

KING.

You did
Some service to my crown—why from my thanks
Seclude yourself. My memory is oppressed
By claimants—and there is but One Omniscient.
You it became to seek your sovereign's presence,
Why did you not?

MARQUIS.

'T is only two days—Sire—
Since I returned to Spain.

KING.

We are not wont
To be the debtor of our servants;—ask
Some favor.

MARQUIS.

I enjoy the laws.

KING.

That right
Even the assassin has.

MARQUIS.

And how much more
The honest citizen?—Sire, I am content.

KING (*apart.*)

Much pride of spirit is there here—by Heaven!
That was to be expected. I would have
The Spaniard proud! I may well suffer it
If the cup overflow!—And you retired,
They tell me, from my service?

MARQUIS.

I withdrew
To leave the way for worthier men.

KING.

Unjust!
When minds like yours keep holiday—my state

Must suffer loss. Perhaps you feared to miss
The post that should be worthy of your merits.

MARQUIS.

O no! I do not doubt—your majesty,
A judge so wise, and so experienced
In minds of men, that his materials are,
At the first glance, hath well discerned wherein
I might be useful to him—wherein not
I feel with humble thankfulness the grace
Wherewith your majesty, by thoughts so high
Doth load me;—yet——

KING.

You hesitate!——

MARQUIS.

I am——

I must confess it, sire—scarce now prepared
What I have thought as citizen of the world
To speak in language that becomes your subject.—
When I had parted with the court forever,
I deemed it not imperative upon me
To give my reasons for the step.

KING.

So poor

Then are those reasons? Dare you not disclose them?

MARQUIS.

Were the time given me, sire—to speak them all,
My life—and cheerfully—I'd venture for them.
But I endanger truth, if you deny me
This favor. 'Twixt your anger and contempt
The choice is left me: if I must decide,
I'd choose to seem delinquent in your eyes
Much rather than a fool.

KING (*with look of expectation.*)

Well?

MARQUIS.

Sire—I cannot

Be servant to a prince.

(*The King looks at him with surprise.*)

I'll not deceive

My merchant, sire. If you should deign to employ me
You only wish my actions—weighed before you;
You wish my arm and courage in the field,
My thought in counsel. Not my acts themselves,
The approbation they may find at court,
Must be the aim and object of my actions.
For me has virtue its own worth. That good
The monarch with my hands might plant—I would
Myself produce;—and joy arising thence,

CHARACTERS OF SCHILLER.

And choice,—should stand with me in place of duty.
Is such your wish? Could you in your creation
Suffer a new creator? Or should I
Contentedly descend to be the chisel,
Where I could be the statuary? I love
Mankind;—and in a monarchy can love
None but myself.

KING.

This zeal is praiseworthy.
You might do good: and how the good is wrought
Patriots and wise men deem of little moment.
Seek out, yourself, the office in my kingdoms
May give you right and power to satisfy
This noble impulse.

MARQUIS.

I find no such office.

KING.

How!

MARQUIS.

What your majesty would spread abroad
Through me—is it the happiness of men?
That happiness which my impartial love
Would give to men? Before that happiness
Faint majesty would tremble! No! Court Policy
Has framed another kind of happiness,
Which *she* is rich enough to give away;
Has waked new impulses in human hearts,
Meant for this novel good to satisfy.
Truth in her mints she causes to be coined,
Such truth as she can suffer—but contemns
And throws away each die except her own.
Is what can bring advantage to the crown
Enough for me? Must my love for my brother
Borrow from the abridgment of my brother?
Know I him happy when he must not think?
Choose me not, sire, to spread abroad the good
That *you* have stamped for us: I must decline
The duty of dispensing coin like this.
I cannot be the servant of a prince.

KING (*somewhat quickly*).

You are a protestant.

MARQUIS (*after some reflection*).

Your belief, my king,
Is also mine. (*after a pause*.)

I am misunderstood.

'T is what I feared. You see me draw the veil
From the high mysteries of majesty;
What should assure you I esteem as holy
That which no more hath power to terrify me?

Dangerous I seem, for thoughts above my state ?
 I am not dangerous ;—my wishes, king,
 Lie buried here. (*Laying his hand on his heart.*)
 The rage of innovation
 That but more grievous makes the weight o' the chains
 It cannot break—shall never heat my blood.
 The century is not ripe for my ideal.
 I live a citizen of future times.
 Can a mere picture, sire, disturb your rest ?
 Your breath effaces it !

KING.

I am the first
 Who knows you entertain such thoughts ?

MARQUIS.

Such——yes.

KING (*rises, walks a step or two, and stops opposite the Marquis.*
Aside.)

Novel, at least, this tone. The arts of flattery
 Exhaust themselves ; and imitation lowers
 A man of wit. For once, let's try the opposite !
 Why not ? The singular brings fortune off.—
 —If thus you view the matter—why—'t is well.
 The crown shall thus obtain too, a new servant,
 A liberal——

MARQUIS.

I see—your majesty—
 How meanly you esteem the worth of men,
 That in the earnest speech of a free heart
 You see but a new artifice of flattery.
 I can see too, what is it leads to this.
 Men force you to this judgment :—they have cast
 By choice their own nobility away.
 Have bowed themselves to this degraded state.
 Frighted they fly, as from some frowning spectre
 Before the innate greatness of their nature.
 Pleased with their poverty, adorn their chains
 With base dexterity—and call it virtue
 To wear them gracefully. So did the world
 Present itself to you ; 't was thus bequeathed you
 From your great father ; how in this sad image
 Of mutilation—could you reverence man ?

KING.

Some truth is in his words.

MARQUIS.

Yet is it pity,
 That, taking man from the Creator's hand,
 And changing to a creature of your own,—
 Making yourself the god of this new being—
 One thing you've overlooked—that you yourself

Remain a man—in all respects a man !
 You suffer and desire—a mortal still—
 You stand in need of sympathy—to a god
 We can but offer sacrifice—and pray—
 And tremble ! O most sorrowful exchange !
 Woful perversion ! When you've sunk mankind
 To be your harp-strings, who will share with you
 The harmony struck from them ?

KING.

(By the heavens,
 He touches me !)

MARQUIS.

But nought this sacrifice to you ? through this
 You stand alone ; a species in yourself :
 This is the price you for your godhead pay—
 How terrible if *that* could not be purchased !
 If for this price—the trampled good of millions—
 You should gain—nothing ! if the very freedom
 You have annihilated, were alone
 That which could bring your wish to consummation ?
 Pray you—dismiss me, sire. I am rapt too far ;
 My heart is full ; too mighty is the charm
 Of standing near the One of all on earth
 To whom I might unfold my thoughts.

(*The Count de Lerma enters, and speaks a few words in the King's ear. Philip gives him a sign to withdraw, and remains sitting in his former posture.*)

KING (*to the Marquis, after the exit of Lerma.*)

Speak on.

MARQUIS (*after a pause.*)

I feel—your Majesty—the worth——

KING.

Speak on—

You had yet more to say.

MARQUIS.

But lately—sire,
 My journey lay through Flanders and Brabant.
 So many rich and blooming provinces !
 A great, a vigorous people !—an honest people !
 And Father of this people ! That, I thought,
 That must be godlike !—Then I stumbled on
 A mouldering heap of human bones.—

(*Here he stops ; and fixes his eyes on the King, who endeavors to return his look, but drops his eyes embarrassed on the ground.*)

You're right.

You must. That you *can*, what you know you must, do,
 Doth fill me with a shuddering admiration.
 O, pity that, thus weltering in his blood,

The victim but so faint a song of praise
 Can utter to the spirit of the slayer !
 That men, not beings of a higher essence
 Write the world's history !—More gentle times
 Will soon displace the age of Philip—these
 Will bring a milder wisdom ; then the good
 O' the citizen will with the prince's greatness
 Walk hand in hand ; the state her children prize,
 And even stern necessity be human .

KING.

When, think you, would those centuries of blessing
 Dawn on the earth, had I before the curse
 Of this age trembled ? Look upon my Spain !
 Here blooms the subject's good in cloudless peace ;
 Such peace I give to Flanders.

MARQUIS (*quickly*.)

Churchyard peace !
 And you can hope to end what you've begun !
 Hope to retard the change of christendom
 Already ripe—the universal spring
 That shall bring back the world to pristine youth !
 You will—alone throughout all Europe—throw
 Yourself against the wheel of a world's fate,
 That unimpeded in full course doth roll !
 With mortal arm will grasp its spokes ! You may not !
 Already thousands from your kingdoms fly,
 Though poor, rejoicing : in the burgher whom
 For conscience' sake you lost—you lost your noblest !
 With open mother's arms Elizabeth
 Welcomes the fugitives—and England blooms
 Through our land's skill—in ever-growing strength.
 Desolate lies Grenada, of her tide
 Of Protestants forsaken—and exulting
 Europe beholds its enemy bleed with wounds
 All self-inflicted !

(*The King appears moved ; the Marquis observes it, and approaches
 few steps nearer.*)

For eternity
 You plant—And death your seed ! A work thus forced
 Cannot survive the breath of its creator.
 You will have wrought in vain : in vain sustained
 The hard strife against nature—and in vain
 To plans of desolation sacrificed
 A royal lifetime. Man is greater far
 Than you have held him. He will break the fetters
 Of his long sleep—reclaim his holy rights :
 Your name, with Nero and Busiris rank ;
 And—that doth grieve me, for you have been good.

KING.

Who made you sure of that ?

MARQUIS (*with warmth.*)

You were—by Heaven !

You were !—I do repeat it.—Give us back
 What you took from us ! Generous as you're strong,
 Let happiness stream from your horn of plenty—
 In your great system suffer souls to ripen !
 Give back what you took from us. 'Mid a host
 Of kings become a king !

(*Approaches him boldly, fixing on him firm and glowing looks.*)

O, could the eloquence

Of all the myriads, who in this great moment
 Are sharers, hang upon my lips, and kindle
 Into a flame the gleam that lights your eyes !
 Give up the unnatural self-idolatry,
 Which makes us nothing ! Be to us a type
 Of the Eternal and the True ! O, never,
 Never did mortal hold so much, to use it
 So like a god ! The Spanish name is revered
 By all the kings of Europe : Go you on
 Foremost among all Europe's kings ! One movement
 Of your pen—and the earth is new created !
 O, give us liberty of thought ! (*Throwing himself at his feet.*)

KING (*surprised, turning away his eyes, then again fixing them on the Marquis.*)

Strange zealot !

Yet—rise—I—

MARQUIS.

Look on lordly nature round you !

On freedom is it grounded—and how rich
 Through freedom ! He, the great Creator, gave
 The worm its dewdrop—and lets free will wanton
 Even in the lifeless spaces of corruption ;
 Your world—how poor and narrow ! a leaf rustling
 Affrights the Lord of Christendom ! You tremble
 At every virtue. Huz, to keep unmarred
 Freedom's fair form—lets Evil's frightful hosts
 Run riot wildly in his universe.
 Him—the Almighty Artist—we behold not,
 His being veiled in His eternal laws ;
 Those laws the sceptic sees—not Him—and cries
 " Wherefore a God ? The world doth need no God !"
 And never yet did Christian's worship praise Him
 As doth this sneering sceptic's blasphemy !

KING.

And you would undertake to imitate
 This mighty model—in mortality—
 In my dominions ?

MARQUIS.

You—you can—who else ?

Unto the nation's happiness consecrate

The regal power, which but too long hath pampered
 Alone the greatness of the crown. Bring back
 Man's lost nobility—let the citizen
 Once more be what he was—the crown's sole object.
 Let him be fettered by no duty—save
 His brother's right—like his inviolable.
 Then sire—when man, restored unto himself,
 Awakens to the consciousness of worth—
 And freedom's proud and stately virtues bloom,
 When your own kingdoms you have made the happiest
 Of all on earth—then it may be your duty
 To conquer other realms.

KING (*after a long pause.*)

I've heard you now
 Unto an end—and clearly see, the world
 Not as in ordinary heads, is painted
 In yours; nor will I, marquis, measure you
 By ordinary rules. I am the first
 To whom you have unveiled your secret thoughts.
 This I believe—I know it. For the sake
 Of this discretion—for your prudent silence
 Until this hour, on such opinions
 Embraced with such keen ardor—for the sake
 Of this forbearing prudence—I'll forget,
 Young man, that I have learned, and how I've learned them.
 Stand up. I will correct the impetuous youth
 As one of elder years—not as his monarch.
 I will—because I will. Poison itself
 In generous natures, may, I find, be ennobled
 To something better. But beware—I warn you,
 My inquisition! It would grieve me sorely—

MARQUIS.

Would it—and truly?

KING (*lost in wonder.*)

I have never seen
 A man like this. No—marquis—no! You wrong me.
 I will not be a Nero—not towards you!
 Nay, nay! All happiness shall not be blighted.
 Before me—you yourself—beneath my eyes
 May yet remain—a man.

MARQUIS (*quickly.*)

And, sire, your subjects?
 O, not—not for myself I spoke—not mine
 The cause I plead—my fellow subjects, sire?

KING.

So well you know how will posterity
 Judge of me—you shall teach it—you yourself,
 How I did act towards men,—when I had found one.

MARQUIS.

O, being thus the justest among kings,
 Be not at once the most unjust! In Flanders
 Are many thousand better men than I.
 Only yourself, great king—may I confess it—
 Do now behold under this softened image
 For the first time the lineaments of Freedom.

KING (*with mild earnestness.*)

No more of this, young man. Full well I know
 You will think otherwise of men—when you
 Have known—as I have known them. Yet I would
 This meeting should not be our last. How shall I
 Bind you to me?

MARQUIS.

Nay—leave me as I am.
 What would I be to you, sire, if me also
 You should corrupt?

KING.

This pride I cannot suffer.
 From this time, marquis, you are in my service.
 Nay—no objection! I will have it so!"

It has been objected to the character of Posa, that with so elevated a conception of freedom, with its praises ever in his mouth, he exercises over his friend a sort of despotism, seeking to exact of him the most implicit and unconvinced compliance with his requisitions, and leads him blindfold, as it were, even to the brink of destruction. How is the conduct of the hero to be excused—how explained, that instead of discovering to the prince the relations in which he stood to the king, instead of reasoning with him upon the measures necessary in the present state of affairs, making him the partaker of his schemes, thus shunning all the evil to which the ignorance of Carlos respecting his real motives, to which the prince's thoughtless precipitancy, mistrust and fear, could lead—instead of taking the most obvious, harmless and natural way to success—the marquis should rather run the most fearful risks—await the consequences that could have been easily shunned, and when they had supervened should seek relief from his difficulties by a means as harsh and unnatural in its nature as it is unfor-

fortunate in its results—viz. the arrest of Carlos? The heart of the prince was tractable. A few words would have spared Posa this business and its terrible train of consequences. Why does he seek his object by intrigue, when a straight forward course opens a far speedier and surer road to his end?

In answer to this it may be suggested that Posa's own precipitate zeal in the interview with Philip, had already raised a bar to perfect confidence between him and the prince. He seems himself to feel the wrong done to Carlos, by his open-heartedness with the king; the sudden rupture of the only band of their friendship—the effacing of the title by which the prince held his heart. To tell Carlos what had passed with his father, was to tell him a time had come when *he* was nothing to Posa; to tell him that the palladium of their friendship had been profaned. Nay more—it is evident, from a passage in a subsequent scene between the marquis and the queen, that there must have been an instant in which he actually hesitated between his own sacrifice and that of his friend. "It was in my power" he says,

"To bring upon this kingdom a new dawn,
The king gave me his heart—named me his son:
I bore his seal—his Albas are no more."

* * * * *
"Yet I give up the king: in this hard soil
My roses flourish not. That was the juggle
Of childish phantasy; the full grown man
Blushing disowns it. Should I blight the hopes
Of hastening spring, to cast a fitful gleam
Of sunshine o'er the north? Should I, to lighten
The last strokes of a weary tyrant's arm,
Risk the great Freedom of the century?"

* * * * *
On *him* I cast the fate of Spain; yet woe,
Woe unto me and him, should I repent it!
Should I have chosen the worse!"

But Schiller's own defence of this apparent inconsistency, given in his letters, will preclude the necessity of my further vindication. He admits that the character would have gained in purity and beauty, had the marquis

throughout pursued a straight course, and ever held himself above the ignoble aid of intrigue. But truth was dearer to the author than even the perfection of his favorite creation. He explains thus the high moral aim proposed to himself in this picture.

"I held for truth, that love for a real object and love for an ideal, must be as unlike in their effects, as they are in their being; that the most disinterested, purest and noblest man, from enthusiastic attachment to his conception of virtue and happiness to be produced, is very often induced to deal as arbitrarily with individuals, as the most selfish despot; and this because the object of the exertions of both lies *within* themselves, and not without; because he who forms his actions after an imaginary model, is almost as much in strife with the free agency of others, as he whose sole aim is his own gratification. True greatness of mind leads often not less to invasions of the freedom of others, than egotism and ambition, because it acts for the sake of the action, not for the subject only. While it works in continual view of the whole, the lesser interest of individuals vanishes too readily in the wide prospect. Virtue acts greatly, for the sake of the laws; enthusiasm for the sake of its ideal; love, for the sake of its object. From the first class we choose legislators, judges, sovereigns; from the second, heroes; from the third alone we choose our friend. We honor the first; the second we admire; we love the third. Carlos found cause to repent that he had not regarded this distinction, and had chosen a great man for his bosom friend.

"Posa's enthusiasm acts quietly, alone, in silent greatness. Silently, as Providence cares for the sleeper, he would avert his friend's fate—would save him as a God; and even thereby he ruins him. That he looks too much to his ideal of lofty virtue and too little to his friend, is the cause of the destruction of both. Carlos perishes, because his friend is not satisfied to save him in an ordinary way.

“ And here, it seems to me, I hit upon an experience not unworthy of note, in the moral world, which can be quite strange to no one who has taken time to look about him or examine the course of his own feelings. It is this—that the moral motives deduced from an ideal of excellence to be obtained, lie not naturally in the human heart ; and even therefore, because they have been first introduced by art, do not work genially, but often through a very human transition are exposed to injurious misuse. By practical laws, not by the refined production of theoretic reason, must man be guided in his moral actions. This circumstance alone—that every such moral ideal or work of art (*kunstgebaude*) is yet never more than an idea which like all other ideas, takes part in the bounded view of the individual to whom it belongs, and in the application, in which man is wont to use it, cannot be capable of universality—this alone, I say, must make it a dangerous instrument in his hands. But it is yet far more dangerous through the connection, in which it passes too readily into certain emotions that have place more or less in every human breast—I mean self-conceit, love of power, and pride, which sees it momentarily and mix with it inseparably. Name me, dear friend, to choose one out of countless examples—name me the founder of an order, or a fraternity, who with the purest aims and the noblest impulses, have always kept themselves pure from an arbitrary exercise of their power, in practice—from doing violence to the free will of others, from the spirit of exclusiveness and the love of power,—who, in the execution of intentions ever so free from any impure admixture, in so far as they take the object or aim, for something standing by itself, and would attain to it in purity, as it is represented in their minds,—who have not been led insensibly to invade the freedom of others—to postpone the regard for others’ rights, once held most holy—and often to exercise despotic power, while the aim itself remained unchanged, and the motives suffered no corruption? \

explain this inconsistency by the necessity of limited reason of striking out for itself a shorter way, of simplifying its business—of changing individuality, which distracts and confuses it into universality ; by the universal inclination of the human mind to love of rule, or the disposition to set aside all that can hinder the play of our strength. I chose, on this account, a benevolent character, one elevated above each selfish desire ; gave him the highest esteem for the rights of others—gave him for an aim the production of a universal enjoyment of freedom ; and I think myself not contradicted by general experience, if I suffer him to lose himself in despotism on the way. My plan required that he should be caught in this snare, laid for all pursuing the same path. How much would it have cost me to bring him safely through, and to give the reader, who began to esteem him, unmixed enjoyment of the other beauties of his character ? had I not deemed it a far greater gain to keep on the side of human nature, and strengthen through his example an experience never sufficiently impressed on us—this I mean—that in moral things one never without danger separates himself from natural and practical feelings, to lift himself into universal abstractions ;—that man trusts more securely the impulses of his own heart, or the present and individual feeling of right and wrong, than the dangerous guidance of generalizing ideas of reason wrought out by his art ; that nothing leads to good which is not NATURAL.”

This is the moral of the seeming inconsistency in the delineation of Posa ; with another, and one less easily vindicated, we have presently to do. It has been said that the marquis wantonly sacrifices himself—throwing himself, literally, into the jaws of a violent death, which he could easily have shunned. All, it may be urged, was not yet lost—why could he not fly, as well as Carlos ? Was he more closely watched ? Did not friendship itself enjoin it upon him as a duty to preserve himself ? Could he not have done more by living, than by his

death, even had his plan succeeded? Truly! the quiet spectator, with happy composure, could have managed much more prudently. But, it is said, the constrained and subtle measures he adopts in order to accomplish his own death, could never have been suggested to him off hand, but must have cost him time and reflection; why was not this time and reflection employed in devising a more reasonable plan of safety, or rather in embracing that which lay near him, and is palpable even to the short-sighted reader? If he did not wish to die for the mere sake of martyrdom, it is scarcely to be supposed such means should offer to him more readily than the more natural means of safety.

Again—Schiller's own reply to these objections is the best explanation I can offer.

“In the first place this difficulty is grounded on the false and before refuted supposition, that Posa dies only for the sake of his friend; an idea which is hardly to be cherished when it has been proved that *he did not live for him*. He dies in order to do and give all that man can do and give, for what is dearest to him—for his ideal, deposited in the bosom of the prince—in order to show as impressively as lies in his power, how deeply he is convinced of the beauty and truth of his plan, and how all-important he held its fulfilment. He dies, as many great men have died, for a truth which they would have many follow and lay to heart; to prove by their example how worthy it is that they should suffer all for its sake. When the legislator of Sparta saw his work completed, and the oracle of Delphi had declared that the republic should endure and flourish so long as the laws of Lycurgus were honored, he called the Spartans together, and demanded of them an oath that they would hold sacred the new constitution, at least till he should return from a journey he had in contemplation. When the oath was pledged to him, Lycurgus relinquished the command of Sparta, ceased from that moment to take food—and the republic waited his return in vain. Before his death

he expressly commanded his ashes to be strewn over the sea, so that not an atom should return to Sparta, nor his fellow citizens have the shadow of a pretence to break their vows. Could Lycurgus have thought in earnest to bind the Lacedæmonians by this subtlety? by such a juggle to secure the permanence of his constitution? Is it to be imagined that a wise man would give away his life for such a piece of romantic simplicity—a life so important to his country? But it seems very probable and worthy of him that he gave it away in order, through the great and extraordinary circumstances of his death, to make an ineffaceable impression on the minds of his countrymen: to induce a higher reverence for the work whose creator he made an object of emotion and admiration.

“Secondly, it is to be inquired not how necessary, natural or useful this means was in itself, but how it suggested itself to him who made use of it, and how easy or difficult it was to fall upon. Here we must take into observation far less the situation of things than the condition of mind in which the things wrought. Do the ideas which lead the marquis to this heroic resolution lie in his way—do they present themselves readily and with vividness? then is the resolution neither far-fetched nor forced;—are those the pervading and ruling principles in his soul, throwing others into shadow which could lead to a gentler mode of extrication? then is the resolution *necessary*; have those feelings which should subdue it less power over him? the execution itself cannot cost him so much. It is this we must inquire into.

“First, in what circumstances does Posa adopt this resolution? In the most pressing to which man is liable; where fear, doubt, displeasure against himself, sorrow, and despair agitate his soul. *Fear*—he sees his friend in the act of revealing a secret on which hangs his life, to one whom he knows for his direst enemy. *Doubt*—he knows not if the secret be divulged or not—if Eboli knows it, he must act against her as a partaker of the

knowledge ; does she *not* already know it, a single syllable may make him the betrayer and murderer of his friend. *Displeasure against himself*—he alone, through his unfortunate reserve, has brought Carlos to this precipitation. *Sorrow and Despair*—he sees his friend lost, and with him lost all hope he had grounded on him. In this moment, when his breast is stormed by so many emotions, a means of safety for the prince, suddenly occurs to him ; what is it ? He has lost the right use of his judgment, and with that the thread of circumstances which calm reason only is in condition to pursue. He is no longer master of the train of his thoughts ; but is given into the power of the ideas which present themselves to him with the greatest readiness and force.

“ And what are these ? Who perceives not that in the whole course of his life, as he moves before our eyes in the drama—his whole imagination is filled and pervaded by romantic images of greatness ; that the heroes of Plutarch live in his soul—that between two ways the *heroic* will ever, first and nearest, offer itself to him ? Does not his preceding scene with the king show what this man is ready to venture for that he esteems fair, true and excellent ? What was again more natural than that his self-reproach, most keenly felt at this moment, should dispose him first to seek means of safety that should cost him something—that he should believe it just and proper for him to work out the deliverance of his friend at his own expense, because his thoughtlessness had brought him into danger ? Observe—he cannot make haste enough to free himself from this state of suffering, to procure again the free enjoyment of his nature and the dominion over his feelings. Such a spirit, you will understand me, seeks for help *within* himself, not in external circumstances ; and if the merely prudent man would have suffered the state in which he found himself to continue, while he essayed on all sides, till he should at last obtain an advantage—it is on the contrary quite in character with the heroic visionary to shorten the way—

to re-establish himself in his own esteem by an extraordinary deed, by a momentary exaltation of his being. Then the resolution of the marquis might be in some measure admissible as a palliative whereby he seeks to escape a momentary consciousness of stupidity and despondency, the condition most to be dreaded by such a spirit. Consider also that since the years of boyhood, since the day that Carlos voluntarily submitted to a sore punishment to screen him, his desire to repay that magnanimity, had disquieted his soul like an unliquidated debt ; such a weight must have strengthened the preceding ground not a little in this moment. That the remembrance was really present to him, is evident from a passage in which it is involuntarily betrayed. When Carlos presses him to fly, ere the consequences of his rash deed overtake them, 'Was I so conscientious, Carlos,' answers he—'when thou, a boy, didst bleed for me ?'

"At last—I will not pronounce Posa throughout quite free from fanaticism.* Fanaticism and enthusiasm approach each other so nearly, and the line of distinction between them is so small, that in a moment of impetuous emotion it is but too easily overpassed. And the marquis has a brief moment for his choice ! The state of mind in which he resolves upon the deed is the same in which he takes the irrecoverable step for its execution. It is not well for him to contemplate his resolution once more in another frame of soul, before he brings it to its fulfilment—who knows if then he would not have decided otherwise ? Such another frame of mind is that in which he goes from the queen. 'Oh !' he exclaims, 'life is yet fair !' But this discovery he makes too late. He wraps himself up in the greatness of his deed, that he may feel no repentance for it."

If it be complained that a character requiring elaborate explanation to make us understand his motives, is too

* It must be understood that this word, in its German meaning, has no particular reference to *religious* zeal.

profound to please upon the stage, I am content to let Schiller partake with Shakspeare the fault of being too philosophical for the superficial spectator. There is a depth in all his characters that asks and richly rewards minute examination ; for he endowed his personages with a mind, and with reasoning faculties, as well as with personal qualities. Posa grows upon us to the close of the piece ; yet I do not believe that one who reads it even for the first time with a deep appreciation of the character, will fail to discover the scope of the whole. Philip's remarks after the death of the marquis, do not seem forced, but arise most naturally out of the previous incidents ; yet they embody a just conception of the deceased.

" To whom brought he
This offering? To the boy my son? No—never.
I'll ne'er believe it. For a boy dies not
A Posa. Friendship's sordid flame fills not
A Posa's heart. It stretched itself to embrace
Humanity." * * * * *
" Not Philip offered he to Carlos—but
The old man to the youth—his hopeful scholar.
The father's setting sun could not reward
His new day's work. The task he but deferred
For the son's rising light!"

The last interview of the marquis with the queen, in the fourth act, adds a coloring of solemn pathos to the representation of this singular being. There is a calm magnanimity, a lofty resignation about him here, which gives force and effect to the manly precepts he delivers for the guidance of the prince ; and the certainty of a speedy death invests him with dignity and sublimity. Here is his last effort ; into this appeal he throws more of pathetic earnestness ; of solemn entreaty. All the enthusiasm of his nature is here visible ; it breaks not forth in vehemence, but kindles into lofty extacy ; he speaks with power, like one inspired. Those who have not read the scene in Schiller's own language, will pardon me for offering a version of it.

SCENE XXI.

THE QUEEN. MARQUIS VON POSA.

QUEEN.

Ha—you at last, marquis? I'm glad you're come.

MARQUIS (*pale and disordered, and with faltering voice.*)Your majesty's alone? Can none o'erhear us
From yonder chamber?

QUEEN.

None. And why? What tidings?

(*Looks at him more closely, and steps back in alarm.*)And how so wholly changed? What now? You make
Me tremble, marquis.—All your features altered,
Like one that's dying—

MARQUIS.

You already know,

Perhaps—

QUEEN.

That Carlos is a prisoner;
And it is said—through you. Is it then true?
I would believe none but yourself.

MARQUIS.

'T is true.

QUEEN.

Through you?

MARQUIS.

Through me.

QUEEN (*looks at him doubtfully for a moment.*)Your actions I respect,
Even when I comprehend them not. But now
Forgive a timid woman; I do fear
You play, sir, an adventurous game.

MARQUIS.

I have lost it.

QUEEN.

Great God in Heaven!

MARQUIS.

Be composed, my queen.
For *him* I've cared. For *me* the game is lost.

QUEEN.

What must I hear? O heavens!

MARQUIS.

Who, who bade me
 Thus set my all upon one doubtful cast?
 All! So presumptuous and fool-hardy
 To sport with Heaven! Who is the man, will venture
 Rashly to turn the difficult helm of chance—
 Himself not the Omniscient? O, 'tis just!
 Yet wherefore speak now of myself! The moment
 Is precious, as the life of man! Who knows
 If from the judge's hand already fall not
 The last scant drops for me!

QUEEN.

The judge's hand?
 Your tone so solemn! What such words may mean
 I know not—but they affright me——

MARQUIS.

He is saved!
 At what price—let that pass. Yet for the present
 Only he's safe. His moments are but few;
 Let him preserve them. Ay, this very night
 He must leave Madrid.

QUEEN.

What—this very night?

MARQUIS.

All is prepared for this. In yonder cloister
 So long the refuge of our mutual friendship,
 The post awaits him. Here, in coin, is all
 Fortune has given me in this world. What lacks,
 You may add, lady:—Much, indeed, had I
 Upon my heart to say unto my Carlos;
 Much that he ought to know; too probably
 The time may fail me to complete my task
 With him in person: you will speak with him
 This evening—therefore come I unto you.—

QUEEN.

O, for my peace of soul, I pray you, marquis,
 Explain yourself more clearly—speak not to me
 In such terrific riddles! What has happened?

MARQUIS.

I must deliver a disclosure yet
 Of highest import: I deposit it
 In your hands, queen. A fortune has been mine
 Such as but few enjoy.—I loved a prince—
 My heart, to one devoted, did embrace
 The universe!—In the spirit of my Carlos
 A paradise for millions I created
 O, lovely was my dream! It pleases Heaven
 Untimely from my beauteous work to call me:

Soon hath he Roderic no more ; the friend
 Ceases in the beloved. Here—here—here—
 Upon this holy altar—his queen's heart,
 I lay my last and priceless legacy—
 Here let him find it, when I am no more.—
(he turns away—tears choke his voice.)

QUEEN.

This is the language of a dying man.
 I hope, 't is but the ferment of your blood ;
 Or is there meaning in this speech ?

MARQUIS *(has tried to collect himself, and goes on with firmer voice.)*

Say you
 Unto the prince—he must of oaths be mindful
 Which we in days of warm enthusiasm
 Pledged on the holy Host. Mine have I kept,
 Been true to him till death ; now it behooves him
 His vow——

QUEEN.

Till death ?

MARQUIS.

O, say to him—that he
 Must realize that vision—the bold vision
 Of a new state—the godlike birth of friendship.
 Let him the first hand lay on this rough stone.
 Whether he may complete the work, or fail,
 To him the same ! Let him begin the task.
 When centuries have flown, shall Providence
 A prince like him, unto a throne like his
 Summon—and the new favorite shall kindle
 With the same inspiration. Say to him,
 When he is man, he must still reverence
 The dreams of youth ; nor to the destroying insect
 A vaunted, o'ergrown reason, shall he open
 The heart of the tender flower of heavenly birth.
 Say that he must not quail, if this world's wisdom
 Fair Inspiration, daughter of the skies,
 Blaspheme : I told it him before——

QUEEN.

How, Marquis !
 And whither leads——

MARQUIS.

And say to him, I lay
 Upon his soul the happiness of men ;
 That dying, I demand—demand it of him,
 And had much right thereto. It stood with me
 To bring upon this kingdom a new dawn.
 The king gave me his heart—named me his son ;
 I bore his seal—his Albas are no more.
(He stops, and looks a moment in silence on the Queen.)

You weep—those tears I know, fair soul! 'tis joy
That makes them flow. Yet it is past—all past.
Carlos or I. The choice was swift and terrible
One must be lost—and I will be that one—
I pray you seek to know no further—

QUEEN.

Now—

At length begin I—now—to understand you—
Unfortunate—What have you done?

MARQUIS.

Surrendered

Two short lived hours of evening, to preserve
A radiant summer's day. I give up Philip.
What can I be to him? In this hard soil
My roses flourish not! The destiny
Of Europe ripens in my princely friend!
On him I cast the fate of Spain—She bleeds
Till then 'neath Philip's iron hand! Yet woe,
Woe unto me and him—should I repent it!
Should I have chosen the worse! No, no—I know
My Carlos! that will never be—and *you*
Queen, are my surety!
(*after a pause*) I perceived it bud.
This love, perceived th' unhappiest of passions
Take deep root in his heart. 'Twas in my power
Then, to subdue it—but I did it not.
This love I nourished—'t was to me not luckless.
The world may differently judge. I do not
Repent—my heart doth not accuse me. I
Saw life—where they, death. In this hopeless flame
Early I hailed the golden beam of hope.
I would conduct him to the Excellent,
Unto the highest Beauty would exalt him;
Mortality a form denied me—language
A voice—then to *this* aidance I referred him;
My part was to interpret him his love.

QUEEN.

Marquis, your friend so fully has engrossed you
Me you forgot in him. Could you believe me
In earnest disenthralled from female nature,
That me you made his angel, and bestowed
The weapon for his virtue? You reflect not
How much risk for our heart there is—if we
Ennoble passion with such names.

MARQUIS.

For all

Women, my queen—but only not for *one*.
On one I swear—or must you blush to be
Creator of the most exalted wishes,

A hero's virtue? What doth it concern
 King Philip, if his glory in the Escorial
 Kindle the painter with eternity
 That stands before it? Doth the harmony
 That slumbers in the sweet lute strings, belong
 To the purchaser, who dull of ear, doth keep
 The instrument! True, he hath bought the right
 To strike it into fragments—yet no art
 To wake its silvery tones, and melt with bliss
 Of thrilling song! Truth for the wise exists,
 And beauty for the feeling heart. They both
 Belong to one another. This belief
 No coward prejudice shall take from me.
 O promise me—eternally to love him—
 Never by fear of men, or a false heroism
 Prompted to cold denial—without change
 Eternally to love him! Promise me!
 Queen—say you promise this—and now!

QUEEN.

My heart,
 I promise—of my feelings shall be judge
 Alone—forever.

MARQUIS.

Now I die in peace :
 My work is done. (*Bows to the Queen, and is going.*)

QUEEN.

(*Follows him silently with her eyes.*)

Marquis—you go—yet say not
 If we—how soon—we meet again?

MARQUIS (*comes back ;—with averted face.*)

O surely—

We meet again.

QUEEN.

I understand you—Posa—
 I understand you well.—O, wherefore have you
 Done this to me?

MARQUIS.

He or I.

QUEEN.

No—no!—
 You plunged into this deed, which you call lofty.
 Deny it not. I know you—you have long
 Thirsted for this. A thousand hearts may break,
 What grief is it to you—if your pride only
 May feed itself thereby? O now—but now—
 I learn to understand you—You have wooed
 Only our admiration!

MARQUIS (*aside—embarrassed.*)

No! I was not
Prepared for that—

QUEEN (*after a pause.*)

Marquis—is no salvation
Within our power?

MARQUIS.

None.

QUEEN.

None! Bethink yourself.
Is there none possible? not even through me?

MARQUIS.

Not even through you.

QUEEN.

You but half know me—Posa.
I have firm courage.

MARQUIS.

Well I know it!

QUEEN.

And

There's no salvation?

MARQUIS.

None.

QUEEN (*leaves him ; and conceals her face.*)

Then—then—depart.

I value no man more.

MARQUIS (*throwing himself at her feet in the deepest emotion.*)

Queen! O God! Yet—

How fair is life!

(*Springs up and rushes out hastily. The Queen retires to her cabinet.*)

DON CARLOS.

It will not, I presume, be considered by any as improbable in Schiller's representation, that Carlos, the son of Philip the Second, educated by monks and closely watched by so many minions of the court, should venture to entertain the sentiments of a liberal. He had a friend—young like himself, and attached to him by the tenderest ties, to instil such principles into his bosom ; his liberal thoughts and designs are the offspring of his friendship. This feeling clothes the new philosophy in all the charms of poesy and youth ; cherishes it with light and warmth in his heart : it is the first flower of his being. His enthusiasm, prompting to plans for the happiness of men, appears in the piece in conflict with passion ; its end is not exhibited—Carlos is not permitted to lay hand to the work, though his will to perform the great task becomes ascendant. The youth to whom is assigned so extraordinary a work, must prepare himself for it and prove his capability by vanquishing his selfish desires—like a Roman, must hold his hand over the flame to show himself man enough to triumph over temptation and suffering. It is only when we see him victorious over his internal enemy, that we can expect him to conquer the external foes that stand in the way of his course of reform ; only when in the ardor of youth we have seen him cast temptation behind him, can we look upon him as one who may safely be entrusted with the destinies of nations. The author has fulfilled these requisites by making him triumphant over the most powerful of passions.

His soul, from the first, is free from the dominion of other wishes besides that one absorbing feeling ; in truth they have never been harbored there. In the midst of a corrupt court he has preserved the purity of his first innocence. His native purity is predominant in his character : he has been kept from stain not so much by the influence of fixed principles as by the moral instinct of his nature. Hence his want of discernment in the interview with Eboli, and his injudicious confidence in the princess. Her weakness and artfulness only set off by contrast, his better and purer feeling. The noble simplicity and beauty of his character is troubled by impetuosity, and by unsteady heat. With a tender and benevolent heart, enthusiasm for all that is great and good and beautiful, with courage, firmness and delicacy of nature, and generosity amounting to a fault, his imprudence and want of foresight occasion all his misfortunes. He lacks discretion. The elements of future greatness are in his nature, but his fiery impatience of temperament prevents his obeying the dictates of an elevated judgment. All that can constitute the excellent sovereign and accomplish the ideas of the subject's good—all that the philanthropist and the world can expect and hope, is contained in him, but not developed—not severed from passion—not made pure gold. Towards the close, his great qualities are purified from the dross, and unfolded, but not allowed to reach perfection. This is the more affecting, as he has lived from childhood in the future—the present was no world for him. He has dreamed of fame and happiness—and, through bitter trial and pain, is at length prepared to deserve it. His energy and feelings have begun to revive from the cruel blight that had smote them to the dust, and to expand in loftier impulses, when the fair structure is marred forever. A passage in the closing scene expresses the new feelings that have taken possession of his soul and brings him exactly to the point wished by Posa, embodying his whole design. He says to Elizabeth,

"I have lain in a long melancholy dream.
 I loved—I am now awake. Forgotten be
 The past! Here are your letters back: I pray you
 Destroy mine. Fear no further madness from me:
 'Tis past. A purer flame has filled my being.
 In the grave—with the dead—my passion dwells.
 No mortal wish divides this bosom more!"

* * * * *
 "A monument I'll build to him—
 No king had e'er the like! Above his dust
 Shall bloom a paradise!"

QUEEN.

So have I wished!

That was the mighty meaning of his death!"

No small portion of the pathos of this tragedy lies in the contemplation of the final wreck of this ripening greatness. In the full glory of its blossoming the goodly tree is cut down by the cold hand of tyranny. A glorious picture is revealed in the distance to our view; we approach it, and the forms of beauty and splendor shine more distinctly; but the shadow of despotism is suddenly thrown upon it, and abruptly shuts out the gorgeous prospect. A powerful impression is left on the mind by this appalling close.

The contrast exhibited in the character of the prince at the beginning and close of the piece, is touching and beautiful. He excites our sympathy at first by his desolate wretchedness, his bitter despair, so strongly painted as he refers to the lost hopes of youth, or the blasted prospect of his manhood. His wounds cannot be healed; he cannot regain what has been torn from him, and no prospect, not even that of future grandeur, can lift his thoughts above his wasting misery. It is only the hand of friendship that can pour balm into his spirit, and soothingly draw him from the contemplation of his misfortunes. He clings passionately to this new solace, for it alone can lighten the burden of his despair. When this support is withdrawn from him, when he feels he can no longer lean with confidence on the personal attachment of Posa, and fancies himself about to be immolated on the altar of his universal philanthropy—he bears the reverse with dignity.

No common-place railing against faithlessness and deceit ; no denunciations against him who had involved him in danger. "I was dear to him," he exclaims, "as his own soul."

"But must his millions—must his fatherland
Not be more dear to him than One? His bosom
Was for *one* friend too vast—and Carlos' happiness
Too small to occupy his love. To virtue
He sacrificed me—Can I blame him for 't?
Yes—it is certain! certain now! I've lost him!"

But he is alarmed for the safety of another—dearer to him than his own life—and his agitation in this fear plunges him into the imprudence which produces such terrible consequences. He fails in the attempt to save the queen ; but even in the midst of the gloom and despair that settles upon him, his candor acknowledges the virtuous aim of the marquis.

"It cost thee much!
O yes! I well believe—full well I know
How much thy soft heart bled, as thou adorest
The victim for the altar."

"Here's nothing wrong—
O nothing—nothing—save my blind delusion,
Which, till this day, hath never understood
That thou art great as tender."

The first dawn of the new feeling upon his soul is in the dungeon, where the two friends meet for the last time ; where the final explanation takes place. The stratagem is disclosed, by which the marquis sought to avert the consequences of the imprudence of Carlos ; his last device of safety, when all seemed lost—when ruin, certain ruin, threatened all their cherished hopes—

"Da wird es Nacht vor meinen Sinnen!"

The prince will not avail himself of the generosity of his friend ; he resolves to confess all to his father, and throw himself on the royal mercy for both their lives. But it is too late—the fatal bullet strikes the devoted Posa, and the next moment the king and his courtiers en-

ter the prison. This is the moment in which Carlos appears most elevated. It is the crisis of his life. He stands beside the dead, in the midst of the servile circle, and confronts the haughty tyrant with a mien that awes him in spite of himself. The stony Philip quails before a form of greatness unknown to him ; he is rebuked by the virtues he has always affected to disbelieve. This is one of the most striking situations in the piece. It is worldly grandeur subdued and thrown into shadow by moral greatness.

As Carlos unfolds the true character of his friend to the astonished gaze of the monarch, he disturbs the solemnity of his reproaches by no commonplace maledictions. There is indeed a calm sarcasm in his manner that gives keenness to his words, and galls most deeply the pride of his father ; but it is lofty and heroic.

“ A fragment of his spirit could have made you
A God. Yourself you 've robbed—yourself and me.”

Deeply and painfully does Philip's pride feel this ; his punishment has already begun. But Carlos has entered on a new being, and the past is dead for him. With his friend perished the passion which had fettered his nobler impulses, and another spirit passed into him. He is no longer the same being who appealed to our pity in the first scene. He is no longer powerless and useless, pining after the phantom of past joys, and in the dreariness of his misery, incapable of resolution. “ A short night has given wings to the flagging course of his years, and ripened him prematurely into manhood.” He arises in strength and betakes him at once to the mighty work, which, alas ! is doomed to be untimely arrested.

ELIZABETH.

FAIREST and loveliest among the finer creations of Schiller in this tragedy, is Elizabeth, the queen. In her the poet had a difficult task ; he had to reconcile the gentleness of a nature inwardly opposed to bigotry, harshness and injustice, with the duties of her station as the consort of Philip ; and more than that, to paint her still lingering attachment to her former affianced lover, which unconsciously influenced her, though her pure heart is far from acknowledging such a feeling. He had to represent her the obedient and virtuous wife of the king, honoring his wishes and anxious for his fame, and at the same time the mild and feeling woman, generously striving to alleviate misery, and to diffuse the peace she would bestow on all. Every thing that is sweet and graceful and winning in feminine nature, is united in her ; ingenuousness, dignity and tenderness, harmonized and softened by the aristocratic reserve becoming her rank and birth, which gives her prudence, though it never hardens into haughtiness. There is a mild light shed about her, and emanating from her gentle virtues, which sweetly gilds the gloom and blackness of her external circumstances ; she is a spotless form of beauty hovering in the dark atmosphere of fanatical tyranny, and rebuking, by her presence, the many shapes of evil thronging the scene about her. She moves the soul and wins the affections, though she is not imposing or commanding ; a lovelier contrast to the imperious Philip, could never have been conceived. Her affection for Carlos is deeply enshrined in the inmost recesses of her heart, yet it takes the form of the purest benevolence. *Her mind is a stranger to a single thought of unholy pas-*

sion. If a doubt of this could have existed after reading the first scenes of the piece, her interview with the king in the fourth act, when she comes to demand justice, would be conclusive proof of her perfect innocence. But this is unnecessary after the splendid scene with Carlos in the garden, in the first act, where she points out to him with earnest dignity, the futility and the enormity of his hopes, and strives to win him back to manhood by her generous eloquence. "The prize," she says, endeavoring to direct his energies to the task of benefiting the suffering millions of his father's subjects, "is worthy of the champion—worthy of the youth through whose heart flows the virtue of so many royal ancestors. The descendant of the great Charles should begin the contest afresh, where another man, dejected and spiritless, would end." And when Carlos exclaims "It is too late!" she replies, "Too late to be a man?" and reminds him of the duties incumbent on his exalted rank; the peculiar gifts bestowed on him by Providence, which it is his part to *deserve*. The love he bears to a forbidden object she would direct to its legitimate object—his future kingdom.

Of her own lot, even when it is darkest, we hear no complaint from her lips. Her will is bent to seek the good of others. If she agrees with Posa in endeavoring to bring about what she is aware must be displeasing to the monarch, some alleviation of the oppression of the Netherlands—it is only because she is convinced that the step recommended is the only means of procuring happiness for the people and safety for the crown.

There is no scene in which the dignity of the queen's character is more prominent and attractive than in her brief interview with duke Alba and Domingo, who, burning with envy and jealousy towards Posa, repair to her presence to warn her against him. The machinations of malice are disconcerted before the simplicity of Elizabeth, and falsehood stands rebuked. How noble her scorn of their duplicity! In reply to their entreaty that she would *beware of the marquis*, the queen says—

"I hear with pleasure, sirs,
The king hath chosen so well. I long have heard
The marquis as a noble knight reported;
As a great man. Never was royal favor—
The highest grace—more righteously bestowed.

DOMINGO.

More righteously bestowed? nay—we know better.

ALBA.

It has been long known, what are this man's aims.

QUEEN.

How! What then are they? You excite to the full
My expectation.

DOMINGO.

Is it long, your majesty,
Since you your casket have examined?

QUEEN.

How?

DOMINGO.

Or have you, madam, missed thence nought of value?

QUEEN.

Ha! Wherefore? What I've missed, knows my whole court;
Yet marquis Posa! What has this this to do
With marquis Posa?

ALBA.

Much—your majesty.
The prince hath also lost important papers,
Which in the king's hand were this morning seen;
When the chevalier had private audience.

QUEEN (*after a pause.*)

'T is very strange—by heaven! beyond belief!
Then I an enemy find, I never dreamed of—
And here again two friends, whom I ne'er yet
Remember to have thought such.—For in truth,

(*Fixing a penetrating look on both of them.*)

I was in danger of imputing, sirs,
The evil turn thus done me with my lord,
To you——

ALBA.

To us?

QUEEN.

To you.

DOMINGO.

Duke Alba—us!

QUEEN (*still keeping her eyes fixed on them.*)

How much am I rejoiced, to know my error
 So soon—Besides—I had resolved to day
 To implore his majesty to bring before me
 My accuser—face to face. Now it is better—
 Since I can bid duke Alba witness for me.

ALBA.

Bid me? Would you—in earnest?

QUEEN.

Wherefore not?

DOMINGO.

And bring to nought all service, thus, which we
 Would render you in secret——

QUEEN.

In secret?

(*with earnestness and dignity.*) I

Would know, duke Alba, what your sovereign's wife
 With you—or, priest, with you, can have to say,
 Which her lord must not know.—Say—am I innocent
 Or guilty?

DOMINGO.

What a question!

ALBA.

If the King

Yet—might not be so just? At least—not now?

QUEEN.

Then must I wait till he is so. 'T were well
 For those who have to gain—if he had been so!

(*She makes an inclination to them and exit; they retire on another side.*)

The exclusive admirers of tragic pomp and majesty in the characters of queens, will probably see little to admire in Schiller's Elizabeth. The daughter of kings, she yet owes none of her dignity to the adventitious circumstances of her station; all the reverence we feel for her is due to her personal qualities. She is a "very woman"—rich in all feminine graces and excellencies; her life has been, and is

"A sacred stream,
 In whose calm depths the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirrored."

Nor is she wanting in heroism; but it is of a calm and

unostentatious kind, never exhibiting itself in violence, but ready to make any sacrifice for the accomplishment of a good and benevolent purpose. She is content to act according to the dictates of another's judgment, for she is distrustful of her own ability to act with wisdom. Thus when the marquis informs her all is lost, she does not endeavor to strike out a new way of extrication from their difficulties, but merely asks him if nothing can be done "through her"—leaving it to his discretion to tell her *what* may be done; and when the last resource is pronounced vain, acquiesces silently in the mournful certainty she cannot change. Her part is passive rather than active; yet she displays energy enough to have made her, under different circumstances, a character full of decision and action. The unhappiness she is forced to endure; the stern requisitions of duty, and the scenes about her so foreign to her nature, have depressed her energies and forced them into a more limited sphere; she retires within herself, and there exercises the virtues so peculiarly her own—drawing consolation from duty. With all her gentleness she has an independence of spirit that sustains itself against injustice and oppression. To Philip's suspicions and reproaches she replies by a frank avowal of her regard for the prince as a near and beloved relative, and one who had once been thought worthy to stand in a relation yet closer; and openly censures her husband for his harshness to the infant. Towards Eboli her conduct is marked by kindness and condescension; she does not even withdraw her favor when convinced of her falsehood towards herself, till a confession of guilt, appalling beyond measure to the spotless mind of the queen, compels her to cast off the fallen princess forever. The situation of Elizabeth, shut out from all external resources and counsel, and forced to rely wholly upon herself in the most fearful emergencies, resembles that of Louise in *Kabale und Liabe*, though in other respects they do not remind us of each other. From the vast difference in their rank and circumstances, emanate the differences

in their character. Louise is, perhaps, more striking, from the artlessness and simplicity that become the lowly maiden. Exalted sentiments and heroic resolution in the bosom of an untutored and inexperienced girl, affect us the more, in contrast with the desolation of her earthly lot ; and her ardent piety sublimates every thought of her pure soul. Elizabeth is a queen, surrounded by the pomp of wealth and greatness ; and might be supposed to draw from education or prudence, the nobleness so touching in Louise, and which we know with her to spring from the free impulses of an unsophisticated heart. The superficial observer will perhaps not consider that the very greatness that obscures the genuine virtues of the queen of Spain, renders it more difficult for her to be invariably obedient to the dictates of those virtues. There is besides something painful in the aspect of Elizabeth's utter seclusion from human sympathy—in the bleak loneliness of her lot ; the light that surrounds and enshrines her, renders more conspicuous its unhappiness.

There is a touch of Portia's eloquence in her advice to Carlos at her first interview with him. Her words are calm, convincing and persuasive, and betray not the slightest sign of any interest in the prince beyond what is natural to every benevolent heart. She has, in truth, nothing in herself to conceal. The horror which the presumptuous madness of Carlos excites in her mind, is so forcibly expressed as to awaken similar feelings on his part ; the feminine dignity she maintains, and the heartfelt compassion she manifests, do more towards reclaiming him than any exhibition of unmixed resentment could have done.

The princess Eboli is a more common character, both in fiction and real life. The poet has invested her with superficial graces that attract and please at first, though we soon perceive that they veil much less agreeable qualities. She is "of the earth, earthy." Artful, capricious and unprincipled, selfishness predominates in every

action ; eminently in her passion for the prince, notwithstanding her high flown vaunts of disinterested magnanimity and greatness of soul, and her refined talk about the nature of love. While she fondly dreams that he returns her attachment, she boasts of its devotedness, and charms him by her eloquence and feeling ; but no sooner does she discover that his affections are placed on another, than her heart is filled with envy and malice ; her whole soul is bent on revenge ; and she scruples not to league with wicked men for the destruction of the innocent object of her hate. The vulgar satisfaction she feels on her fancied discovery of the indiscretion of the queen, that pure being, so exalted and holy, before whom she had till now trembled as before one of superior nature, shrinking, as guilt ever does, in the presence of lofty virtue, is a strikingly natural trait in a character like hers. It is not merely the violence of her chagrin when rejected by the prince, into whose arms she has thrown herself—it is not despair alone that drives her to the king, to revenge his coldness by accusing her royal mistress ; she hates Elizabeth for more than for being her rival in love. When the success of her machinations appears but too certain, when Carlos is arrested, as she fancies, upon her accusation, to suffer death, the real weakness of her mind becomes apparent. Her pride withdraws its support ; she is terrified at the prospect of the catastrophe she has helped to bring about, and in despair at the calamities she has drawn upon the innocent, betakes herself to the very being she has labored to destroy. The contrast is superb between the calmness and compassionate condescension of the queen, and the incoherent remorse and self-accusing despair of the kneeling girl. The deepest possible homage is involuntarily rendered by her to the virtue she had so basely slandered. As is common in the revulsions of emotion with such minds, she crouches abjectly under the consciousness of her own degradation. As a last resort, when banished from the presence of Elizabeth, she rushes, unmindful of appearances, into the king's

ante-room, through the midst of the assembled nobles and ministers, to save the life of the prince by revealing the truth ; but even so partial an expiation of her crime is not allowed her. Even her repentance is selfish, and arises from her terror for the consequences and dread of the agonies of remorse, rather than from a generous abhorrence of her misconduct.

But notwithstanding the unlovely traits in Eboli, the poet has painted her with such luxuriance of coloring that the picture is by no means revolting. There is an Italian fervor in her temperament, which, if it goes not in some measure to excuse her vices, at least palliates their external deformity. The deceitful embellishments of her character have a certain fascination, even after we have proved the falsehood of her professions ; and she is dismissed from observation, at the close, with feelings not allied to hate, and partaking more of pity than contempt.


The marquis of Posa, in warning his friend against her, thus compares her and the queen :

“ Careful she shunned the nakedness of vice,
Of her own merit by no means unconscious.
Then saw I too the queen. O Carlos ! all
How different, which here met my observation !
With inborn and unboastful majesty
Alike from careless levity remote,
And a behavior schooled by selfish rules,
Alike removed from rashness and from fear,
With firm and fearless step she ever walked
The narrow path of duty—all unconscious
That she won worship, where she never dreamed
Of approbation. Doth my Carlos know
In this fair mirror now his Eboli ?
Stedfast the princess may be, while she loves,
Love was a stipulation in her virtue,—
You 've not rewarded it—she falls.”

The inferior personages of the piece are well discriminated, and wear the costume of the age and country. Duke Alba reflects many of the stern qualities of his master ; we recognize in him the cruel minister whose relentless administration brought disaster and misery for a long course of years, on so many of Philip's subjects.

The bond between them, as ever between wicked men, is only that of self interest; Alba is deprived of favor without hesitation, to make way for the marquis—and in his turn practises on the king, to advance ends of his own. Domingo is crafty and malignant, but a counterpart for him may be found in almost every wicked monk who figures in modern fiction. The other personages act according to their official capacity, and exert no influence in the play.

In the delineation of all the characters that occupy the attention in this intricate tragedy, particularly in those purely fictitious, some degree of amplification may be discerned. The proportions are larger and the movements slower, than in perfect imitations of life; but so impressive and distinct is the representation, that we are not at once sensible of the defect. The tragedy has, moreover, somewhat of a labored air, which the crowding together of incidents at the close, and the importance of the events do not quite remove. But no part is heavy or sluggish; on the contrary there is force and energy enough to carry us forward with rapidity; and the stately grandeur of separate parts and of the whole, fills and satisfies the mind. The impersonation of a far-sighted and elevated philosophy, the expression of liberal thought, add a higher interest to the exhibition of emotion, and the development of the incidents.



W A L L E N S T E I N .

WHAT ideas of beauty and excellence float before the mind in recalling the scenes of Wallenstein ! Never, I will venture to assert, in the whole range of the drama, has there been embodied a grander conception ; never was selected a subject more worthy the powers of the poet. The importance and interest of the events of the period at the close of the Reformation, and the philosophical aspect they present to the eye of the lover of history, set off the picture to the best advantage, like a splendid frame. Amidst the crowd of events, Schiller has seized the most striking and appropriate, and poured over them the light of a genius that illuminates, like the piercing sunshine, the hidden depths of intellect and purpose, showing us the mysterious recesses and winding paths of the human soul. For the great work he was prepared by his eloquent history of the "Thirty Years' War." His mind received, on the broadest scale, the ideas awakened by his investigations ; and the accession of valuable knowledge and truth, supplied to him the youthful enthusiasm which years and severe study had begun to diminish. A noble object—one that could occupy his whole faculties, was here before his view. A great and comprehensive moral was to be illustrated ; and commensurate in vastness were the materials with which he had to work. As the structure slowly rose (for a work like this was the production of many years) in its magnificent proportions, fresh forms of elegance and beauty gathered around it. In his mind, essentially poetical and artist-like, the thoughts and images that were the offspring of history and philo-

sophical reflection, were sublimed into an ethereal atmosphere, and clothed with ideal loveliness.

The influence of his peculiar studies is at this time clearly visible. His devotion to the transcendental metaphysics, at least to that department of the system which treats of the imitative arts, and of taste and feeling, had powerfully affected his imagination. How deep into the sea of abstruseness and mysticism he had plunged, the reader of the æsthetic essays of Schiller will frequently find to his own cost. Woe to the uninitiated who ventures rashly to follow him, to tempt the strange abyss with wandering feet—

“ And through the palpable obscure, find out
His uncouth way ! ”

But he has not carried the terms and theories of the system into poetry ; we there see only the effect of his studies in the direction of his genius. If the mighty artist has submitted to rules and restraints, if he has bowed the wings of his spirit to the chain, and limited the excursive soarings of his inspiration, we see it not ; the majesty and heavenly grace of his muse is unimpaired—who shall believe that her living fire is dimmed ? It is unquenchable, and shines with a pure radiance through the clouds that would curtain its splendor.

With a purified taste in the minutiae of composition—a taste rendered fastidious by cultivation and reflection, Schiller commenced the new work, on which he lavished all his powers and energies. Dauntless in the consciousness of greatness, and armed in new panoply, he entered the arena with the strongest and the highest. Filled with the earnest and the grand, his impulse was to develop and exhibit in suitable forms the conceptions that floated before his imagination ; how rare and exquisite the shapes he originated ! What a world of beauty and majesty must have been before the eyes of his intellect ! What realms of “ divine enchanting rapture ” in which moved the vague images of his poetic dreams ! from which he selected the materials to mould their “ mortal

semblance," and the decorations of poesy, appropriate vestures for the creatures of inspired genius !

The historical drama as a species by itself, may, I suppose, be considered the creation of Shakspeare. It admits a great variety and a mixture of styles, for it is an imitation of nature, and nothing that is natural is here incongruous. It is of the same fraternity with the novel or the historical romance, a species of fiction in which the present century has been so rich ; with this difference, that the serious portions, embodying character and sentiment, *must be*, to a certain degree, dignified ; and are essentially cast, like the creations of the olden legitimate tragedy, in the higher moulds of imagination ; while the novel, to please and move, needs little more than the grace of romantic interest, and the decoration of fanciful and eloquent drapery. Their dominions border on each other, but the empire of tragedy lies in the loftier regions of the soul—the realm of poesy is her own ! There breathe diviner airs—and stars "shoot influence down," unknown to colder spheres—but the paths of excellence are narrower, and hemmed in by lofty barriers.

In this species of writing, however, notwithstanding the wide arena it opens for the display of character in action, the task of the artist is perhaps more difficult than in pure fiction ; as he has not only to paint the actual, but to render it poetical. Yet we have, even at the outset, the impression of reality which can only be produced in works of imagination by consummate art ; and this is a compensating advantage.

Though no advocate of the practice of falsifying historical fact, I love the embellishment of its outline with graceful and probable fiction. Advantage may be taken of the doubtful points of history, to give a coloring most favorable to morality and justice. A character may be painted with more truth, more of the natural, in the hues of imagination, by an author who properly conceives it, than in the minutest details of history ; because the latter records actions only, and can only guess at, or infer *from them* the concealed workings of the mind.

"*Wallenstein*" is more of a romance than a drama. The plan of the author, the wide range of objects he wished to represent, and the philosophical aspect under which he viewed them, compelled him to adopt this form, and forego the advantages of a play more adapted to the stage. The action is simple, and flowing rather from the character of Wallenstein than from the events of the period selected. Yet the perfect system of the play and its abstruse distinctions, while they remove it from the class of regular dramas, open richer and more secret treasures to the understanding.

In the subject of this production, where generals and statesmen and soldiers move and act, we are naturally referred to the historical records from which they are drawn. Wallenstein himself is finely portrayed in Schiller's history of the Thirty Years' War; we may here see how little has been added to fact. The wealthiest nobleman in Bohemia, he had devoted himself from his earliest youth to the service of Austria, and gained much reputation in campaigns against the foreign enemies of the empire. The emperor's gratitude had rewarded his services, and excited by ambition, and full of reliance on his fortunate stars, he offered, at his own expense, to raise and equip an army for more permanent service. How successful, even beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, he was in this enterprise, and how despotically he used the power his brilliant success conferred on him, to the elevation indeed of the imperial name—how artfully he created dissensions between the emperor and the princes of the empire, exalting uniformly the former at the expense of the latter, with an ultimate view to his own aggrandizement, cannot be unknown to the reader of history. "His design," says Schiller, "appeared to be, that the emperor should be wholly independent of every person in Germany except of him to whom he owed that independence."

But envy, hatred, and revenge were speedily preparing the fall of the "imperial generalissimo," and he was

soon to learn how deceitful is the favor of princes. At the instigation of his enemies; headed by the elector of Bavaria, and the persuasions of monks, whose voice Ferdinand listened to as that of heaven itself—the monarch dismissed Wallenstein from his service on the eve of a period when his forces were most in need of a general. That commander, on whom the dignity of duke of Friedland had previously been bestowed, was at the head of an army of one hundred thousand men, all adoring him, and devoted to his will, when the news of his dismissal arrived. A word from him would have decided the army; his ambition and pride were boundless, and the affront was such as his imperious spirit could ill brook; yet he had determined beforehand to yield implicit obedience to the order; to descend in a moment from the height of power to the condition of a private individual. His clear-sighted reason already discerned the result—already saw the signal triumph time was to bring him. Seni, too, his Italian astrologer, had read in the stars that the career of his master was not yet ended, and that the sequel had prepared for him a brilliant fortune. Nor was it, indeed, necessary to consult the planets in order to foresee the probability that an enemy like Gustavus Adolphus would soon render indispensable the services of such a general as Wallenstein.

The pomp in which he lived after his compulsory retirement from military life, is characteristic. It is thus described by Schiller :—

“ In his solitude he was surrounded by a regal pomp which seemed to reproach his degradation; six gates led to his palace in Prague, and a hundred houses were demolished in order to clear the surrounding space. Similar palaces were built upon his numerous estates; gentlemen of the first families sought the honor of seeing him, and imperial chamberlains were known to deliver up the golden key, to exercise that duty under Wallenstein; he maintained sixty pages, who were instructed by the ablest masters; his antechamber was protected by

fifty lifeguards ; his table never consisted of less than a hundred covers, and his house steward was a person of distinction ; when he travelled, his suit and baggage were carried upon a hundred wagons, drawn by six and four horses ; his court followed him in sixty coaches, attended by fifty led horses ; the magnificence of his liveries, the splendor of his equipage, and the decorations of his apartments were in proportion ; six barons and as many knights continually attended his person ; twelve patrols went their rounds in his palace to prevent any disturbance ;—his busy genius required silence, the noise of coaches was not permitted near his residence, and the streets leading to it were often shut up with chains. His deportment was no less impenetrable than his access ; dark, reserved, and profound, he was more sparing of his words than his gifts, and the little he spoke was uttered in unamiable accents ; he never smiled, and the coldness of his temperament withstood all sensual gratifications. Ever occupied by the most extensive schemes of ambition, he rejected those idle dissipations in which others spend the best part of their time ; a correspondence throughout Europe he managed himself, and the greater part of his letters were written by his own pen. He was a man of large stature, thin, of a yellow complexion, with red short hair, and small but penetrating eyes ; his countenance displayed a forbidding seriousness, and the magnificence of his presents could alone retain the trembling crowd of his servants.”*

It was in this magnificent obscurity that Wallenstein calmly awaited his fortune, and the crisis which was to bring him his revenge ; in this view, he rejoiced at the successes of Gustavus Adolphus, and the humiliation of the emperor’s forces. It came at last, his hour of exultation ; fate itself avenged him. The hour came, when, humbled by an uninterrupted series of misfortunes, dating from the retirement of Friedland, and trembling for her very throne, Austria turned her imploring eyes upon the

* *Thirty Years’ War—Book II.*

man who had received so deep an insult at her hands—the only man in all Europe who had the ability to save her; to repel the troops of the northern conqueror! The pride of the offended duke was satisfied; his triumph was complete; for the sovereign who had cast him off was now his suppliant, his rejected suppliant. Wallenstein could now have acted magnanimously, by rewarding injury with faithful service. But he fancied himself absolved from his allegiance by the emperor's ingratitude; and his unbounded ambition opened to him daring and vast projects. He knew himself replaced "but by the law of hard necessity," which they would fain have opposed; and he resolved upon severe retaliation. By entreaties, by promises, by concessions wrung from the monarch to satiate the all-exacting pride of the subject, the pledge of unlimited, uncontrolled power over the army, Wallenstein at length suffered himself, with apparent reluctance, to be prevailed upon to reassume the command. From that moment his thoughts and actions were directed to the accomplishment of his great private schemes. Before, "his services had been dedicated to the throne, satisfied with being the most distinguished of its defenders; it was not till after his disgrace that he departed from the system to which he had adhered, and desperately ventured upon his own good fortune."

How does the haughty and sullen ambition of this general contrast with the amiable modesty of the Swedish king so strikingly exhibited just before the battle which put a period forever to his exploits! "From all quarters,"* says our historian, "crowds flocked from the neighboring country to behold the hero, the avenger, and to view the great king who a year before appeared in that country as a guardian angel; loud expressions of joy everywhere accompanied him, and the favor of touching the sheath of his sword and the hem of his garment, was anxiously sought for. The king was moved by this innocent tribute paid him by the sincerest gratitude and

*Thirty Years' War—Book III.

admiration ; 'Is it not,' said he to one of his attendants, 'as if this people would deify me ? Our affairs go on well, but I fear that divine vengeance will punish me for this idle farce, and sufficiently convince the foolish multitude of my weak mortality.' How amiable does Gustavus appear before he takes his leave of us forever ! Thus hesitates the Agamemnon of Grecian tragedy to tread the purple which veneration had spread under his feet. In the summit of his fortune he still respected the judging Nemesis, and rejected a homage which belongs only to immortality."

Opinion has consigned to the evil fame of a traitor, the memory of the extraordinary and gifted duke ; not without a possibility of injustice, as our historian himself suggests, since we have his history delivered to us undoubtedly through partial hands ; since his treason, and designs on the crown of Bohemia, must be acknowledged to rest more upon appearances of probability than any positive proof. His secret motives and springs of action are not laid open by history ; many of his most censurable deeds proceeded apparently from a blameless source, while to others he may have been driven by necessity and despair. Could he have been a misguided and unfortunate great man, instead of a magnificent villain ? In the tragedy, his crime is pardoned or forgotten in our veneration for his lofty and admirable qualities ; the more readily, as the punishment commences before the actual commission of the offence, and his ruin we find resolved upon by the court before his conduct has justified a single suspicion.

This closing period in the life of the duke, when he had already become obnoxious to the court, that by secret emissaries and by the agency of false friends, was preparing the way for his downfall, is selected by Schiller. Warriors and politicians occupy the tumultuous scene, which is full of life and interest, and marked by all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war : " avarice and ambition are variously at work, along with

gentler and nobler passions ; yet the light over all emanates from Wallenstein ; to him every action and event and interest bears relation ; he is the sun of that varied world.

The piece is divided into three parts, in the first of which, "*Wallenstein's camp*," a prelude in one act, figure the rude soldiers and hangers on of the army, personages which, in the dramas of Shakspeare, are permitted to bear their part in the action throughout. Here they are banished from the body of the work, and exhibited by themselves ; and the representation, vivid and graphic, gives a favorable idea of the humorous powers of Schiller, as well as prepares us for the solemn pageant which is to follow. The rude and boisterous life of these wild soldiers, hardened by rapine and slaughter, storming across the convulsed earth, reckless and homeless—

" Like some poor ever-roaming herd of pirates"—

is here before us in a powerful picture, not only striking and amusing, but giving a scene, as it were, to the coming incidents. Only a vigorous and original imagination, in a man of letters, could have thus figured the life of a camp,—the independent, turbulent, and stormy joy excited by danger itself. Then we are struck with involuntary reverence for the leader who, notwithstanding the laxity of discipline, and the mutinous dispositions in the breasts of this lawless multitude, is as a god among them. We are filled with admiration for the general of whom his soldiers delight to speak, in their sport as well as their peril ; and when the succeeding portion of the play begins, the previous impression remaining, causes us to feel as if we had verily been witnesses of the history the poet is about to embellish.

The capuchin friar, who figures in the prelude, and harangues the soldiers, is one of the secret emissaries of the court of Vienna, employed in endeavoring to undermine in the army the dreaded popularity of the general. *His motley sermon*, beginning with good advice, ends, as

his courage rises, by calling the duke all manner of names expressive of priestly indignation—an Abab, a Jeroboam, a wizard, king Saul, &c. The puns with which he winds up his fiery discourse, are not a little amusing :

“——— WALLENSTEIN—
 Ja, freilich er ist uns ALLEN ein STEIN
 Des Anstosses und des Aergernisses,
 Und so lang' der Kaiser diesen *Friedland*
 Lässt walten, so wird nicht *Fried im Land.*”

The riot that ensues at the daring denunciation of the friar is occasioned by the contest between the Walloon, or mercenary troops, threatening the libeller with punishment, and the Croats defending and applauding him ; and thus we are prepared for after dissensions, and for the treachery Wallenstein experiences from the Croatian leader Isolani.

Another important impression is conveyed to us ; we may see how frail the ties that unite this discordant mass, and how precarious the power that holds them in subjection ;—in the disjointed materials with which Friedland hopes to build up the structure of his greatness, we already anticipate his fall.

Madame de Stael mentions the representation of “ *Wallenstein's Camp*” at Berlin, as a popular spectacle at the beginning of a war ; such was the impression it produced, that cries of applause were heard on all sides.

Wallenstein himself, wonderful as he is, could never be half known upon the stage ; could never awaken, as when we study his character, that solemn mingling of emotions, of awe and admiration and sorrow—which saddens the heart with sublime regret, while every feeling and faculty is exalted. Our ideas of the nobility of human nature are elevated, while at the same time we are most painfully impressed with a sense of its weakness. We feel the dignity of the reason, the apprehension that assimilate man to the gods ; at one and the same time we mourn over the short-sighted folly, and moral perversity,

which drag him from heavenly kindred and communion. We are exalted and humbled, lessoned and rebuked !

How powerfully is the imagination excited in the opening scenes of "The Piccolomini"! The conflict of opposing interests between officers striving for their own selfish emolument, yet wearing the mask of subordination, honor, and generous courage—the excitement and pomp of a military life, are vividly brought before us. We see the duke the object of secret machinations—of fears and suspicions and hopes, of stern hate, and untiring devotion—and wonder, even before he appears, at the great man, the spirit giant-born, who can thus sway the minds of his followers, and inspire such invincible dread in the minions of court favor. Questenberg comes armed with the full authority of imperial power to supersede Wallenstein in his command ; yet how does he shrink and tremble before the instances of zeal in the general's service displayed by his devoted adherents ! The hostile feelings of the army towards the court ; the spirit of fierce, uncurbed defiance, nursed by the wily chief, alarm the war commissioner, and "strike his hopes prostrate" ; for the signs of disaffection prognosticate worse things than the courtiers' eyes at Vienna—eyes dazzled by the splendor of the throne,—had ever dreamed of.

"We had not seen the war-chief—the commander,
The man all powerful in his camp. Here—here—
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no emperor more—the duke is emperor."

Further testimony to the power of Friedland over the nobler spirits of the army, and his perfect security in their affections for maintaining himself in the command—in the post pledged to him by the emperor beyond the possibility of loss,—is thus borne by young Max, the son of Octavius Piccolomini ; and well might the crafty chamberlain dread to the utmost the man whose rights were honored and upheld by such friends. When at length *the duke is discovered to us in person, after so many re-*

flections and images of his greatness, we wait in profound awe for the first word from lips on which hang the destiny of a whole empire. He is alone with his duchess, who has just arrived from Camthen ; and in her progress through Vienna had been admitted to the presence of the empress. Wallenstein is already aware of his unpopularity with the court, and minutely questions his wife as to the particulars of her reception, to discover if aught confirms his suspicions. They are verified beyond a possibility of doubt ; honors and solemn courtesies had been given the princely visitant, instead of the old condescension and familiar, endearing kindness ; tenderness assumed "the guise of pity, not of favor." Accusations, she says, are rife against the duke ; a fearful storm menaces him ; a second more disgraceful dismissal is resolved upon. To this appalling information Wallenstein only replies—

"These suns, then, are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
We must roll on, our own fire—our own light."

The ruling passion in Wallenstein's character is pride—indomitable, interminable pride. He is ambitious of the possession of power, that he may exalt himself above other mortals ; exercise is native and congenial to his kingly spirit. His is

"The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding."

He rejoices in being the artificer of his own fortunes, only as it adds to his independence ; for there is a charm to him in the hereditary and consequently undisputed possession of greatness. All his life long he has been laboring to supply the place of these adventitious advantages. Had he been born a prince, his pride would have been less obtrusive ; for those who never dream of any questioning of their claims, are seldom at pains to exact homage. The monarch, accustomed from infancy to the reverent acknowledgment of his superiority over other men, often forgets his own dignity, and rarely guards it

with jealous scrutiny. But Wallenstein had to create opinion in those around him. To obtain the unbounded influence he desired, it was all important "that he should *seem* of importance." He had to work his own way to the summit, and to preserve what he had gained, he must array himself in the externals of majesty. Hence his severe reserve, his haughty demeanor, and arrogant, ostentatious pomp. He wished to impress the imagination of the multitude, for he knew that only through outward form and splendor, could the common eye discern the august and enthroned spirit !

The sterner virtues of the commander and the hero, prudence, fortitude, and daring courage, belonged to Wallenstein ; but in the gentle virtues that soften the asperities of the military chief, and awaken esteem and love for the hero, he was less eminent. He is said frequently to have tried the obedience of his troops by capricious orders, rewarding submission, even in small matters, with disproportioned profuseness.* Then with all his professed love of justice, and frequent manifestations of personal regard towards his followers, he is even little careful of their interests or rights. His generosity, munificent, princely as it is, is not genuine and of the heart. He will bestow estates, and dignities, and provinces, as if he took no thought of their value ; but he will not scruple at the sacrifice of a friend's best good to the demands of selfish policy. His clear and penetrating intellect gives him an almost intuitive insight into the secrets of individual character ; and he is capable of taking advantage of this faculty to inflict even a deliberate injury on a dependent, for the sake of advancing his own schemes. Out of a piece of cruelty of this nature proceeds the catastrophe of his fate.

Butler, an Irishman in his service, a soldier of merit, but of obscure birth, eagerly anxious for the distinction

* " He at one time issued an order that none but red sashes should be worn in the army. A captain of horse no sooner heard the order, than he trampled his gold embroidered sash under foot : Wallenstein, on being informed of this circumstance, promoted him to the rank of colonel upon the spot."—*History of the Thirty Years' War*.

of rank, had petitioned the government for the title of Count, being urged by Friedland to the measure. The duke, however, who let slip no opportunity of detaching the affections of his soldiers from their emperor, to fix them more firmly on himself, wrote privately to the minister, counselling him to refuse the boon. He hoped to gain from the revenge of the Irishman what he could not expect with certainty from his calm reason; but he himself falls a victim to that revenge. It is Butler, who informed by Octavio Piccolomini of the cheat that had been put upon him, remorselessly assassinates the duke. How solemn the moral of the scene where Wallenstein, deserted and deceived by his pretended friends, already within hearing of "the chariot wheels of doom," in the first anguish of the discovery of Octavio's falsehood, leans on Butler's shoulder, hailing as his only friend, "of countenance more welcome than the sun in the earliest month of spring," the man he had so grievously injured—the man who under the mask of fidelity, is pursuing him with implacable hate—whose murderous knife is already "lifted for his heart!" The passionate ardor of his expressions of friendship and confidence shows not only a consciousness of the wrong he once inflicted, but also a shadowy doubt of the insecurity of his trust. He must have felt deeply and irrepressibly that the reed on which he was leaning, the affection of a wronged friend, might soon become a spear, to pierce him to the heart.

Nor is he less ready to immolate the happiness of one far dearer to him, at the shrine of his unholy ambition. The kingly Wallenstein, who sees a crown within his grasp, disdains to bestow his lovely daughter upon a subject, though he knows her affections are irrevocably fixed upon young Max, his protégé and bosom friend. He has laid out his important life in toils, that he might let fall the garland of a life of war upon Thekla's head; and would wreath it there "transmitted to a regal ornament."

"It is my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre."

He will seek out a son-in-law upon the thrones of Europe, and the noble Max, who was permitted to approach that fair being, that his adoration of her might tempt him from his duty to his emperor, is to find this treasure too high for his reach. Poor Thekla too—her father will close the part he plays in life's great drama, by placing a crown upon her head ; but he asks not if she covets the golden dignity. He scorns, like a soft-hearted sire, to

“ Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair that chance to suit each other's liking.”

Even his paternal love is the offspring of pride. When he folds his daughter to his heart, for the first time since her childhood, what are the feelings with which he gazes on her surpassing beauty and grace ? He congratulates himself that she is so well fitted to adorn the fortune that awaits her—to fulfil the brilliant hopes he has conceived for her. She is the object of all his toils and cares ; but they have been bestowed only to “ make her great ;” he would fight her a free way to the loftiest earthly good ; but that, in his estimation, is regal dignity. The rare gifts nature has showered upon her, are in his sight only appropriate ornaments for her splendid destiny.

Mystery is part of the policy of Wallenstein ; this may be assumed to hide his occasional irresolution from others. He knows himself surrounded by secret foes and ambitious friends, ready to urge him to the most desperate undertakings, that they may become sharers in his success. But it is his boast that he makes none the intendant of his secret purposes, nor opens his inmost thoughts ; that his most favored follower can speak no wiser than his fellows of the manner in which the duke means to use his power. The duke is sufficient for himself at all times ; and his self-confidence only increases the more he is thrown on his own resources. There is a philosophic calmness about him, which untoward events have no power to shake. Had he been fortunate, this quality of

mind that so eminently distinguished him in adversity, would have raised him in all conditions *above* his fortune. He would have grown to despise, in his superiority of soul, the adventitious distinction of rank, and the pomp of sovereignty after which he panted in a lower sphere. The greatness once attained, which he had climbed to at such peril, he would have felt its insufficiency to feed the immortal fires of his spirit. But this contempt of worldly dignity, though natural to a mind like his, could not have shown itself till he had not only gained the summit of his proud wishes, but till he had by long continuance thereon, worn down the feeling of novelty, and grown accustomed to the homage bought with his toil. At present, he can look up; he has a superior; at least a superior in the estimation of men; he is but a "fire new noble"

" Whom the war hath raised
To price and currency."
" An overnight creation of court favor "—

whom a day can create and crumble; whom the same breath that exalted can let drop into obscurity; deeply does his haughty spirit feel this consciousness, and with keen jealousy does he watch and guard against the slightest encroachment upon his dignity. Let him ascend the pinnacle and feel himself secure there, and his magnanimity is "absolved from toil." Pride is native to him; but his ostentatious arrogance is the offspring of circumstances. The gaze of his ever aspiring soul would still be upward; and having achieved all he desired, his energies might have expanded to a glory vast and eternal, beyond the ambition of the selfish enthusiast. But his fate renders this impossible; he must struggle against disasters and humiliations; all the privilege he has is to show himself great in misfortune; and nobly does he acquit himself. Amidst the dismay and disappointment of his adherents, when the storm bursts on his head, he alone remains firm and collected; his irresolution is gone; his life-blood flows in a more steady stream;

" In the night only Friedland's star can beam."

The selfishness of his ambition is manifested in the most unfavorable colors, in the means he adopts to build up his new greatness. These are no less than to induce a large portion of the nobility, brave and jealous of its honor, and considered as the guardians of the laws, to perpetrate the most infamous treachery—to “make them unanimous to do a deed that brands them scoundrels”—to shake the power upon an ancient consecrated throne; to dissolve the ties of old allegiance—the pious nursery faith of a whole people; to annihilate that invincible sense of duty which every subject feels towards his native sovereign. He would take advantage of the attachment of the soldiers to his person; stifle and mislead by sophistry the virtuous impulses of his youthful friend—nay, use the truly filial devotion of Max—those feelings which are ever a holy religion to the heart—to lure him from his oath and duty. He would pull down ruin upon his native land, that he in the confusion might clutch a sceptre!

The mere act of his treason we may not so greatly blame; for the emperor was his austere master only, not his friend; and “there’s a natural, unceasing war ’twixt cunning and suspicion.” It is the means by which he would accomplish it, that receives strong reprehension. The wayward feelings of his nature, stung with the consciousness of unmerited injury, the proud wish to vindicate his own ineffable superiority to the serpent tribe that were casting their slime about his footsteps—might almost excuse the one; the other remains unpardonable; but the predominance of the powerful and commanding properties of his mind, his courage, his sublime fortitude, throw his selfish ambition into the shade. His steady refusal to distrust a seeming friend, though prudence frowns upon his blind confidence, and the cruel rupture of that peace naturally existing between trust and faith—further enlist our sympathies in his behalf. Even what may be termed his weakness have a lofty and noble source. His superstition—

“O, never rudely will I blame his faith
In the night of stars and angels!”

—his superstition has its root in a deep religious feeling ; it is the humbling of that spirit which brooks no yoke of man, before the invincible, invisible Powers that rule over human fate. His faith in the science of astrology originates in high thoughts ; it is the distemperature of a fancy striving after the mysterious—the infinite—the divine ; and may be ascribed to the influence of some decisive chance upon a bold and powerful mind ; an accidental direction of energies almost superhuman. Once fixed in this belief, he clings to it inseparably ; defending it against the demonstration both of reason and experience. For this faith he assures himself and his counsellors, is built on science the most profound ;

“ On a divine law divination rests ; ”

—it, therefore, cannot be false. There appears to me an inherent sublimity in the faith that connects human actions with the movements of the heavens.

The superstition of Wallenstein differs in its essence and character from that of Philip the Second. The one is the thralldom of a gloomy bigot to priestcraft and its creed ; and is such as could only exist in the bosom of a cold, fanatical, jealous tyrant ; whose fruits could be suspicion and cruelty alone. The narrow intellect of Philip is fit to receive this chain ; it could have been broken by a powerful effort of the understanding as is proved in his scene with the grand inquisitor ; ignorant, unquestioning submission is its only security.—For Wallenstein, on the contrary, “ this visible nature and this common world is all too narrow ; ” his is a more cheerful faith, which he cultivates “ with glad and zealous industry.” He vainly imagines he sees beyond the common and the terrestrial ; and scorns to look only upon the connection of the nearest with the nearest, “ with serviceable cunning knit together.”

“ Whate’er
Full of mysterious import nature weaves
And fashions in the depths—the spirit’s ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust

Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds
Builds itself up ;—in which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles—that approach
The central sun with ever narrowing orbit—”

he fancies visible to his unsealed eye. To him “the visions of the night” assume a mystic and holy character, as revelations of destiny. His choice of a friend is fixed by a dream ; he relinquishes it not till compelled to do so, and even when the event shows his error, refuses to give up his belief in the science.

“The stars lie not ; but we have here a work
Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.
The science is still honest, this false heart
Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.”

Thus Octavio’s treachery is an anomaly in nature, on whose laws the mystic art is founded. It is an unnatural deviation from those laws, a stumbling out of their limits.

The character in historical romance with which Walenstein’s superstition has been fully compared, is that of Louis the Eleventh, as drawn in Scott’s novel of Quentin Durward. This prince’s knowledge of men is profound like that of Friedland ; he has equal penetration into individual character, though possessed of less human feeling. The most false and insincere of mankind, the novelist tells us some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honor and integrity of others. Hence the intrepidity with which he ventures into the power of his bitter enemy the duke of Burgundy. These errors were the offspring, not of a noble and unsuspecting nature, but “of an over-refined system of policy, which induced him to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to overreach.” Louis was brave ;—“brave enough for every useful and political purpose, but he had not a spark of that romantic valor, or of the pride generally associated with it, which fought on for the point of honor, when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest,

he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions—that the king knew not how to reign who knew not how to dissemble; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire.” In his naturally cruel and vindictive spirit, his excessive superstition seems the result of education rather than of nature; and is strangely compounded of credulity and scepticism. “The remorse arising from his evil actions Louis never endeavored to appease by any relaxation in his Machiavellian stratagems; but labored in vain to soothe and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics.”

His reasons for trusting the unknown Scottish youth remind us strikingly of Wallenstein’s vision:

“Know, thou infidel slave, that mine eyes were no sooner closed than the blessed Saint Julian was visible to me, leading a young man whom he presented to me; saying that his fortune should be to escape the sword, the cord, and the river, and to bring good fortune to the side he should espouse, and the adventures in which he should be engaged. I walked out on the succeeding morning, and I met with this youth. In his own country he hath escaped the sword, amid the massacre of his whole family; and here within the brief compass of two days he hath been strangely rescued from drowning and from the gallows;—and hath already on a particular occasion, as I but lately hinted to thee, been of the most essential service to me. I receive him as sent hither by Saint Julian, to serve me in the most difficult, the most dangerous, and even the most desperate services.” * *

“The features of this youth, then, if I may presume to speak,” said Oliver—“resemble those of him whom your dream exhibited?”

“Closely and intimately”—said the king—whose im-

agination, like that of superstitious people in gener readily imposed on itself ;—" I have had his horosco cast, besides—by Galleotti Martivalle—and I have plair learned, through his art and mine own observation, t in many respects, this unfriended youth hath his desti under the same constellation with mine."

Such is the source of Friedland's confidence in Oc vio Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,*
 When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
 Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
 The power of questioning his destiny.
 And such a moment 't was, when in the night
 Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
 Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
 I looked far out upon the ominous plain.
 My whole life, past and future, in this moment
 Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
 And to the destiny of the next morning
 The spirit filled with anxious presentiment
 Did knit the most removed futurity.
 Then said I also to myself—' so many
 Dost thou command. They follow all thy star—
 And as on some great number set their All
 Upon thy single head—and only man
 The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
 Will come—when Destiny shall once more scatter
 All these in many a several direction :
 Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee.'
 I yearned to know which one was faithfullest
 Of all this camp includes. Great Destiny!
 Give me a sign! And he shall be the man
 Who on the approaching morning comes the first
 To meet me with a token of his love :
 And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
 Then midmost in the battle was I led
 In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult ;
 Then my horse was killed under me—I sank—
 And over me all unconcernedly
 Drove horse and rider ; and thus trod to pieces
 I lay and panted like a dying man ;
 Then seized me suddenly a savior arm ;
 It was Octavio's ;—I awoke at once ;

*It can be hardly necessary to mention, that the translations given i this play are from Coleridge's admirable version of the second and t parts.

'T was broad day, and Octavio stood before me :
 ' My brother,' said he, ' do not ride to-day
 The dapple, as you 're wont ; but mount the horse
 Which I have chosen for thee. Do it—brother,
 In love to me. A strong dream warned me so.
 It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
 From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
 My cousin rode the dapple on that day—
 And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN.

There 's no such thing as chance."

He fancies he has a pledge from destiny ; but forbears to inquire if this pledge is not false ; and rejects, in the pride of one who claims to have examined " the human *kernel*," the inner world out of which man's deeds and actions spring and grow—thence knowing the future will and deed—the common-place sagacity of his followers. Blind he is, " with his deep seeing eyes."

The artful appeal of king Louis to the wounded pride of Philip des Comines, in reminding him of the opprobrious epithet bestowed on him by Charles of Burgundy—also resembles that of Octavio to Butler, whom Wallenstein had secretly injured.

But with all the duke's confidence in immutable destiny, and in his own interpretation of its will,—he is ever, as we see him in the tragedy, wavering and irresolute ; always planning and purposing, but " never acting, or acting only by halves." This mighty ruler of the destinies of Europe, who possessed " the art Napoleon" in so eminent a degree—this " second Attila and Pyrrhus," " whose watchword echoed from the Baltic to the Adige"—could not rule himself, nor even determine his own choice ! He " waits upon the stars and their hours, till the earthly hour escapes him." His mind is apparently now made up to seize the moment that is indeed sublime and weighty, and now he shrinks back into doubt and scruple from the thought himself had conceived. He continues to " trace with searching eye the

heavenly houses," as though he would charge upon the heavens the responsibility of his deeds—till

"The scheme, and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er his head, and takes once more its flight"—

when the increasing dangers that environ him call aloud for confidence in himself, and prompt decision. He neglects to take advantage of the high tide that heaves the stranded ship. He lets

"The single threads which prosperous fortune
Hath woven together in one potent web
Instinct with destiny"—

unravel of themselves. He procrastinates, till events force determination upon him. This indecision arises, in some measure, from the sensibilities of his heart; from a natural reluctance to involve the land in civil war—to let loose "brother-killing discord—fire-eyed;" as well as reluctance to turn his arms against his emperor, once so gracious to him; with whom he, as a familiar friend, had so often banqueted. Still more is it due to the very vastness of his mind; for the enlarged vision of a mighty intellect takes in the more numerous points of view, while an inferior one would merely discern the great end or advantage to be gained. The sad and solemn appeal of Max only confirms his own apprehensions as to the light in which his treason will be viewed by the great and the noble here and hereafter. He sees the moral precipice towards which he is borne; and knows too well that from the abyss, once plunged in, there is no recovery. All that his sophistry can accomplish, is to persuade him of the necessity of what he would do. His sense of justice—every nobler feeling of his nature—loudly protests against his purpose, and waves him back imperiously from the irrevocable step.

It is his political situation which prevents his obeying his better impulses; which thus paralyzes that stupendous mind. Once wronged—outraged by the emperor, "at Regensburg in the Diet," and restored to command only

from necessity, he has proudly cherished the consciousness of those powers which had compelled the reluctant restoration of his honors. * Without a positive design of treason, he has since "extended the web of his intrigues in all directions." He has turned aside in the wantonness of independence, from the broad trodden path of duty, which he yet kept close beside him, that he might regain it when he pleased, "by one little step." Unguarded, because his purpose was yet honest, he has given way to his humors and his passion; never chary of utterance, indulging oft in "the threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph, and all the maygames of a heart o'erflowing." A two-fold evil has resulted from this course; suspicion has been awakened and strengthened among those who are ever ready to poison with malicious gloss the purest acts; and his own conscience familiarized with the aspect of crime. He has been tempted by free will; his fancy has revelled in visions of royalty. It was in his power to repay with usurious interest the evil done him; to elevate himself to an equal rank with his selfish master. He has "fed his heart with this dream;" though his object has never been honestly confessed to himself. Though he stands yet committed by no deed, the thought has become less and less revolting to him; he has "dallied with a devil"—which he would not scowl at first from his presence,—which will not now depart—but ever hovers before him, in form more palpable, and "marshals him the way he is to go." A spirit, dark and fearful,

"Rises obedient to the spells he muttered
And meant not;"—

At length he is caught in his own net. Accident, with its dark lordship and blind agency, forces the deed from its nursery and birthplace in the heart, into the foreign, and beyond recall. His "own doings tower behind him," and cut off the possibility of retreat. His integrity is sullied by entertainment of temptation; the

equivocal demeanor of his life bears witness against him ; the time is come when he can no longer draw back at his liking—when the deed he had contemplated afar off, as a thing merely of possible fulfilment, is to be *done*, because it has been *thought* of—or he sinks into the nothingness more dreadful, to his imagination, than sin ; more dreadful than the execration of present and after ages. The stern onlook of necessity compels him ; doubtful and shuddering, his human hand

“Grasps the mysterious urn of destiny ;”

his foot, though wavering and half reluctant, is lifted at length to violate that sanctuary on which he has so long gazed with profane wishes.

How striking the moral lesson to be drawn from this visible enthrallment of the soul's mighty energies under the influence of conscience ! We see this great chief in his secret, solitary communings with his moral sense ; the hidden texture of his mind is affectingly revealed ; the questionings and resolves which are born and nurtured in his inmost bosom. Deep and salutary—O, how salutary ! if we interpret it aright—is our impression from this wonderful disclosure. Woe to the man who entertains temptation—trusting to vanquish it in the strength of human intellect—is a world-old truth, but one that cannot be too often inculcated.

It is no physical dread which deters Wallenstein from his enterprise ; he fears no combatant whom he can look on—fixing eye to eye ;

“It is a foe invisible
The which I fear—a fearful enemy.
Which in the human heart opposes me,
By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.”

This feeling prevails even to the verge of the precipice, the entrance of the Swedish officer come to treat on the terms of his treason. Still wavers that great mind—as Wallenstein exclaims—

"Yet is it pure—as yet! The crime has come
Not o'er this threshold yet! So slender is
The boundary that divideth life's two paths."

And when the countess Tertsky comes to strengthen his faltering purpose of revolt, and succeeds in urging him to the first irrevocable act, he chides her exultation with that solemn misgiving so natural to a soul like his :

"Triumph not!
For jealous are the Powers of destiny;
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory
Encroach upon their rights and privileges."

It is worthy of remark, that this same inward sense of inflexible equality in the distribution of human fate, should furnish him with ground for hope, when his lot is gloomiest—after the death of Max. He feared to offend the "unpropitious gods" by exultation, when all seemed smiling; he has the feeling of the ancient Pagans—who, of their own accord, offered injuries to themselves, "so to atone the jealousy of their divinities."

Wallenstein looks for success—after he too has sacrificed to Typhon.

"For me
There fell the dearest friend—and through my fault
He fell! No joy from favorable fortune
Can outweigh the anguish of this stroke.
The envy of my destiny is gluttoned:
Life pays for life. On his pure head the lightning
Was drawn off, which would else have shattered me!"

How many of us have experienced the same feeling!

Contrasted with his shiftings and waverings while the pangs of doubt yet distract him, is the aspect in which Friedland appears to us, when all seems lost, and ruin inevitable hangs over him. Then—THEN—there is no shrinking; his giant soul rises in its native strength to meet the storm; and while the weaker spirits about him stand dismayed and cowered by apprehension, he alone feels his serenity return. It was with an inward strife he drew the sword while yet the choice was his. He is sentenced, and doubt disappears. Yet this change takes place when

the third part of the play is considerably advanced ; it is only then that his character is fully developed. One object of Schiller in prefixing the *Camp of Wallenstein* to his tragedy, was doubtless to secure, in the first place, our veneration for the hero whom we might not have appreciated, had he appeared to us throughout the greater portion of the piece only as the vacillating chief. It was necessary that our deep respect for Wallenstein should be unimpaired, even in the midst of his intrigues and his indecision. This is accomplished by the introduction of the military prologue ; and in this view Coleridge has done some injustice to his original by its omission—for without the previous outline a mistaken impression may be produced. In “ *The Camp*,” which is the true key to his character, we have a picture of the duke’s position at the commencement of the tragedy ; we see him, dimly shadowed, and by glimpses it is true—but we perceive the fire, the energy of his intellect, his grandeur, and the presiding influence he exerts on all around him. We see also the forms of evil which are beckoning him onward, and the coils of treachery that are drawing closer and closer about him.

M. Liadières, a French author who has endeavored to *improve* upon Schiller, paints his hero without any irresolution. He says—“ Walstein peint tout entier ambitieux, jaloux, inquiet, superstitieux, décidé dans ses paroles, incertain dans ses actions, incapable de prendre un parti, lorsqu’il a tout préparé pour le succès—*serait-il un personnage dramatique ?*” Madame de Stael remarks, that this is the criticism most universally repeated against the French Wallenstein ; in fact the *nature ondoyante*, of which Montaigne speaks, is banished from French tragedies ; they admit of no mélange—suffering only sentiments wholly good or wholly evil. The inconsistencies or contradictions of *passion* are indeed permitted ; but not of thought. This is perhaps because the phases of thought are less familiar, and less easily traced, than those of passion. I have heard readers of the English

Wallenstein make similar objections to the delineation of Schiller ; and indeed it is undeniable that the piece may be thereby unfitted for *theatrical* representation. But after all, how small a part of this or any other great character can be made known to us though the personation of an actor ! The conception in which intellect is predominant must inevitably lose its freedom and grandeur when "cabined and cribbed" within the limits of actual sight and hearing ; and this because the eye and voice are the only instruments of the actor's craft. Campbell, in his valedictory stanzas to John Kemble, extols acting over painting and poetry ; the latter of which, he says, "can ill express many a tone of thought sublime." The expression of sublime *passion*, lies indeed within the province of acting ; but, in the name of all that is profound in the human mind, what tones of thought can be conveyed to the apprehension—what glimpse into the internal workings of a mighty soul can be afforded by the management of tone and gesture ?

The true secret of the sympathy we feel for such criminals as Richard, Macbeth, and Wallenstein, as they are painted in the poetry of Shakspeare and Schiller, while in real life we would perhaps contemplate the same individuals with abhorrence—is that in the reading of them we see into the structure of their minds ; and our interest in this marvellous disclosure absorbs us from the feeling their simple actions would awaken. Their impulses, their motives, and the grounds of their emotions occupy a larger share of our attention than their passions and deeds. The inner world is open to our curious survey ; meditation is aroused ; we behold the aspiring soul and measure the ever-toiling intellect ; and the mere actions, in so many cases the result of chance, dwindle to their proper insignificance. We are on a vantage ground, and sustained by a power that baffles physical evil ; we see that "all on earth is shadow, and all beyond substance—the reverse is Folly's creed !"

The fault so often charged upon the play of Wallen-

stein, that of its being too didactic and philosophical, and deficient in concentrated action, is owing to a peculiarity in Schiller's mind, which, in a dramatic view, must be considered a defect. The wild unmethodized force and fire of his youth, so uncouthly displayed in the *Robbers* and *Fiesco*, had been subdued by reflection and reasoning, till his productions, sharing the calmness and gravity of his spirit, assumed a speculative character; solitary habits and study induced a sobriety of feeling which disenthralled him from the dominion of lofty dreams, of impulses and magnificent theories; while in his more disciplined mind arose increased respect for system and harmonious consistency. The realities of life pressed upon him; they could not mar—but they chastened—the beauty of his ideal. The course of his life occasioned his want of versatility; he did not mingle in the busy whirl like our own Shakspeare, but conceived and executed his pictures in secluded leisure often in the midst of ill health and external discomfort. His habits and severe studies fostered the growth of a stern critical taste, and a scrupulous attention to the *form* of his conceptions. His judgment superintended, as it were, his mental operations; his fancy felt herself watched; and he himself laments the change thus wrought in his powers and modes of thinking. He feared that with the tempest of his mind—the tempest which disclosed at the bottom of that sea so many vast treasures—would pass away its vigor and its enthusiasm. His philosophical experience had taught him that systems “gray with age” are not to be swept aside by the “stormy force of a single will;” he saw the energies of the mightiest subjected to conventional fetters—acknowledging debts to society; and his former wild notions of unlimited freedom were dispelled. In the play of *Wallenstein* things assume the philosophical coloring they wore to his own mind; his characters too often indulge in abstract reflections, to the detriment of dramatic action, and sometimes, it must be acknowledged, of their distinct individuality. In *The*

Camp, Schiller obeyed more strictly the laws of the drama, repressing his propensity to contemplation by the very choice of a subject for his picture which admitted naught else but action and bustle—where unnecessary reflection would have been grossly misplaced.

But who can feel the pathos—the poetry that burns in almost every line, developing the character of the duke, in the second and third parts of the play—and regret that it is in structure too philosophical? How deeply does the exhibition of his strength and his weaknesses—“his heroic confidences and his human misgivings”—his trust and his magnanimity—sink into the heart! Who can read unmoved the expression of his anguish at the discovery of Octavio’s desertion—

“No shield received the assassin stroke; thou plungedst
Thy weapon on an unprotected breast”—

“He dwelt within me; to my inmost soul
Still to and fro he passed—suspected never?”—

or contrast without admiration his feeling then, with the lofty calmness with which he hears of the treachery of Isolani—

“And wherein doth he, wrong in going from me?
He follows still the God whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gaming table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea; now he beholds it
In eminent jeopardy among the coast rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me:
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.”

Or the mournful lingering of affection with which he pleads with Max, whom he would draw to his own desperate and unblest cause with the bonds of habitual veneration and love:

“Go hence, forsake me; serve thy emperor;
He will reward thee with a pretty chain

Of gold ; with his ram's fleece will he reward thee ;
 For that the friend, the father of thy youth—
 For that the holiest feeling of humanity
 Was nothing worth to thee."

How worthy of his former fortunes is the self-confidence with which he arms himself for battle when his army, and his faithless friends have forsaken him !

"The twigs have you hewed off—and here I stand.
 A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
 Lives the creating power—and a new world
 May sprout forth from it."

"——If the head and limbs
 Separate from each other, 't will be soon
 Made manifest in which the soul abode."

That which crushes other spirits, seems to elevate his to greater joy and confidence ; proudly he replies to the warnings of Gordon, on the last night of his existence.

"The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows ;
 My planks still firm—my canvass swelling proudly ;
 Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate :"

"The high flood will soon follow on this ebb ;
 The fountain of my fortune, which now stops
 Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
 Will soon in joy play forth."

The connexion of events, and their mutual action on each other, are admirably exhibited in this drama. We perceive the secret springs of conduct in all the characters ; the relations of cause and effect are clearly shown ; and thus the construction of the whole is complete. "The nature of the drama," observes Schiller, in his preface to *Fiesco*, "discards the operations of chance. Superior spirits may discern, with the vision of a higher intelligence, the delicate fibres of events stretching through the vast expanse of the world's system, and suspended perhaps, on the remotest limits of the future and the past—where man perceives nought save the fact or action itself, hovering unconnected in space. But the artist must paint for the short view of the human being, whom he wishes to instruct—not for the piercing eye of superior powers, from whom he receives instruction."

Wallenstein himself is pained and humiliated under a sense of this short-sightedness :

"On the wide ocean—in the starry heaven
Did mine eyes seek the enemy—whom I
In my heart's heart had folded !"

This gloomy feeling of disappointment is replaced by tender regret, after the death of Max, who, he is forced to acknowledge, had never deceived him. How moving, amid the fateful dreariness that hangs over the close of this great hero's career, in his recurrence to their past friendship !

"I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life :
For O ! he stood beside me, like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.
Whatever fortune wait my future toils,
The *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not !"

What solemn awe overpowers the heart in that striking scene with the countess, in the fifth act of the "Death of Wallenstein." The Duke deserted by his thousands, whose life of pillage depended on *his* success—followed only by the traitor whose "murderous knife is lifted for his heart"—the heavens frowning and tempestuous—his natal star obscured in the blackness of the troubled element—importuned by the forebodings of his sister and his appalled attendants—with a sigh he thinks upon the dead, and wishes like him to be at rest.

"He—the more fortunate—yea—he hath finished.
For him there is no longer any future.
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
* * * O 't is well
With *him* ! but who knows what the coming hour
Veiled in thick darkness brings for us ?"

The personage within the range of modern history whose character and fate form the most striking parallel

to those of Wallenstein, is the count of Carmagnola. I am not aware that the resemblance has been hitherto noticed, but it is certainly worthy of attention. Like Friedland, the count rose from an obscure station, by his prowess and military services, to be the leader of armies; like him, in an uninterrupted career of glory, he won power and dominion for his master, and for himself wealth, and rank, and favor. The very magnitude of his services also exposed *him* to the suspicion of a jealous sovereign; he became too brave, too powerful, and too fortunate for his own safety. The unaccountable disgrace into which Carmagnola fell with his haughty and capricious master, Philip Maria Visconti, duke of Milan, who deprived him of the command and withdrew the troops from him, reminds us instantly of Wallenstein's dismissal "at Regensburgh in the diet;" his stern defiance of the tyrant—his relinquishment of fealty, and desertion to his enemies, display a spirit kindred to that of the hero of the "thirty years' war." Still more wonderful is the parallel in his brilliant success, and the haughty self-reliance generated thereby; in his ambiguous conduct when he had outgrown control, which could not fail to awaken and indeed to justify suspicion; in the soldierlike confidence and security that laid him open to the machinations of his secret foes; and in the dark doom, which, in an unguarded hour, descended upon him.

Francesco Buffo, afterward generalissimo of the armies of Milan, was the son of a peasant at Carmagnola, and served as a private soldier under the celebrated *condottiero*, Facino Cane. Tenivelli, who wrote his life in the *Biografia Piemontese*, states, that while yet a youth feeding his flocks, his proud bearing and the bold spirit manifest in his looks, attracted the attention of a soldier of fortune, who invited him to accompany him to the wars. His achievements received the notice and reward of Philip Maria. Fresh instances of valor led to greater promotions; till he was raised to the command of the

whole Milanese army, and received, in further testimony of gratitude from the prince, the title of count of Castelnovo, and the hand of his kinswoman, Antoinetta Visconti.

But ere long the fame he acquired—the enthusiastic attachment of the soldiery to him—the very greatness of his services, coupled with his independent and haughty character,—and it is probable, the machinations of envious rivals—changed the favor of the despotic prince into implacable enmity towards him. Irritated by the studied affronts lavished on him, and by the contemptuous silence with which all his remonstrances were treated, Carmagnola demanded audience of the sovereign for the purpose of redress. When this was refused him in spite of his expostulations, he addressed Philip himself, whom he could see, says Bigli, through the loopholes of the walls, reproaching him for his ingratitude and perfidy, and openly menacing him. He then instantly took horse, and rode at full speed to the frontiers of Savoy, where he revealed to his native prince, the duke of that province, the ambitious plans of Visconti; and passing on to Venice, was received by the doge and senate with open arms. Having, by his representations and his eloquence, induced them to decide upon the treaty with Florence, and war with Milan, he was appointed to the command of the Venetian army against his former master. Unprecedented success distinguished his first campaign. The brilliant victories he obtained at length deprived the Milanese of any hope of a prosperous issue to their enterprise; the tyrant duke trembled on his throne; and the commissaries of Venice, who were in the camp with Carmagnola, strongly urged him to lose no time in advancing upon the capital, to put an end to the war by utterly demolishing the power of Philip Maria.

Now became evident the effect of uniform good fortune on the successful general, and the disadvantages to Venice connected with the employment of foreign condottieri. The numerous prisoners taken in the battle of

Macalo, were recognised by many of Carmagnola's soldiers as ancient comrades ; almost all had in former times served under the general, when he led the forces of Milan ; the victors consequently speedily availed themselves of the usual privilege, and released nearly all their prisoners. The commissaries loudly remonstrated with the chief against such an abandonment of the fruits of his victory. Carmagnola only replied by inquiring how many captives remained ; and being informed about four hundred, gave orders that they also should be set at liberty.

The subsequent unaccountable conduct of this great general, which resulted in disasters to the Venetian republic, has been much commented upon ; but strange as it may appear, nothing that can be received as authentic has been recorded, decisive either of his guilt or innocence. The terms of his accusation at Venice were, that he was in league with Philip Maria, "to refuse assistance to Trevisani, and not to take Cremona ;" and it is asserted that confession of guilt was wrung from him by torture, and confirmed by the production of letters under his own hand. But his crime was proved by no authentic testimony ; nor did the conditions of the alleged compact transpire. The impenetrable mystery that usually enveloped the proceedings of the council of ten broods over his trial, if trial it may be called. It is at the least improbable that a secret compact should exist between two individuals like the duke of Milan and the count of Carmagnola ; the chief well knew, and had dearly proved, the selfish jealousy and perfidy of his ancient master ; was it likely that he should league with him in secret ? or that the duke should again repose trust in the haughty leader who had openly defied him, and whom he had persecuted into exile ?

Many contemporary historians, usually to be regarded as faithful recorders of public opinion, are disposed to acquit him of other offence than inordinate wealth, and "a haughtiness of bearing insulting to Venetian citizens, and

odious to all.”* Among later historians who have examined the facts impartially, the only one who seems fully convinced that he suffered under a just sentence, is the count Verri. It is probable that the important question, like that of Wallenstein’s treason, will forever remain undecided.

The circumstances of his trial and condemnation meanwhile remain on record as another illustration of the dark policy of the Venetian government. “Perceiving,” says Machiavelli, “that Carmagnola had become old in their service, they yet neither wished nor dared to dismiss him, from a fear of losing that which he had acquired for them ; for their own security, therefore, they were compelled to put him to death.” His past conduct had already been the subject of discussion ; for it is recorded, “that while residing at Venice, during the short interval of peace, and laden daily with new honors, as he one morning attended the levee in the ducal palace, he found the prince but just returning from a council that had sat in debate all night. ‘Shall I offer good morrow or good even?’ was the sportive and unsuspecting inquiry of the soldier. ‘Our consultation has been indeed protracted,’ replied the doge with a gracious smile, ‘and nothing has more frequently occurred in it than the mention of your name.’”

Although the senate had resolved upon the death of their general, their determination was kept secret many months. Carmagnola was at length summoned to Venice “under pretexts of high respect and consideration which might have deceived the most veteran intriguer,” to assist with his advice the grand council in its deliberation upon the proposals of peace. The precautions adopted to secure his person were managed so as to appear as demonstrations of extraordinary respect. He was escorted through the territory of Vicenza and Padua by a large body of troops ; when he embarked on the Lagune,

* Poggi Hist. lib. vi.

he found in waiting the Signori di Notte, with their officers ; and at the entrance of the city he was solicited to repair to the palace of the doge, before entering his own. "On entering the prince's mansion, its gates were closed ; all strangers were excluded ; and the count's suit was dismissed with an intimation that their master was to be entertained with a banquet by the doge Foscari. While Carmagnola, awaiting his audience, remained in conversation with the members of the *Collegio*, the doge excused himself till the following morning on a plea of indisposition. As it grew later, the unsuspecting prisoner took his leave, and the attendant nobles, seemingly in order to pay yet further respect to their illustrious visitor, accompanied him to the palace court. There, as he took the ordinary path to the gates, one of them requested him to pass over to the other side, towards the prisons. "That is not my way," was his remark ; and he was significantly answered—"It is your way." As he crossed the threshold of the dungeon, the fatal truth flashed upon him, and he exclaimed with a deep sigh, "I see well enough that I am a dead man !" And in reply to some consolation offered by his companions, he added words fully expressive of his conviction that life was forfeited. For three days he refused all sustenance. At their expiration he was led by night to the chamber of torture, and stripped for the question ; but an arm, formerly broken by a wound received in the service of his judges, prevented the executioners from lifting him to the height requisite to give full effect to the inhuman application of the strappado ; his feet, therefore, were brought to the stoves."—"He lingered in prison for about three weeks after this examination, and was then conducted, after vespers on the fifth of May, to the Two Columns. Either to prevent him from exciting pity by an enumeration of his former great deeds, or from appealing against a punishment inflicted without due evidence of guilt, his mouth was carefully gagged ; and Sanuto, who has minutely re-

corded the particulars of his last moments, describes the dress in which he appeared upon the scaffold.*

Even if we admit doubts of the innocence of this great prototype of Wallenstein, every generous feeling of our nature revolts at the base artifices used to arrest him, and the secret process of his condemnation; a painful interest is excited by the catastrophe of one so noble and so gifted, whose faults must have been those of a superior, even if perverted intellect. The "semblance of civil proceedings" maintained in his case failed to render his "taking off" less atrocious than the unscrupulous means by which the Austrian government despatched the duke of Friedland. In both instances, as has been truly observed, the extenuating plea for the insidious plot would be, that the general lived in the hearts of his soldiers, and was a sovereign, and impregnable, in his own camp. In both instances, the open and unsuspecting trust of the victim bared his bosom to the blow; each went, without misgiving, to his fate; each disregarded the warnings of commonplace sagacity; each was

"Blind, with his deep-seeing eyes."

The subject of Carmagnola has inspired the genius of Manzoni, the most distinguished among modern Italian tragedians; but his play cannot be paralleled with that of Schiller. The spirit, or rather the usage, of the Italian drama required a perfect hero; the poet has not, therefore, availed himself of the opportunity of painting the conflict of feeling, the struggle of duty with impulse, the "stormy joy, the trembling hope, that wait on mightiest enterprise," which Schiller has depicted in his tragedy with such overpowering effect. Moral beauty, it was Schiller's favorite theory, unlike the beauty of sense, can have existence only in action and conflict; and this truth he has developed in all his ideal representations.

Nevertheless, the haughty and unbending character of

* See Sketches from Venetian History—the narrative condensed from Sanuto.

the chief, impatient of control and fearless of consequences, and his generous magnanimity, are preserved. The danger to which these qualities expose him is hinted by Marco's parting counsel :

“ Like all generous spirits
Who profit others oft to their own wrong,
And having safely crossed the rugged steeps
Of sternest enterprise, perish on the road
Which e'en the basest would have trod with ease.”

Nor is the scene of his arrest, after he is entraped into the hall of the council of ten, wanting in grandeur ; when the mask falls off, and the general encounters, lofty and unappalled, the first view of his inevitable fate. The last interview with his wife and daughter full of pathos ; and I cannot refrain from quoting a few lines of his parting address :

“ No—no, my loved Matilda ! the stern words
Of vengeance and of hate must never rise
From thy pure heart, and harass these last moments ;
Their grief is sacred. Deep, in truth, our wrong ;
Yet pardon it, and thou shalt quickly feel
That in the midst of evil, joy remains.
Death, our most cruel foe, can do no more
Than hasten it. Oh, death is not man's deed !
For then 't were past endurance ; 't is from heaven ;
And heaven with such deep comfort sweetens it
As man gives not, nor takes. My wife—my child,
Hear my last words. With bitterness, I see,
They fall upon your heart ; yet sweet it may be
One day to dwell on them. Thou, consort, live—
Live, and o'ercome thy grief ; this hapless one
Must not be all an orphan. Fly from Venice—

And thou, sweet flower, who in the storm of battle
Didst bloom to cheer me, thou dost droop thy head !
The tempest sweeps above, and rudely shakes thee !
Thy bosom heaves with sobs ; upon my breast
I feel thy burning tears, and cannot wipe them !
Thou seem'st to ask, Matilda, pity from me ;
Alas ! I can do nought ; but well thou know'st,
To the bereaved, in heaven there is a Father.
Confide in Him, and live for tranquil days,
If not for joy ; such surely must await thee.
Why has the rushing tide of anguish burst
Upon thy morn of life, if all the rest
May not be bright and tranquil ? Live, and cherish

This sorrowing mother.
Gonzaga, take the hand which thou hast oft
Pressed on the morn of battle, when we parted
Doubtful to meet again. Wilt thou now clasp it,
And pledge thy faith that thou wilt henceforth be
Guide and protector to these helpless ones,
Till they are rendered to their kindred?

GONZAGA.

This

I swear.

CARMAGNOLA.

I die content. When thou return'st
Unto the field, salute my brethren there;
Say I died innocent; thou hast been witness
To all my deeds—my thoughts, and know'st how truly.
Say that my sword was never yet profaned
With treachery's stain; 't is I who am betrayed.
When trumpets sound—when to the eager winds
Your banners wave, think on your ancient comrade.
And when, the battle o'er, upon the field
The priests shall offer mournfully to heaven
Their sacrifices for the dead, think on me.
I, too, once hoped my destiny reserved me
To die upon the field."

THEKLA.

SCHILLER has been deservedly styled "the purest of poets." His object in all his works being to exalt common nature to the ideal ; his conceptions of man were not, like Shakspeare's, of man as he actually appears in the world around us, but of man in higher development, as he exists in the world that genius creates ; of flesh and blood, it is true, but more elevated in his mental and moral qualities. One of his countrymen has compared him to Raphael, " whose saints are real saints, and whose art is as holy as the subject of it." He delighted to develop humanity in its noblest aspects ; to remove the integument of clay that shrouds the diviner faculties of the soul, and bring them into full and rich light. His intellect mirrored only the calm, the grand and the beautiful ; the common, the corrupt,—had no place therein.

There is an unspeakable charm, an intellectual radiance about those characters of Schiller whom he has invested with eminent moral beauty, which belongs to no other modern poet. Through the play of "Wallenstein," this shines in full grace and majesty in Max and Thekla. There is a purity, a nobility of innocence about these youthful creatures of his fancy ; a simplicity and dignity, which is ever the pledge of an exalted nature, unsullied in the midst of temptation, unmarred by adversity—dauntless and scathless from the powers of evil. They walk amidst the snares and the storms of life, guided only by the impulses of a pure heart, which, free and uncorrupted, cannot lead them astray. The guileless soul is expressed on their features—in their lofty bearing—in

their independent language ; their look is heavenward ; " the stamp of Jove " is on their brow.

The episode of Thekla and Max Piccolomini adds a deep romantic interest to the tragedy of Wallenstein, diffusing a mournful beauty over its scenes, and touching the soul deeply, even in the midst of our interest for the fate of the warchief. It is truly " a bright thread of silver tissue running through a dark web of ambition, selfishness, and treachery." It is, to use the language of Menzel in speaking of other creations of Schiller—" the tone of a heavenly flute amid wild discordant music—the blue of ether amid a storm—a paradise on the edge of a crater." In the character of Thekla, the poet paints a noble woman, whose heart is ruled by love ; and this love he portrays—not as it is usually portrayed in fiction, but as his own fancy conceived it, in its highest and holiest aspect—earnest—enduring—invincible ; unfolding " the unmeasured riches of its beauty, like a sacred music, that from the tenderest tone rises to the fullest storm of sound, but always in the purest accords."

The remarks of M. B. de Constant upon this representation, point out this peculiarity better than I could do. " The admiration," he says, " with which the character of Thekla is viewed in Germany is connected with their manner of considering love. We (the French) look upon it as a *passion*, of the same nature as others, whose effect is to mislead reason ; whose end to procure enjoyment. The Germans invest it with a religious character ; they perceive in it an emanation from divinity ; an accomplishment of man's destiny on earth ; a mysterious and omnipotent bond between two souls that exist for each other. Under the first view, love is common to man and animals ; under the second, to man and God.

" Where love is but a passion, as on the French stage, it can interest only by its violence and delirium. The transports of the senses, the ravings of jealousy, the struggle between passion and remorse—these constitute tragic love in France. But in the German poetry, love

is a ray of divine light, sent to warm and purify the heart, and combines force with calmness ; from the moment it appears, it rules all that surrounds it. It may have to contend with *circumstances*, not with *duties* ; for it is itself the first of duties, and a guarantee for the fulfilment of others. It cannot lead to guilt ; it cannot descend to crime, or even to stratagem ; for thus it would belie its nature and cease to be itself. It cannot yield to obstacles ; it cannot be extinguished, for its essence is immortal ; it can only return to the bosom of its Creator."

"Thus Thekla is represented. She is no commonplace girl, divided between attachment for a young man and submission to her father ; disguising or repressing the feeling that rules her, till she has obtained her sire's consent ; terrified at the obstacles that threaten her happiness ; experiencing herself, and impressing the spectator with a feeling of uncertainty as to the success of her love, and the line of conduct she will adopt if her hopes are deceived. Thekla is a being elevated above our common nature, to whom love has become existence ; whose destiny it has fixed. She is calm, because her resolution is impregnable ; confident, because she cannot be deceived in the heart of her lover ; solemn—for she feels that what she has done is irrevocable ; open, because love is to her not a part of life—but life itself."

Thekla is a princess, the daughter of a mighty chief—born to inherit her father's greatness ; but not to the consciousness of rank does she owe the innate dignity that marks all she does and says. Bred in the security of a convent, her noble nature has known no constraint ; she has obeyed her own impulses ; her imagination has shaped glorious visions, which she has substituted for the yet unknown reality. She is enthusiastic ; hers is the enthusiasm of "bright unworn humanity ;" the fire that burns in every exalted spirit. Summoned to her father's camp, her mother and herself are escorted thither by Max ; and on the way a mutual affection springs up between the youthful pair. There is no coquetry or proba-

tion ; their spirits "meet and mingle, and clasp each other firmly and forever." Her perfect openness and simplicity is shown in the scene in which she accidentally overhears the countess Tertzky drawing from her lover the story of his attachment. The readiness with which she comes forward and interrupts her aunt when about to speak of herself, appears uncalled for at first sight ; but the concluding verses of the scene reveal her motive. She has discovered that all around her are not pure and guileless as her own heart ; and now begins the conflict, which a German critic compares to the contest of the warlike angel with the spirits of the abyss.

The melancholy expression of her feelings of aversion to the new life, whose crooked paths of policy are revealed to her, and her panting after the ideal world of goodness and happiness in visions of which her fancy has hitherto indulged, and which has faded forever from her sight—is given in a song, whose wild and simple beauty can be but faintly preserved in a poetical version. The following is a literal translation :

THEKLA (plays and sings.)

"The oak forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore ; the waves break with might, and she sings out in the dark night, her eyes discolored with weeping : The heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy one, call thy child home ! I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved."

In the succeeding interview with the countess, what firmness and contempt of artifice, united with childlike innocence and gentleness, are seen ! She is insensible to the endeavors of her aunt to instil into her mind the pride of birth ; she estimates such advantages at only their real value, and prizes them because she is made thereby more worthy of him on whom she has bestowed her love. The countess, hard and crafty as she is, can scarcely believe such artlessness and openness to be not assumed to hide some secret purpose ; the designing ever suspect the free-hearted and simple. The avowed devotion of her niece to the young Piccolomini first awakens

her anger, next her apprehension. When left alone, the despondency of the maiden's heart thus breaks out :

" And is it so ? not one friend have we here,
Not one true heart : we 've nothing but ourselves !
O she said rightly ! no auspicious signs
Beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre where hope abides ;
The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here ;
And Love himself, as he were armed in steel,
Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

(Music from the banquet room.)

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
And swiftly will the destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
It lures me forward in a seraph's shape ;
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,—
It draws, it pulls me with a godlike power,—
And lo ! the abyss,—and thither am I moving,—
I have no power within me not to move !"

She is right ; this scene is no place for her or her lover ; with their pure affections, their high truth, their constant virtue. Amidst the tempest and tumult of strife, the loud voice of faction, and the secret workings of treachery and guile, these youthful lovers have nothing left to do, but to suffer. They cannot become parties in the mighty game that is playing ; for the singleness and holy purity of their natures unfit them to act with those who are conducting it. They can only be *victims*: they are swept on, powerless to resist the force that is bearing them—with the fortunes of another—to destruction ; the destiny that overwhelms them in the ruins of a mightier prey.

The hard and sophisticated countess penetrates the cloudy designs of her brother, and determines to take their furtherance on herself. Not without a purpose was Max appointed to fetch the princess to the camp ; but it beseemed not the lofty Wallenstein to draw a card at such a game. That must be left to female management ; it is mutely delivered up to her finessing. Though no ray has broken out from the duke on this point, the countess understands well enough that Max is to be be-

guiled into a passion for her niece, that his love may blind him to his duty, and bind him fast to Friedland in the approaching storm. For this purpose the interview is contrived between them, and she deals with the youth in advance. Tertzky exhorts her to the task—

“Take care you heat his fancy and affections;
Possess him with a reverie, and send him
Absent and dreaming, to the banquet—that
He may not boggle at the signature.”

Her instructions reveal this secret to her unsuspecting niece, as well as the ambitious designs of her father; and the effect is what might have been anticipated upon a soul like hers. Her sad presentiment is turned to certainty; her radiant hopes are vanished. Her rectitude and firmness of principle cannot be shaken by the representations of the countess; but she mourns over the inevitable downfall of her own and her lover's happiness.

Once more the countess endeavors to urge her niece to a compliance with her scheme, in the first scene of the last part of the tragedy; and to induce her to consent, it is necessary to acquaint her with her father's treason and the necessity of strenuous effort to maintain himself on that unholy height. Mark here the unselfish nature of Thekla, ingenuous and full of tenderness as she is, and the contrast of her purity and acuteness of feeling with the calculating spirit of her aunt! Her first thought is for that gentle parent who she is assured will sink beneath the terrible news of her husband's revolt.

COUNTESS.

“You will not understand me; Well, hear then,
Your father has fallen off from the emperor,
And is about to join the enemy
With the whole soldiery——

THEKLA.

Alas—my mother!

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on
The army after him. The Piccolomini
Possess the love and reverence of the troops;
They govern all opinions—and wherever

They lead the way, none hesitate to follow.
The son secures the father to our interests ;
You 've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,
My miserable mother ! What a death stroke
Awaits thee !—No—she never will survive it !”

The possibility that her lover will forfeit his honor, by joining her father's cause, does not once occur to her, notwithstanding the importunities of her relative ; she knows his decision well, for it is in the immutable cause of RIGHT that he is enlisted ; she cannot wish the sacrifice—for the integrity of Max is dearer to her than her own happiness, or his.

COUNTESS.

“Break not out in vain lamenting ;
Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
And for yourself the lover—all will yet
Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove good ?—what good ?
Must we not part ? part ne'er to meet again ?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you ! He cannot part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas, for his sore anguish ! It will rend
His heart asunder !

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that !”

The inevitable consequence arrives ; the ominous dread in whose grasp her hope had so long lain shuddering, is fulfilled ; the destiny closes upon her. In the anguish and despair of parting from her, the mental vision of Max is clouded ; he can no longer distinguish the right way ; the voice of truth ceases for a moment to speak in his heart. In his wild agony, he appeals to the

maiden who stands calm, but broken-hearted before him. He commits the decision of his conduct to her own feelings ;

“ To this heart,
To this unerring heart, will I submit it ;
Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
The happy man alone, averted ever
From the disquieted and guilty,—*canst* thou
Still love me if I stay ? Say that thou canst,
And I'm the duke's——”

The whole of this scene is replete with the very deepest pathos ; and it displays in its highest nobility, the character of the princess. She is “ meek and soft and maidenlike, but she is Friedland's daughter,” and possesses a strength of soul kindred to his. The pomp and wild tumult of war are around her ; her father is in danger, for the army is abandoning him ; her mother stands in silent anguish at her side ; her lover, torn by conflicting feelings, in impetuous despair, looks to her for the decision of his fate. The countess, whose pictures of grandeur and royalty to be obtained have failed to move her, only tells her now to “ think upon her father”—as knowing that this brief appeal to her affections would avail more than all her former persuasions. But she hesitates *not for an instant* ; not though Max, painfully anticipating her sentence, assures her that he would act “ the human, not the great part”—and evidently wishes that the decision *could* be such as would prevent their separation. She tells him to obey his first impulse ; to separate his righteous cause from their unblest one ;

“ Fulfil thy duty ! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou wouldst still have acted
Nobly and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.”

Then comes the sad—sad close. Max, forced from the side of his beloved by his cuirassiers, rides forth half frenzied at their head ; resolved to court death, he throws

himself with his men upon the Swedes at Neustadt, and finds the fate he sought. The tidings of his death at first overpower the hapless maiden ; but her energies are not crushed ; her first words on recovering from the deadly swoon into which she had sunk, are for the Swedish courier, whom she wishes to question of the particulars. Her mother and the countess oppose this wish ; but Wallenstein grants her request. She hears the circumstances of her lover's fall, in a scene as affecting as any within the whole range of tragedy ; the more touching as her woe is silent. Her resolution is taken to depart instantly to his grave, whither a nameless but irresistible impulse draws. To the remonstrances of her companion Lady Neubrunn, she opposes only the unalterable resolution of her despair.

NEUBRUNN.

"Your father's rage——

THEKLA.

That time is past—
And now I fear no human being's rage.

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world—the tongue of calumny—

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking? Him who is no more.
Am I then hastening to the arms—O God !
I haste but to the grave of the beloved !

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night time—

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night—

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed
Under the hoofs of his war-horses?"

Her sufferings, and the heroic firmness with which they are endured, produce an effect almost painful ; but her withdrawal from the scene is full of melancholy

beauty. Madame de Stael says the French would object to a conclusion which left the fate of the heroine in uncertainty ; to German tastes it is admissible—for the Germans are more interested in feelings than events. Thekla has done with life ; in the deep gloom that has clouded her reason, only one glimmering of consolation is visible ; it beckons her on

“ To a deep quiet—such as he has found.”

We feel it right that she should not remain upon the scene till the close. She is borne away from the tempest of horror that forms the catastrophe. The impersonation and pledge of her father's better fortune, it is proper she should be removed when his good angel abandons him to his destruction. Her soul is filled with a feeling now become sacred and heavenly ; the accumulation of blood and treachery is too horrible for the presence of a being like her. I know not where to match this last scene of the princess ; it is so calmly characteristic.

No contrast could be more striking than that between the characters of the duchess and the countess Tertzky. The duchess is a gentle being, whose world is in the affections, and should never have had her fate, which ought to have been mild as herself, linked to that of one so fiery as Wallenstein. She herself laments the want of sympathy between her spirit and his own.

“ For even as if
I had been linked on to some wheel of fire
That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
I've passed a life of frights and horrors with him,
And ever to the brink of some abyss
With dizzy-headlong violence he whirls me.”

Her mind is less lofty and strong than that of her daughter, to whom she is warmly attached by the sympathies of a nature kindred in its purity. Her first scene with her husband, in the first act of Piccolomini, when

he questions her of her reception at the court of Hungary, develops her character—dignified, and matronly and affectionate. She is by no means insensible of what is due to her rank, nor lacks the pride proper to “count Harrach’s noble daughter—duke Albrecht’s princely wife ;” but the show of outward courtesy paid to her at the court in place of the old “condescending, confidential kindness, familiar and endearing,” is far from satisfying her. We learn also that she had been long used to exercise the most beautiful privilege of woman—

“ I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits ;”—

With what earnest tenderness she supplicates her lord to shake off the vain phantasies nourished by those cloudy sciences ;—to avert by timely submission the storm that hangs over him, and vindicate his good name !

“ O let no longer
Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning
With venomous glosses ! Stand you up
Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,
And drive before you into uttermost shame
Those slanderous liars !”

She is open and right hearted ; affection is ever before ambition in her mind ; as is touchingly evinced in scene fifth of the first act of the *Death of Wallenstein*, where she pleads with her husband for Thekla and Max.

The countess, on the other hand, shares the unconquerable spirit of her kingly brother ; she has his ambition, but she has none of the feelings which grow out of his political situation, and raise so fierce a struggle in his bosom. She devotes herself to the execution of schemes which she guesses to be formed in his mind ; urges Thekla to the sacrifice of love and principle, and deceives Max by professions of friendship and interest, when her only object is to forward her brother’s plans through means of him. One fault that has been found with Schiller’s delineation of this character is, that she

is too often made the vehicle of subtle disquisition, and utters language more metaphysical than is natural for a woman. This is visible in the scene where she urges Wallenstein to his revolt, and combats his scruples, reminding him of the emperor's ingratitude, and of the "law of hard necessity" which had placed him again in the command. Her argument is too abstruse and artfully defined; it is evident here that the author himself speaks, to suggest apologies for the conduct of his hero. There is infinitely more nature and force in the speech where she ironically depicts his supposed retirement from the army—and the peaceable bustle in his castles; such taunts must inevitable work to madness a haughty soul like Friedland's, to whom the greatest evil imaginable would be

"To become a nothing—having been—"

so great and formidable. Is it possible any one can object that this scene places Wallenstein in an unfavorable light, as swayed by female influence? It is the last conflict of old principles and feelings with that "vulture of the mind" to which he is about to yield all; his scruples are expressed, whereas they were in the heart before; but they are evidently weakened. The countess has none of these, and the whole force of her strong spirit is directed to vanquish them. She only gives a voice to the pleadings of Wallenstein's own ambition; it is that which sways him. To me this scene has a deep interest; it is the turning point in the destiny of the great chief, and conveys a lesson fearfully impressive.

I know not a scene more full of austere and melancholy grandeur than that preceding Wallenstein's assassination. The countess is beside him; but her spirit is overshadowed and well nigh weighed down by dark forebodings, though she speaks in the language of hope and encouragement. Her ominous vision of the apparition

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of Friedland's first wife—her brother's recollection “of the fourth Henry's death”—which he says—

“Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny”—

—the king who felt the phantom of the knife in his breast long ere the assassin armed himself therewith—the coronation festival sounding like funeral knells—and the boding sense that brought the tread of those feet which were even then seeking him through the streets of Paris—are enough to possess her soul with fear. But the duke rejects his warnings, and her dread is suppressed, though not quieted. Her death is worthy of her life; she sustains to the last the proud calmness of a lofty though perverted mind. There is a grandeur in her last address to Octavio, when having swallowed poison, pale and passionless and undaunted, she appears before the destroyer of house :

“This house of splendor and of princely glory
Doth now stand desolated—I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.”—

“We did not hold ourselves too mean to grasp
After a monarch's crown—the crown did Fate
Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
That to the crown belong.”

MAX PICCOLOMINI.

THE character of this youthful hero is indeed the very "poetry of war." He is another impersonation of that purity and dignity which reign in so many of Schiller's ideal personages, constituting the secret of their beauty and their beneficent influence on the imagination. In his spirit burns an EXALTED ENTHUSIASM ; living and glowing in all his actions—in every word he utters ; the pure emanation of the author's own soul. This is a quality that all Schiller's heroes partake ; that animates every noble heart, and moves it to lofty enterprise. It is—as a German critic beautifully observes, "the altar-flame which ascends heavenward ; the vestal flame fed by consecrated hands in the temple of God ; the Promethean spark brought down from heaven ; the pentecost fire of noble passion, in which the souls of men are baptized ; the phoenix fire in which our race eternally renews its youth." Without this ennobling flame there could be nothing of grandeur in the natural or the moral world ; for all things in external nature would stand as mere objects of sense, and virtue herself would be divested of the heavenly panoply wherewith she marches forth against the dark powers.

In all its first warm glow and splendor, this feeling is present in the soul of Max, and forms the most striking trait in his character. It is undimmed and uncorrupted amidst the contaminations of a camp ; unmingled with aught of selfish ambition, as is shown by the very anxiety of his father to keep his secret from him. Could a stronger testimony to the noble single-heartedness of the

youth have been borne, than Octavio's reluctant admission to Questenberg, that he *dared* not take his son as a partner in his schemes ?

" I must perforce
Leave him in wardship to his innocence."

How beautifully does his enthusiasm—his passion for all that is great and noble, for which his veneration for Wallenstein is but a channel—contrast with the narrow, calculating selfishness of his father and the querulous suspicion of the imperial envoy, in scene fourth of the first act ! His praise of the general is unqualified and glowing ; such as would naturally burst from a heart like his bound to his gallant leader by all the ties of affection and association.

Max has been a nursling of the camp ;—a war of fifteen years his school. But, though used to the peril and excitement of the soldier's life, he has preserved a spirit unsullied as ardent ; in this war-march, restless and homeless as the stirring wind, he has discerned and embraced only what was honorable to the warrior and the man. His journey from Carnthen to the camp, to escort thither the duchess Friedland and her daughter, was the first leisure of his life. The influence of new feelings then awakened in his bosom, first opens his eyes to the disadvantages of war and the blessings of peace. He feels that the toil of war has robbed him of his youth,—leaving him

" — a heart unsouled and solitary—
A spirit uninformed—unornamented ;"

giving only in exchange

" — the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless 'larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
The unvaried, still returning hour of duty—
Word of command—and exercise of arms :"

and feels painfully that there is nothing in all this, this bustling nothingness—

" To satisfy the heart—the gasping heart !"

Exquisitely beautiful is his description of the advent of peace ; of the day thrice lovely, when the soldier again becomes "a fellow man among his fellow men." Here is visible the strong poetical coloring which the mind of Max throws over the scenes he contemplates ; falling like sunshine over rocks and wastes, and gilding them with glorious beauty. This imaginative tendency—this disposition to create the beautiful—pervades his whole character ; it influences and heightens his devotion to Wallenstein, whom, as is afterwards evident, his fancy depicts in colors of her own ; it tinges even his love for Thekla. It is this love which has gifted him with new apprehensions, as Octavio, pained to the very heart at the discovery, acknowledges, when too late to prevent it. Never has the influence of this passion on an open and noble spirit, been more accurately and touchingly portrayed. Another and a fairer world is opened to his gaze ; and not a trace is left of his former joys. Fresh plumes have been given to his fancy ; there is no longer life, bloom, nor flavor in those duties which were once his all—

" — The turmoil of the camp,
The spring tide of acquaintance rolling in,
The pointless jest, the empty conversation —"

have become distasteful to him. His full heart is constrained "to seek a silence out, and a pure spot, wherein to feel his happiness." He finds himself accidentally within a cloister ;—and the description of his feelings there ; of the grateful solitude and silence ; the image of the holy mother over the altar—a wretched painting, but appealing to his imagination as the friend he was that moment seeking—the contrast between the coldness with which he has formerly beheld "that glorious form in splendor 'mid extatic worshippers," and his present fervid and cloudless devotion—devotion born of love—I have never seen surpassed for beautiful simplicity. There is something inexpressibly touching, in this scene with the countess, in the contrast between her craftiness

and the unembarrassed sense and light free spirit of the young warrior. It is even more striking than between the countess and Thekla ; for Max is wholly unsuspecting. As yet, he dreamed not of a serpent in his fancied paradise ; his poetic imagination lingers

“ Upon some island in the ethereal heights ;”

his trusting spirit yearns, without any misgiving, towards the home of peace and happiness he fondly fancies they are approaching. Even the hurried warning of Thekla fails to break his golden vision.

That open and trusting heart receives its first wound in Octavio's communication to him of the duke's real purpose. Yet how resolutely he clings to his faith ! refusing to believe in Wallenstein's treason, even on the most unquestionable evidence ;—

“ — He is passionate ;
The court has stung him , he is sore all over
With injuries and affronts ; and in a moment
Of irritation, what if he, for once
Forgot himself ? He 's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay—in cold blood did he confess this to me ;
And having construed my astonishment
Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
His written evidences—showed me letters
Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
Promise of aidance, and defined the amount.

MAX.

It cannot be ! can *not* be ! *can* not be !
Dost thou not see—it cannot !
Thou wouldest of necessity have shown him
Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
Had ta'en thee for his better genius—or
Thou stood'st not now a living man before me !”

—trusting perseveringly and enthusiastically, even though prudence might laugh his credulity to scorn. “ Thy judgment,” he says to his father, “ may mistake ; my heart cannot.” How beautiful is this generous confidence, clinging to its object in the midst of evil report,

and unwilling doubt ! It could only exist in a pure soul.

"These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine,
But they expound not Friedland ; I have faith ;
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses !
Trust me—they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes at once will kindle into flame ;
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly—and we shall view
The unapproachable glide out in splendor."

Then follows his mournful scene with Wallenstein, when he comes to learn the truth of his father's statements ; when is painted the unavailing contest of virtuous impulse and principle with error and sophistry. The excuse of necessity by which the duke justifies his designs, and the gorgeous coloring of hope he endeavors to throw over them, deceive not for a moment the true-hearted and noble youth ; but with the most intense anguish he witnesses his friend's disloyalty to his better nature. Now for the first time, the veil that concealed the deformity of what had hitherto seemed to him most beautiful—the human heart—is rudely torn away. The contemplation of a change so fearful, in him he had esteemed so rich and glorious, who could "make conquest of whate'er seemed highest"—is more than he can bear.

"O God of heaven ! what a change is this !
Beseems it to me to offer such persuasion
To thee, who like the fixed star of the pole
Wert all I gazed at on life's pathless ocean !
O, what a rent thou makest in my heart !
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obedience,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name ?
Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me,—
It always was as a god looking at me !
Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed :
The senses yet are in thy bonds, although
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself."

The agony of this conviction works a revolution in his whole being ; the fabric of his gorgeous dreams is at

once demolished ; the fire has gone over his spirit ; the land of elysian splendors is a dark and desolated waste. Bitterly he acknowledges this change in the subsequent interview with his father, when he accuses him of wishing to rise by Wallenstein's fall ; when his lips pronounce the rebuke that disconcerts even the collected and crafty Octavio.

"How comes suspicion here—in the free soul ?
Hope, confidence, belief, are gone ; for all
Lied to me—all that I e'er loved or honored."

Hypocrisy, treason, and perjury are everywhere around him ; the single holy spot, the only "unprofaned in human nature" is *her* love—who alone "is true, and open as the heavens."

How full of pathos his mourning over the blight and ruin of so noble a heart as Wallenstein's ! Yet he never seems to have read that soul in its depths ; else he would have discerned the ambition and pride, which as yet in their growth, were destined to bring forth so fatal a fruit. He has loved and idolized a being of his own imagination ; one whom his fancy had endowed with every great and high quality. This error is seen when he advises the duke, apparently wavering in his purpose, to follow the first dictates of his heart. That of Max had never yet deceived him. Pure and right in its impulses, he had been safe in trusting to its guidance. But it is not so with others, whose judgment and feelings have been warped by passions and prejudices ; and the youth is conscious of the fallacy of the trust, when he himself feels bitterly, that he can no longer depend on his virtuous impulses.

The final sundering of the ties of his childhood and youth, completes this melancholy picture. He and the lady of his love, feeling the same innate and instinctive aversion for the crooked and base aspect of deceit, most innocent of the "hard deeds and luckless" which have taken place, are nevertheless inextricably involed in the evil reciprocal of their fathers ; faithless to none, they

have fallen irremediably into the circle of mishap and guilt.

In the sore anguish of the trial between duty and feeling, the despairing youth, as we have seen, submits the cause to the unerring heart of Thekla. His own perceptions clouded by suffering, he has in a measure lost the power of discerning the right, and is in danger of mistaking the struggles of natural feeling for the voice of conscience. He seems to himself a barbarian, on whom the shudderings of nature are heavily avenging her insulted rights. The affecting expostulation of his general, the guide of his childhood, strengthens his misgivings.

WALLENSTEIN.

"Max, remain with me ;
Go you not from me, Max ! Hark, I will tell thee,
How when, at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
Not yet accustomed to the German winters ;
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colors ;
Thou wouldst not let them go.
At that time did I take thee in my arms,
And with my mantle did I cover thee ;
I was thy nurse ; no woman could have been
A kinder to thee : I was not ashamed
To do for thee all little offices
However strange to me : I tended thee
Till life returned ; and when thine eyes first opened
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
Altered my feelings towards thee ? Many thousands
Have I made rich, presented them with lands,
Rewarded them with dignities and honors ;
Thee have I *loved* ; my heart, myself, I gave
To thee !—They were all aliens—thou wert
Our child and inmate. Max ! thou canst not leave me !
It cannot be ; I may not, will not think
That Max can leave me !

MAX.

O my God !

WALLENSTEIN.

I have
Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.
What holy bond is there of natural love,
What human tie, that does not knit thee to me ?"

The very lifestrings of the manly young soldier are rent
asunder ; that is the bitterness of death.

A British critic observes that Max is intended as a portrait of the youth of Wallenstein ; thus contrasting his better years with the sadness of his decline, and completing the picture of the great chief. In such a case Schiller must have designed most impressively to exhibit the effect of a life of cares and plannings in corrupting the soul's primeval innocence. Woe for the boastings of the philosopher ! woe for all human virtue ! Sorrow had partially done her work even on the youthful enthusiast ; but ere the whisperings of unhallowed ambition could be heard, he is snatched from temptation. The very anguish that had levelled the outworks of virtue, blinds him to the dazzling bribes ; he throws his life away, that it may remain " bright without spot."—Max is another impersonation of the moral energy wrestling with the evil powers ; of human freedom opposed to changeless necessity ; the warlike angel striving against spirits of darkness.

Here too is embodied a solemn lesson upon the instability of human bliss. The "judging Nemesis" is roused against the youthful lovers, soon as they become conscious of their peculiar happiness ; soon as the strength of soul they possess is developed, it must be engaged in mortal conflict.—Without such a struggle there can be no moral effect. The goddess of virtue, like that of wisdom, must enter the world in full armor.

Yet the love of "the blessing which dwells in right" is preserved inviolate—sacred as the Holy of holies. In this immaculate cause our author goes forth in complete panoply, and combats to triumph.—None can dwell on the character of this hero, without feeling his love of goodness exalted ; for it is no lawless freedom, but the "freedom inseparable from right" which is here advocated. Truth, all lovely truth, is triumphant even when Max falls a victim ; even through his death she is conqueror, and forces the envious inimical powers to bow down in involuntary homage.

The delineation of OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI is scarcely less masterly, in its way, than that of Wallenstein. He is not a metaphysical abstraction ; his qualities are many of them negative, but his individuality is still strongly marked. The governing principle of his conduct is ambition, though he never acknowledges such a motive, but puts on the aspect of loyalty and virtue. His virtue is but the policy of a cunning statesman ; it creates no good will towards the man, for its better part is wanting ; it has no touch of generous or human feeling. His loyalty is equally worthless ; for we see plainly that were not his personal interest concerned, he would be the first to abandon the emperor's cause ; he serves him ever with calculating selfishness. He has

" Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince ;"

He will profit by the fall of Wallenstein ; and with this view he sacrifices all that is noble in the human heart—throwing aside the feelings of the man—apparently without a scruple. Friedland regarded him as a bosom friend ; trusted him as a brother ; and erring, guilty as he might be—he deserved better at the hands of the man he loved,—whom he hailed as " his good angel"—to whom he unlocked his very soul, " throwing away the key of wise foresight"—than this black and ungrateful treachery. Octavio coldly delivers him up to his evil destiny ; watches for the first step—for some open deed—which may without doubt or plea convict the duke of treason, and attain him in the eyes of the government. It was in his power to have saved his friend ; to have averted the ill-starred catastrophe of that monarch spirit ; Wallenstein had poured out his thoughts to him ; with evil purpose—it is true—but honestly ; had Piccolomini, with equal honesty shown him the horror, the loathing his purpose inspired, it might even then have been abandoned, and a great mind redeemed from error. Max reminds him of this ; and Octavio's answer points out the length to which he had carried his dissuasion.

OCTAVIO.

"I have laid open my objections to him ;
 Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness ;
 But my *abhorrence*—the full sentiment
 Of my *whole* heart,—that have I still kept sacred
 To my own consciousness."

Yes ! for Octavio *wished* to see his chief guilty—rather than saved. With cold premeditated purpose, he "crept behind him, lurking for his prey."—Yet the collected and prudent statesman, personified as Prudence, by his friend the envoy, takes care that no flagrant fault appear in his conduct. It is his boast to Questenberg, that by no lying arts, or complaisant hypocrisy—he has skulked into the duke's good graces ; that he has never nourished his all-confiding friendship—an attachment as inexplicable to the crafty Octavio as to others of the duke's followers—with the substance of smooth professions ; that constrained by prudence to hide his genuine feelings, he has never duped him with base counterfeits ; that his confidence has fled from the blind trust of Walenstein, with the same pace that his has followed him.—All this is true, in the strict sense, the letter of the law. Octavio is "true with the tongue—but false with the heart." He silently suffers his friend to trust him, then lulls his conscience with the low plea—"I asked him not—he did it all at his own hazard." He lets "the easy hearted man" fold him into his inmost bosom, and like a serpent, there he poisons confidence. What avails it that his avowed aim is lawful and honest—the service of his sovereign—the stemming of the current of revolt—when his way is so crooked, and his weapons are dissimulation and intrigue ? Does the heart revolt the less from such a character—is he less odious—because we cannot fix upon him the stigma of crime ?

The love of the elder Piccolomini for the winding paths of state policy is first shown in the splendid piece of sophistry he addresses to his son in defence of "the way of ancient ordinance." The same propensity is *developed* throughout the play ; though the noble rebuke

of Max in the third act disconcerts him, and forces him to self-vindication by self-deceiving sophisms, which cannot cheat the unsoiled spirit of his son. At the close too, the same cunning device of excuse is resorted to—when, after having goaded Butler to madness by revealing the injury done him by the general in secret—after having heard his vow of deep and deadly revenge, and given him permission to remain with the duke for the purpose of its execution,—more than hinted, if not fully confessed—after having delivered the unsuspecting Wallenstein, shieldless and weaponless into the hands of the man whose hate is most implacable—when after all this, on seeing the bloody corpse of his ancient friend, he dares lift up his hand appealingly to the God of justice—

“I am not guilty

Of this foul deed!”

How just is the assassin’s reply—

“Your *hand* is pure; you have

Availed yourself of mine.” * *

“The single difference ’twixt you and me,

Is this; you placed the arrow in the bow,

I pulled the string. You sowed blood—and yet stand

Astonished, that blood is come up.”

As a magician baffled by his own spells, an awful retribution awaits him. He is successful; his victim lies murdered before him; his loyalty has met with the reward it coveted; but the imperial gift, the diploma conveying the title of prince, for which he has bartered his better soul, reaches him too late. His ancient house is desolate; his only son is no more; he is the last depository of honors which are now but a mockery; and he has to thank for it only his own machinations. For him there remains only a too late remorse. To a punishment like this the doom of Wallenstein is tender mercy.

I am not sure that Schiller has not done some injustice to national character in his representation of the Irishman BUTLER; but the individual is admirably drawn. He is no commonplace assassin, like the ordinary villains

we read of in so many hundreds of dramatic productions, busy and all-contriving monks, for the most part, who either wear a flimsy mask till the catastrophe, or openly boast of their revenge, and enact their wickedness without disguise. Butler is a different personage; his regard for his own honor, though he is of low extraction, is not less stern and immovable than that of the man of princely rank. He has "clomb up from lowest stable duty" to the rank of a colonel in the army; he is ambitious, and proud almost as Friedland himself. He says emphatically—

"There does not live on earth the man so stationed,
That I despise myself compared with him."

His principle is "we all do stamp our value on ourselves;" he challenges a high price. The weakness which induced him in an evil hour to apply to the imperial government for the title of count in reward for his services, he afterwards execrates. It was folly, he acknowledges; but wherefore should the refusal have been barbed and venomous with contempt?

"Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn
The gray haired man, the faithful veteran?
Why to the baseness of his parentage
Refer him with such cruel roughness—only
Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?"

Such an outrage from the government he had served could never be forgiven by such a man. He is ready to follow the fortunes of his general the more willingly, as his rebellion promises vengeance against those who had heaped on him this unmerited grievance. What then is his astonishment to find that the enemy who did him this ill service, who had counselled the minister to chastise his conceit—was no other than duke Wallenstein, who had himself impelled him to the measure, engaging to use his interest in his behalf? What are the feelings of this stern, proud man, on discovering that he had been thus used in contempt, as a blind tool;—cheated of life's

best jewel, which he had treasured all his life long ;—his honor, dignity, good name “shifted like pawns—no conscience made of it ?” He feels himself *dishonored*, should his victim escape. He pledges his word for the duke’s fall ; blood alone, he asserts, can cleanse his ignominy. His revenge we can never approve, yet the injury he has sustained, and his deep feeling of it place him within the limits of sympathy. He is a fine contrast to Octavio, to whom the guilt of his treachery more than half belongs.

For Illo and Tertzky—their fate excites little commiseration, actuated as they are throughout by interested motives. They have unlimited confidence in the prosperous fortunes of Wallenstein, for they know him stupendous in intellect ; they look upon his banners as “dedicate by destiny to fame ;” and anticipate the time when he will reward their fidelity to—his fortune :

“ — Lands he will bestow on all his friends ;
And like a king or emperor reward
True services ; but we’ve the nearest claims.”

For this selfish purpose they have strewed in his calm breast the seeds of evil passions, and “with officious villany watered and nursed the poisonous plants.” And worthily they

“ Receive their earnest, to the uttermost mite.”

MARY STUART.—ELIZABETH.

THE subject of Mary Stuart is scarcely a favorable one for dramatic composition ; notwithstanding that the most fertile imagination could scarcely have invented a greater variety of situations for a heroine, or alternated them more rapidly ; notwithstanding, too, that the wildest fiction could not heighten the charms and accomplishments attributed to her. It would indeed be a bold enterprise to attempt the fanciful embellishment of an image which the muse of history has portrayed so freshly and so vividly ; the image of Mary Stuart, to which even the pictures of the romancer, warm and glowing in the richest tints of poetry, have failed to add a single enchantment—familiar to every heart as some admired and beloved object known in actual life—familiar as the embodiment of all grace and loveliness and majesty—in the woman or the queen ! The intense interest felt, even through the lapse of so many centuries, in every circumstance of her life, has drawn forth the most minute and copious biographies and histories of the unfortunate princess, and left little to be done by those writers who avowedly depart from severe historical accuracy. The subject even forbids the indulgence in poetical imagery ; the incidents have an importance too grave and momentous to permit any diversion of the imagination ; there would be risk of injuring the *vraisemblance* of the picture by the least departure from the simplicity of actual truth. There is a strength and sternness of reality given to the events crowded so thickly together in the life of that queen, by the very political disputes founded on them, which dis-

qualify them for the purposes of poetry. The subject excites expectation which cannot be gratified. This inflexibility, if I may so term it, stands in the way of the success of any fiction grounded on the incidents of her reign, though the character of the queen is most truly tragic; and the imagination is strongly appealed to in the record of her sufferings—the ingratitude she experienced at the hands of unworthy friends or disloyal servants—her unfortunate marriages—her long imprisonment, and cruel death. The very mystery that hangs over a part of her conduct, both softens and heightens the effect of her calamities. Were we absolutely certain of her innocence, we should be shocked and pained too deeply; were we convinced of her guilt, we should be unmoved at the recital of her woes. There are detached scenes in her life which might produce a striking dramatic effect; the assassination of Rizzio, for example—exhibiting the petulant cruelty of Darnley—the cold-blooded atrocity of his brutal accomplices—with the unavailing anguish and just resentment of the outraged queen. So it might be with Darnley's murder, the festival, the dance, the boldness of the profligate Bothwell, the unsuspecting innocence and princely gayety of Mary—these might be successfully brought into contrast with the dark conspiracy, the broodings of guilty ambition, the deep deceit with which the traitor's snares are laid for the victim, the hopes and fears, the terrific catastrophe! But probably from the cause above stated, few poets have with success taken Mary Stuart for a heroine. Alfieri has constructed a tragedy upon the murder of Darnley, partly with the purpose, as he himself avows, of testing his fortune in an unpromising subject. It is not a little interesting to observe how the queen of Scots and the fiery nobles of her court look in the "Athenian garment" with which the Italian poet has invested them. He has handled the matter, perhaps, with more skill than could have been expected from the total want of harmony between the material and his peculiar genius; but the ab-

sence of local coloring in his play, the severity of his style, and his rigid exclusion of secondary personages—divest the picture of life, and give it an aspect singularly bald and sombre. The author himself acknowledges his drama deficient in action, feeble and cold ; and we have no reason to differ from his opinion. His Mary, some critic observes, is simply “an affectionate, sweet-tempered wife, who loses a sulky husband.” But one emotion is excited in the perusal of the piece ; it is that of wonder that aught so uninteresting could have been written of that queen, by a poet of undisputed ability.—Scott alone has succeeded in the difficult attempt of painting Mary Stuart ; in embodying our ideas of the majestic and the pleasing—as connected with “the queen, the beauty, and the accomplished woman”—yet in shading his picture with the weakness of human and female nature, so exhibited as to add to its lifelike aspect without destroying its fascination.

The death of the queen of Scots has little incident suited to theatrical purposes. A decapitation cannot be represented on the stage ; and the monotonous display of preparation, the grief of her attendants, even the triumph of malice, and the resignation of the victim—are but scanty materials for the dramatist. The termination must necessarily be foreseen from the first ; no interest therefore arising from curiosity can be excited. The scaffold frowns in full view from the very opening scene ; we approach it as it were through an avenue of cypress. Hence the chief interest must depend on the delineation of CHARACTER ; and here it is that Schiller has shown himself so masterly.

What would English and American readers think of a Mary Stuart for the heroine of a tragedy, who acknowledges herself guilty of her husband's murder ? who even at the close of her nineteen year's captivity is enamored of a being like Leicester—and suffers this unholy love to exclude at times from her heart the religious feelings suited to her approaching fate ? Should no more be said

of this drama, it might be pronounced unendurable ; but the dignity and beauty of the execution redeem the faults of conception. Schiller has distorted history to furnish incidents for his work ; the passion of Mary for Leicester, her communication with him through Mortimer—the blind impetuous love of the latter, the meeting of the two queens, and the interview that hastens Mary's death—are fully painted by his fancy ; and none but a poet could have accomplished the task as he has done. With all the disadvantages of his plan, Schiller's tragedy is noble and worthy of the subject ; and to say this is to award it all praise.

The author's comparatively strict adherence to the usual rules of the drama in this piece perhaps aided to obtain for it the favor of Madame de Stael ; she pronounces it the most pathetic and the best conceived of all the German tragedies. " The fate of this queen causes as much terror and pity as that of *Œdipus*, *Orestes* or *Niobe* ; but even the beauty of this history, so favorable to genius, would crush mediocrity."—The character of the Scottish queen, on which the poet has bestowed his greatest care, is sustained admirably, and ceases not to interest throughout the piece. Though she is painted as weak, passionate, and not insensible to the suggestions of personal vanity—as well as repentant for her former crimes—we are forced to forgive and to admire her. The influence of her unrivalled beauty is visible throughout ; the wild impassioned Mortimer is roused by admiration and love to attempt her deliverance ; Leicester, the admirer of Elizabeth, is secretly enamored of her ; the English queen is jealous of her charms ; nay—when the earl of Shrewsbury pleads her cause in the council, Elizabeth interrupts him with—

" Those charms in truth must be unparalleled,
Which rouse an old man to such fire."

This appeal to the imagination by painting the attrac-

tions of Mary, renders her misfortunes more touching; for sympathy is seldom denied to so lovely a sufferer.

Her first appearance upon the scene is effective. Paulet, her keeper, with rude force has possessed himself of her private papers; the vehement and bitter complaints of her nurse, Hannah Kennedy, are checked by the entrance of the illustrious captive, whose beautiful calmness puts the stern knight to shame for the indignity he had offered her. "You have forcibly possessed yourself," she says, "of what I had with my own free will delivered up to you;" then without reproaching him, she requests that the letter found in her casket, addressed to the queen of England, may be delivered to her royal sister by his own hand, not sent by the faithless and cruel Burleigh. It contains Mary's petition for a personal interview with Elizabeth.

"They 've summoned me
Before a court of men, whom as mine equals
I cannot recognise. Unto no heart
'Mong them can I appeal. Elizabeth
Is of my stock—my blood—of my own rank:
To her alone—the sister—queen—the woman,
Can I unbosom me.

PAULET.

Too often, lady,
Have you your destiny, ay, and honor, trusted
To men who were less worthy your esteem.

MARY.

For yet another favor I must sue,
A prayer that inhumanity alone
Could e'er deny. Full long, a prisoner,
I've lacked the consolations of the church,
The blessings of the sacrament! I deem
They who have robbed me of my crown and freedom—
Who threaten even my life, wish not to close
The gate of Heaven against me!"

When left alone with her nurse, with how much sweetness and humility does she reply to the murmurs of her aged servant against the brutal ferocity of their gaolers:

MARY.

"Ah! in the days of our prosperity
 We've lent the flatterer a too willing ear!
 Just is it now, good Kennedy, we list
 The accents of reproach!"

The review of her eventful life, her expressions of regret for past weaknesses and imprudences, and of deep remorse for the derelictions from the path of duty which conscience lays to her charge, form an affecting scene, before her mind is again disturbed by the delusive visions of hope, called up by the unexpected disclosures of Mortimer. The conspiracy of this youth and his friends to effect the queen's escape, contributes to give action to the piece; though I cannot but regard the display of the ungovernable fury of his wild passion, particularly in the scene in the park, as offensive to good taste.

Mary's interview with Burleigh, the lord treasurer of England and her relentless enemy, develops her character still more admirably. With a dignity and spirit that baffles and disconcerts her persecutor, she vindicates her rights, and exposes the mean subterfuges of her foes; the severity of her keen sarcasm visits for a moment the characters of those selected to be her judges—but not condescending to dwell on them individually—she assumes the broad ground of the improbability that impartial justice should be received at their hands by one of a strange country and faith, citing the proverb so long current among both nations, that pronounced doubtful at any time the evidence of a Scot against a native of England, or a Southron against a Scot. This national hostility, she adds, will never be at an end, till the whole island is united under one sceptre, and one parliament.

BURLEIGH.

———"This blessing shall a Stuart
 Bring to the kingdoms?"

MARY.

Why should I deny it?
 Ay, I confess, that I the hope have nourished
 Two noble nations to unite in joy

Beneath the shadow of the tree of peace.
 Alas! I deemed not that myself would be
 The offering of their hate! Their jealousy,
 The fretful soreness of the olden discord,
 I hoped in that full sunshine to efface;
 And as mine ancestor the rival roses,
 After long strife, did twine in amity,
 To bind in one the crowns of sister kingdoms."

When Burleigh announces the decision of her judges, and the sentence under which she is to suffer, her exposition of its injustice is so clear and unanswerable, that the stern courtier is forced to shun the argument, and change the subject of discourse.—The somewhat lengthened dialogue between Paulet and Burleigh, where the latter in vain attempts to instigate the knight to the secret murder of his prisoner, may serve to show with what discriminating power Schiller has painted the characters of both. The lord treasurer dwells on the apparent necessity of Elizabeth's pardoning her rival—

BURLEIGH.

"O, also holy justice
 Escapes not blame. The popular judgment sides
 With the unhappy, ever; and pale envy
 Doth follow in victorious fortune's wake.
 The sword of law, wherewith man girds himself,
 Is odious in a female hand. The world
 Confirmeth not a woman's righteous sentence,
 When woman is the victim. 'Tis in vain
 That we her judges, with free conscience speak;
 The queen hath still the royal right to pardon,
 And she *must* use it; 't were insufferable
 She should the law's relentless course allow!

PAULET.

Therefore——

BURLEIGH.

And therefore—she must live? No—no—
 She must not live! No!—This it is—even this,
 Disturbs our queen—this it banishes
 Sleep from her couch! I read her bosom's strife
 In the queen's eyes: her lips speak not her wish—
 Yet meaningly the silent glance doth ask;
 'Is there among my servants none, will spare me
 The hateful choice—to tremble on my throne
 In daily fear—or to abide the shame,

And bring a crowned head, of mine own blood,
Unto the block?"

PAULET.

That is necessity
Which may not now be shunned.

BURLEIGH.

It may be shunned—
The queen would say—had she but heedful servants.

PAULET.

Heedful, say you?

BURLEIGH.

Who knew but to interpret
A mute command.

PAULET.

A mute command?

BURLEIGH.

And who
Were some envenomed dangerous serpent given
Into their charge, the intrusted enemy
Would not as some dear holy jewel guard.

PAULET.

A noble jewel is unsullied fame,
The blameless reputation of a queen;
This—this—my lord, cannot too well be guarded!

BURLEIGH.

When from the custody of Shrewsbury
The Lady Stuart was removed—and given
Into Sir Paulet's keeping, it was meant—

PAULET.

I will hope, sir—'t was meant—the heaviest charge
Should be committed to the purest hands.
I had not ta'en on me this beadle's office
Had I not deemed such duty did demand
The worthiest in England.
Let me not think, sir, to aught else I owe it
Than mine unsullied fame.

BURLEIGH.

'Tis noised abroad that she is ill at ease,
Let her grow worse and worse—drop off in silence;
So dies she in the memory of men,
And yet your fame is pure.

PAULET.

But not my conscience.

BURLEIGH.

If your own hand you 'll not put forth, yet you
Will not restrain another's——

PAULET.

No assassin
Shall cross her threshold, while my household gods
Protect her. Unto me her life is holy ;
Not holier is the queen of England's head.
You are her judge. Judge then ! and break the bars !
When it is time, let the artificer
Come with his axe and saw—to build the scaffold.
For to the sheriff and the public headsman
My castle gates are open. She is trusted
Now to my guardianship—and be assured
I will so guard her, that she nothing evil
Shall do—or suffer here !”

The earl of Leicester prevails on his mistress to afford the prisoner an interview, by permitting an apparently accidental meeting to take place, while Elizabeth is hunting in the park of Fotheringay. To effect this purpose, Mary is on that morning allowed to leave her dungeon for a walk in the open air. The third act opens with this celebrated scene ; Mary, exhilarated by the intoxicating sense of new freedom, the cool breath of morning, the view of the limitless landscape, and the distant music of the bugle horns, comes bounding forward, and in her almost delirious enjoyment forgets that she is still in thralldom. She feels the wild delight of childhood at the unwonted sight of flowers and trees and birds ;—and her feelings in this moment of rapture, to which she has been so long a stranger, are poured forth in lyrical measures adapted to her varying emotions. The scene is so beautiful, that I shall yield to the temptation of presenting it to my readers, though merely in a literal and prosaic translation. Some other reader of the German may be fortunate enough to execute a version which shall unite the spirit of the original to its variety and sweetness of measure.

Enter MARY from the shade of the trees ; KENNEDY following slowly.

KENNEDY.

"You hurry on as you had wings indeed ;
I cannot follow you.

MARY.

Let me enjoy my new freedom ; let me be a child again—and be thou so with me ! Let me traverse the green carpet of this lawn with light and winged steps ! Have I ascended from the darksome dungeon ? Doth the doleful pit indeed no longer hold me ? Let me unchecked, with thirsty lips, drink in the free, heavenly air !

KENNEDY.

O my dear lady ! but a little wider
Your prison ! You behold not here the walls
That shut us in—because the trees' thick foliage
Doth hide them.

MARY.

O bless, bless the friendly green foliage, that hides from me my dungeon walls ! I will dream myself free and happy—wherefore disturb the sweet vision ? Doth not heaven's wide vault surround me ? My glance, free and fetterless, roves through illimitable space. Yonder, where the gray misty mountains rise—stretch the borders of my dominions ; these clouds, floating through the noonday sky, seek the distant seas of France. Speeding clouds ! Mariners of the breeze ! who has wandered—has sailed with you ? Bear my greeting to the land of my youth ! I am a prisoner—in chains—ah ! I have no other messengers ! Free is your path through the air ! you owe this queen no homage !

KENNEDY.

Alas—dear lady—you 're beside yourself !
Your long sad durance hath bewildered you ?

MARY.

Yonder lies a fisherman in his boat ; that wretched instrument could save me—could bear me swiftly to friendly shores. Heedfully doth the needy man cherish it. I would load him richly with treasure ;—a draught should he make such as he never made ; fortune should he find in his nets—should he take me hence in that rescuing vessel.

KENNEDY.

Vain wish ! lo, yonder in the distance, following
Our steps—the spy ! A cruel prohibition
Scares all that can feel pity from our sight !

MARY.

No, my good Hannah ; trust me, not in vain
My dungeon door is opened. This slight favor
To me proclaimeth a far greater fortune.
I am right. 'T is the active hand of love
I thank for this. Lord Leicester's powerful aid
I recognise therein. Thus by degrees
They will enlarge my prison, and inure me

From small to great—till I that face behold
Which shall unbind my chains—forever—

KENNEDY.

Ah!

I cannot reconcile this contradiction:
But yesterday announce your death to you—
Today this sudden grace!—Your chains shall fall—
—You shall depart—but to eternal freedom!

MARY.

Hear'st thou the hunting horn! Hark to its peal! The mighty
call through field and wood! Ah! to vault upon the eager steed—
and join the cheerful greenwood chase! Yet more—O familiar
voice—full of sad sweet remembrances! How oft have I heard it
with joy—in the breezy Highlands, when the clamorous horns called
to the chase!"

The poor queen is ill prepared at such a moment to
encounter the presence of her "good sister," who
comes to exult in her calamities; but encouraged by the
counsel of Talbot, she collects herself for the approach-
ing emergency. Leicester is with Elizabeth; her party
comes suddenly upon the scene. It is not a little curi-
ous to observe how the poet has managed the delicate
matter of such an interview.

ELIZABETH (*to Leicester.*)

"What is the place called?

LEICESTER.

Fotheringay castle.

ELIZABETH (*to Shrewsbury.*)

Send on our hunting train before, to London:

The people crowd our streets too eagerly—

We seek diversion in this quiet park. (*Talbot dismisses her
train; she fixes her eyes on MARY, while she continues speaking to
PAULET.*)

Too dear our people hold us—passing reason,

Idoltrous, the tokens of their joy.

A god is honored thus, and not a mortal.

MARY (*who during this time has been leaning half insensible upon her
nurse, lifts up her head, and her eyes meet the full gaze of Elizabeth.
She shudders and throws herself again on Kennedy's bosom.*)

O God! out of those features speaks no heart!

ELIZABETH.

Who is the lady! (*Universal silence.*)

LEICESTER.

You are at Fotheringay, gracious queen.

ELIZABETH (*looks surprised and astonished, then darts a stern look at the Earl.*)

Who has done this to me?—Lord Leicester!

LEICESTER.

My sovereign, it hath chanced—and now, since heaven
Your steps has hither led, let generosity
And soft compassion conquer!

SHREWSBURY.

Let me pray you,
O royal mistress, look on the Unhappy
Who passes now before you.

(MARY *recollects herself, and offers to approach ELIZABETH, but stands halfway, shuddering and motionless; her features express the strong conflict of her feelings.*)

ELIZABETH.

How, my lords!
Who was it told me of one bowed so low!
A pride I find by suffering no ways softened!

MARY.

So be it! to this also will I stoop:
Away, thou powerless pride of the free soul!
I will forget even who I am, and what
I've borne; I will before her cast me down—
Her who hath brought me into this reproach.
(*She turns to the Queen.*)

Heaven hath decided for you, sister! Crowned
With happiness and victory is your head.
The GODHEAD I adore that lifts you up! (*Kneels.*)
Be you now also noble-minded, sister—
Let me not kneel unworthily! Stretch forth
Your hand—extend to me the right of princes,
And raise me from abasement!

ELIZABETH (*stepping back.*)

Lady Mary!
That is your place; and grateful I adore
The grace of God that would not suffer me
To lie at your feet as you now at mine.

MARY (*with rising emotion.*)

Think upon human life's vicissitudes!
That there are gods who haughtiness chastise!
O honor, reverence them, the Terrible,
Who thus have bowed me to your feet!
For sake of these strange witnesses—O, honor
In me yourself! Profane not nor disgrace
The blood of Tudor—which in my veins flows,
As in your own. O God in heaven!
Stand not so stern and so immovable,
Like the proud rock, which some poor shipwrecked wretch,

In his extremity, vainly strives to grasp!
 Mine doth all hang—my life—my destiny—
 Upon my words—upon the force of tears!
 My heart unburthen that I yours may reach!
 If still that freezing glance you bend upon me,
 Shuddering, the channels of my heart are closed,
 My tears are checked—an icy horror locks
 The word of supplication in my breast!

ELIZABETH (*coldly*.)

What would you, Lady Stuart, say to me?
 You wished to speak with me. I have forgot
 The queen, the deeply injured, to fulfil
 A sister's gentle duty—granted you
 The craved boon of my presence. I obey
 A generous impulse, tempting a just blame
 For that I stoop so far—for well you know
 That you have willed my murder—would reward it!

MARY.

How shall I make beginning? How devise
 My prudent words—that they may reach your heart,
 Yet wound it not? Give my speech power—O Heaven
 And take from it all sting of bitterness!
 Yet can I not speak for myself—without
 Sorely accusing you—and that I will not.
 —I've met unworthy treatment at your hands—
 For I too am a crowned queen—and you
 Have held me in a base captivity;
 I came to you a suppliant—and you
 The holy law of hospitality—
 The sacred law of nations—violating—
 Shut me in dungeon walls—my friends and servants
 Torn from me—and myself given up to want—
 Before illegal judges dragged for doom—
 No more of that! Oblivion eternal
 Cover the woes endured! Lo—I will call them
 Inevitable fate! You are not guilty—
 I am not guilty; some bad spirit rose
 From the abyss, hate in our breasts to kindle,
 That disunited us in years of youth;
 It grew with us—and ill-designing men
 Fanned the unhappy flame—and insane zeal
 Officious hands armed with the sword and dagger.
 It is the wayward destiny of kings
 That they, divided, rend the world in hate—
 Let loose the furies of fire-eyed discord!
 Now is no stranger's tongue to plead betwixt us;
 We stand before each other. Sister, speak!
 Name me my fault; you shall have full redress.
 Ah! that you then had granted me a hearing
 When I so earnestly besought it of you!
 It had not gone so far; nor in this place
 Of sorrow had this hapless meeting chanced.

ELIZABETH.

My lucky star preserved me from such fate,
 The viper on my breast to lay. Not fate,
 Your heart, accuse; your house's wild ambition.
 There was nought hostile yet had chanced between us
 When your proud uncle, that imperious priest
 Who stretched his bold hand to profane all crowns,
 Taught you my arms to assume, my royal title
 To take upon yourself——for life and death
 To battle it with me? Whom called he not
 Against me? The priest's tongue—the people's sword—
 Infatuate zeal's dread weapons! Even here,
 Here, in my kingdom's peaceful heart, he strove
 To fling the scathing firebrand of revolt!
 Yet god is with me—and the haughty priest
 Discomfited. My kingly head was threatened——
 'Tis yours that falls!

MARY.

I am in the hands of God,
 You will not vindicate in blood your power——

ELIZABETH.

What hinders me? Your uncle the example
 Gave to all kings on earth—*how* with his foes
 Peace is concluded. St Bartholomew——
 Be that my school! What's consanguinity
 To me—or law of nations? Duty's bonds
 The Holy Church divides;— the breach of faith
 She sanctifies; the shedding royal blood!
 I practise but the lessons of your monks.
 Tell me, what pledge or warranty have I,
 Should I with generous pardon loose your chains?
 What lock shall keep your faith to me secure,
 That soon Saint Peter's keys will not undo?
 The hand of power's the sole security;
 There is no covenant with a brood of serpents."

The quarrel that ensues is not so well; both queens overstep in the heat of passion the bounds of queenly dignity. They appear as women and rivals; rivals in beauty more than in power; we see no longer the sovereign and the captive; the victim over whose head hangs the axe to fall at the breath of the other, enjoys the satisfaction of humbling the haughty Elizabeth in the presence of Leicester. Yet there is grandeur in the anger of Mary, when driven by the cruel insults of her rival to reply with taunt for taunt. This scene was prob-

ably suggested to Schiller by the letter which it is known the Scottish queen wrote to Elizabeth, full of the most biting sarcasm, and which unquestionably hastened her doom. The revenge thus taken by the captive, she is here allowed to take in person, and to witness her triumph ; Elizabeth, pale and speechless with rage, is led off by her lords.

Madame de Stael justly observes that what adds singularly to the effect of this situation, is the fear constantly felt by the reader in behalf of Mary, at every resentful word that escapes her ; when she yields entirely to her indignation ; the apprehension of the inevitable and irreparable consequences of her injurious language presses on the mind appallingly, as if we already heard her doom.

The discovery of Leicester's correspondence with Mary compels him to the basest falsehoods to vindicate himself in the eyes of his jealous mistress ; he purchases his own safety by revealing secrets confided to him by the queen of Scots, and consents to give the demanded proof of his sincerity, by witnessing and superintending the execution of the victim. The mean jealousy of Elizabeth and her cruelty, inspire the earl with hatred for her, while at the same time he trembles at her power ; this contrast of feeling gives rise to a new and singular dramatic situation.—Mortimer is arrested, and puts an end to his own life, professing his belief in the Romish church, and his devotion to the imprisoned queen. The attempt upon the life of the English queen by some of the catholic party, and the impatience of the people to be assured of their sovereign's safety, and the punishment of the criminals, is taken advantage of by her nobles, to excuse the eagerness with which they press on her an immediate decision ; but this is not needed to confirm Elizabeth's own determination.

The last act is truly noble. The scene is in the apartments of the doomed queen, on the morning of her execution.

From the shufflings of policy and the machinations of malice, we turn to this exhibition of a resigned and forgiving spirit. How full of pathos are the gentleness and calmness of Mary! there is a poetical elevation in her language, and the rich eloquence natural to her is chastened by the solemnity of the occasion. The scene is in her antechamber; Hannah Kennedy, clad in deep mourning, and exhibiting signs of the keenest grief, is busied in sealing packets and letters. Paulet and Drury, likewise in mourning, enter, and are followed by servants bearing gold and silver vessels, mirrors, pictures, and other valuables, which are ranged in the back ground. These are designed for distribution among her attendants. Melvil, the queen's faithful servant, who has just arrived from home, also joins the group, and the queen's ladies. Kennedy paints to Melvil the courage of her mistress; her resignation to death, and her affliction that she cannot obtain the grace of a visit from a priest of her own religion. She describes also the disturbance of the calm of her preparation during the night, by the noise of workmen erecting the scaffold. Other ladies of the queen's train enter; then Margareta Kurl, bearing a cup of wine—and manifestly agitated, having passed the door of the hall where the execution is to take place, and caught a glimpse of the walls hung with black, the scaffold and the block. At this moment Mary herself appears. She is magnificently arrayed in her robes of state, her festival attire is in contrast with the mourning habiliments of those about her, showing that *her* heart alone is clothed in gladness. The crown is on her head; from a small chain round her neck is suspended an *Agnus Dei*, and a crucifix is in her hand. Her long veil is thrown back. At her entrance, all present range themselves on either side, suppressing the signs of their deep sorrow. Melvil, overpowered by emotion, sinks upon his knee.

MARY (*looking around the circle with quiet dignity.*)

"What grieves you? Wherefore weep? You should rejoice,
Ye all, with me, that now the end approaches

Of all my woes—the captive's fetters fall,
 My dungeon opens, and the glad soul, mounting
 On angel wings, soars to eternal freedom !
 Then, when a victim to my haughty rival,
 I bore indignities it ill beseemed
 A free born queen to bear—then was the time
 To mourn for me. A power beneficent,
 With healing and salvation, Death draws nigh—
 A friend in earnest. With his gloomy wings
 He covers my reproach. The last great doom
 Ennobles man—the sunken soul doth raise—
 Once more I feel the crown upon my head,
 A noble pride fills my expanding heart ! (*Advancing*
 Ha ! Melvil here ! Not so, most noble sir !
 Stand up ! you come unto your sovereign's triumph,
 Not to her death. Fortune is kind to me—
 Kind beyond hope—for that my fame lies not,
 After my death, all in mine enemy's hands !
 I have one friend, confessing mine own faith,
 A solemn witness in the hour of death.
 Say, noble knight, how hath it fared with you,
 In this inhospitable land, since you
 Were severed from my side ? The thought of you
 Hath often troubled me.

MELVIL.

No want oppressed me,
 Save grief for you, and mine own powerlessness
 To serve you.

MARY.

How with Didier hath it fared,
 Mine ancient chamberlain ? That loyal servant
 Must long ere this have sunk to his last sleep,
 For he was well in years.

MELVIL.

God hath denied him
 This grace, my queen ; he lives your youth to bury.

MARY.

Oh, had it been my lot, ere death, to lean
 On some beloved and kindred breast ! I die
 'Mong strangers—by no tears bewailed, save yours !
 Melvil, my last dear wishes for my friends
 I leave in your true breast. I leave my blessing
 With the Most Christian King, my brother-in-law,
 And all the royal house of France ; mine uncle,
 The Cardinal—Henry Guise, my noble cousin ;
 And with the Church's Father, Christ's vice-gerent,
 May he bless me again !—the Catholic King,
 Who would have been my saviour and avenger,
 All are remembered in my testament ;
 My gifts of love, however poor they be,

Will not in their regard be lightly held.

(Turning to her attendants.)

I have commended all of you, kind friends,
Unto my royal brother of France; his care
Will give you a new country. As ye hold
Sacred my last request, stay not in England.
Let not the haughty malice of our foes
Feed on your ills;
Nor see those who have served me in the dust!
Swear by this image of the crucified,
When I am dead, to leave this luckless land!

MELVIL.

I swear it in the name of all.

MARY.

What I,

Poor and despoiled, yet own—whate'er is left me
Free to bestow, I've shared among you all:
They will respect, I trust, my latest will.
What I wear, too, upon the way to death,
Belongs to you. Let me this once cast back
An earthward glance upon my path to heaven!

(To her ladies.)

To you, my Alice, Gertrude, Rosamond,
I give my pearls, my robes; your youth delights
In such. Thou, Margaretta, nearest claim
Hast on my fond remembrance—left behind
The unhappiest of all. That I revenge not
Thy husband's guilt on thee, my will shall show.
Thee, my true Hannah, gold nor gems allure;
Thy dearest jewel is my memory.
Receive this 'kercheif; with my hand 't was wrought,
Embroidered for you in my heavy hours,
And many a bitter tear is woven therein.
With this, my Hannah, shalt thou bind mine eyes—
When I shall need. This last and solemn service
It is my wish that thou dost render me.

KENNEDY.

O Melvil, I can bear no more!

MARY.

Come all!

Come and receive my last adieu!

(She holds out her hand; one after another they kneel and kiss it, weeping loudly.)

My Margaretta—Alice—fare you well!

Thanks, Burgoyne, for your faithful service. Gertrude,
Thy lips are feverish—I have been much hated,
But, O, much loved! A noble consort bless
My Gertrude; love that burning heart demands.
Bertha, thou hast well chosen the better part,
The spotless bride of Heaven! Haste to fulfil

Thy pious vow. Deceitful are earth's pleasures;
 Learn that from me, thy sovereign. No more!
 Farewell—farewell—eternally farewell!"

The queen is left alone with Melvil, and a scene ensues, which has been much and justly censured. He has been made a priest to elude the order which denied Mary the consolations of her faith; he uncovers his head to display the sacred tonsure, and shows the host in a golden vessel, consecrated for her use by the holy father himself. Her full confession, and his absolution are then detailed at length, and he administers the sacrament on the stage. Such a scene, assuredly, would never have been tolerated in an English theatre, nor is it to be excused by the example of Calderon, "the most religious poet of the most catholic country,"—which has been sometimes pleaded in apology for it. Madame de Stael's defence of it is ingenious, and might have weight, were the minds of men less influenced by habitual association, and more sensible to the purely ideal.*

Burleigh and the other lords then appear, to conduct the victim to execution. Leicester remains in the back ground without daring to look upon her. The queen gives her last requests to Burleigh with dignity.

MARY.

—“Since my body
 Is not in consecrated earth to rest,
 Let leave be granted to my faithful servants
 To bear my heart to France—unto mine own.
 —Ah—it was ever there!”

BURLEIGH.

It shall be done:
 And aught yet farther—

* Il me semble que, sans manquer au respect qu'on doit à la religion chrétienne, on pourrait se permettre de la faire entrer dans la poésie et les beaux arts, dans tous ce qui élève l'âme et embellit la vie. L'enclure, c'est imiter ces enfans qui eroient ne pouvoir rien faire que de grave et de triste dans la maison de leur père. Il y a de la religion dans tout ce qui nous cause une emotion désintéressé; la poésie l'amour, la nature et la Divinité se réunissent dans notre coeur, quelques efforts qu'on fasse pour les separer; et si l'on interdit au génie de faire résonner toutes ces cordes à la fois, l'harmonie complète de l'âme ne se fera jamais sentir.

MARY.

To the queen of England
 I send a sister's greeting. Say to her
 With all my heart, I pardon her my death ;
 And pray her pardon for my violence
 Of yesterday.—God keep her ;
 Send her a happy reign !”

Her women crowd round her with lamentations ; she
 addresses Melvil.

“ You—worthy sir,
 And my good Hannah, will accompany me
 On this last journey. My lord, deny me not
 This grace.

BURLIGH.

I have no power to grant it.

MARY.

How !

This small petition can you then deny ?
 Bethink you—I too am a queen, am sprung
 From your proud Tudor's blood ! Who is to render
 Me the last services ! It cannot be
 My sister's will, my race in me should suffer
 Indignity ! Men's rough hands to unrobe me !

BURLIGH.

No women must ascend the scaffold's steps
 With you ; their cries and lamentations—

MARY.

Shall not be heard ! Myself will be the surety
 For mine own Hannah's steadfast soul. Be kind,
 My lord. O separate me not, in dying,
 From my true nurse and hand maiden ; she bore me
 In life, in her dear arms—she will conduct me
 With gentle hand, to death.”

Her prayer is granted ; and as she turns to depart,
 Mary encounters the glance of the earl of Leicester ; at
 the sight she trembles and seems about to fall ; which
 the earl perceiving, he supports her with his arm. She
 fixes a stedfast look upon him, from which he shrinks in
 guilty consciousness.

MARY.

“ You keep your word—my lord of Leicester :
 You said your arm should bring me from this dungeon,—
 You lend it to me now !”

She bids him a dignified farewell ; forgiving his selfishness and duplicity towards her, and wishing him the reward for which he has sacrificed her. The conscience-stricken Leicester sees her depart to death, and hears, soon afterwards the announcement that all is over.

Schiller has exhibited a triumph in his delineation of Mary, by imparting to her a firmness and seriousness acquired from years of misfortune ; interesting us deeply in her, notwithstanding her faults ; and exciting to the utmost, the emotions of admiration, pity, and indignation. A powerful impression is left on the reader's mind at the close of the foregoing scenes.

The other personages of the drama are drawn with a pencil not less happy ; the noble and honorable earl of Shrewsbury, the stern but upright Paulet, the savage Burleigh, the feeble and dissimulating Leicester—and the haughty and selfish Elizabeth. Elizabeth has, in truth, something of a Medicean aspect ; but she must inevitably appear to peculiar disadvantage in a tragedy where the death of Mary is represented ; she must appear as the rival, who murders her prisoner ; and that guilt throws into shade her princely qualities and her political genius. Her real character was compounded of contrasts—of apparent inconsistencies. She possessed masculine courage, and power of discernment ; the eminent faculty “of weighing distant against immediate advantages—the brilliant against the useful ;” the commanding mind ;—to these she united weaknesses degrading to the feeblest of her sex ;—insatiable vanity—watchful jealousy—capricious spite. To woman's natural desire of pleasing, she united the most despotic will ; and made her sovereign authority not unfrequently minister to her self-love and jealousy. Her mean duplicity too, is prominent ; one of the instruments of her absolute power is the dissimulation which is the offspring of weakness. Scott's picture of the lion-hearted queen is grand and vivid, though much softened in coloring. He has not admitted contrasts so strong as history presents ; but has moderated both her

her affections and her anger. Schiller has not palliated the medium her conduct fixes upon her. He paints her political sagacity, as well as her imperious self-will, in her interview with the French ambassadors, where she dismisses them without deciding on the suit of their monarch, and cuts short their faint attempts at intercession in Mary's behalf; her haughty and violent temper in the privy council with her lords, on the subject of her hated rival, when Talbot pleads her cause, and even Leicester recommends moderate measures, on the ground that Elizabeth has nothing to fear from one fallen so low, whom he ventures to stigmatize as the "homicide and husband-killer."—The scene in which the English queen instigates Mortimer to the assassination of her captive, shows her in her worst light.

In the scene with Shrewsbury and Burleigh, that decides the fate of Mary, she displays remarkable address; not only excusing her injustice by falsehood, veiling her stern determination under a pretence of humane scruples, but even appealing to compassion. It has been justly remarked, that this species of sanguinary coquetry powerfully shows the feminine character blended with that of the tyrant. The subsequent picture of the pitiable state of mind into which uncertainty, fear, jealousy and hatred, have thrown her, is truly impressive.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

ELIZABETH AND LORDS. DAVIDSON *enters with a paper.*

ELIZABETH.

What bring you, Davidson?

DAVIDSON (*earnestly.*)

You have commanded,

O queen——

ELIZABETH.

What is it? (*Is about to take the paper—shudders, and starts back.*)

O God!

BURLEIGH.

Obey

The people's voice—it is the voice of God.

ELIZABETH (*irresolute.*)

O my lords, who assures me that I truly
Do hear my people's undivided voice—
The voice of the world? Alas! I sorely fear
Should I the popular will this hour obey,
I may soon hear another voice; ay, that
The selfsame, which now drives me to the deed,
That finished—may be heard as loud in blame!

SCENE IX.

To them enter the Earl of SHREWSBURY.

SHREWSBURY (*eagerly and with emotion.*)

They would impel you, queen, to be o'erhasty—
But O, stand firm—stand firm!

(*Sees DAVIDSON with the paper.*)

Or is it done?

Is 't true? I see a fatal paper there.
Let it not come, now, to my mistress' sight.

ELIZABETH.

Nay—noble Talbot—they constrain me.

SHREWSBURY.

Who—

Who can constrain you. You are sovereign here.
Now is the time to show a sovereign's majesty!
Command to silence each tumultuous voice,
That dare put rein upon your royal will,
To sway your sentence. Fear—a blind conceit
Stirs up the people—you yourself are moved—
Only in calmness should man dare to judge.

BURLEIGH.

Judgment is passed already.

Here is no sentence to pronounce—'tis but
To execute.

KENT (*who had retired on Shrewsbury's entrance, comes back.*)

The tumult doth increase;
The people may not longer be restrained.

ELIZABETH (*to Shrewsbury.*)

You see—I am compelled.

SHREWSBURY.

Only delay

I ask. This movement of the pen decides
The happiness—the peace of your whole life.
You have revolved this long;—and shall the moment
Into the tempest bear you with itself?
Only a short delay. Collect your soul.
Await a calmer hour.

BURLIEGH (*vehemently.*)

Wait—till the kingdom
Is wrapped in flames ! until the enemy
Succeeds at last—dealing the assassin stroke !
Thrice hath the Lord averted it :
Today it came well nigh your life ;—again
To hope a miracle, is to tempt God !

SHREWSBURY.

The God who four times, queen, hath wrought to save you,
Who this day granted to the old man's arm,
Strength to o'erpower the madman, O HE merits
Your trust !—I will not speak of righteousness ;
You cannot in this tempest hear her voice :
Hear only this ! You fear the living Mary—
Ah ! living she is not the formidable !
Tremble before the dead—the slaughtered Mary !
She from the grave will rise—a goddess of discord—
To walk a spirit of vengeance in this realm ;
To turn from you your people's heart. The Briton
Now hates and dreads her ; he will sure *avenge* her
When she is gone from earth. No more he sees
In the mourned queen the enemy of his faith ;
He sees but the descendant of his king—
The victim of fierce hate and jealousy !
Soon will you feel the change. Pass then through London—
The foul deed o'er—show yourself to the people,
Who erst in joyous tumult crowded round you ;
Another England—and another people
You'll see ; no more the lordly righteousness
Enshrines you—which all hearts subdued ;—But fear,
Companion dire of tyranny—before you
Stalks shuddering—and the streets are desolate
When you pass through them ; you have done the last—
The uttermost ; what head shall be in safety,
When this all-sacred one hath fallen !

ELIZABETH.

Ab, Talbot !

You saved my life today—turned from my breast
The assassin's knife : wherefore not let it pierce me
Then ended were the strife ; then freed from doubt
And pure from fault—in my still grave I lay !
Sooth I am weary of my throne and life !
Must one of us two fall, to save the other,
And thus it is—I know full well—may I
Not be the victim ? Let my people choose !
I give them back the boon of majesty.
God is my witness—for my subjects' weal,
Not for myself I've lived. And do they hope
From this bewitching Stuart—a younger queen,
Days happier—joyfully I quit the throne ;
I will return to Woodstock's solitudes,

Where passed my humble youth, remote from vanity
Of earthly greatness, where I in myself
My grandeur found.—I was not made to govern ;
The sovereign should be stern—my heart is weak.
I have long ruled this isle in peace—because
I needed but to bless. The first hard duty
Comes—and I feel my weakness—

BURLIEGH.

Now by Heaven !

If I must such unkingly sentiments
Hear from my sovereign's mouth, it were foul treason
Unto my duty—treason to my country
Longer to hold my peace. You love your people,
You say—more than yourself. Then prove it now ;
Nor dare to choose peace for *yourself* and give
Your kingdom to the storm ! Think on the church :
Shall the old superstition with this Stuart
Come back ? The monk again rule here, the legate
Of Rome come hither, to dethrone our monarchs,
To close our churches ? I demand of *you*
The souls of all your people ! As you act
Today—will they be saved or lost. Here is
No time for woman mercy ! England's welfare
Is your first duty.—And if Shrewsbury
Has saved your life—I will do more—save England !

ELIZABETH.

Leave me alone. There is nor trust nor counsel
In man at this great crisis. I will bear it
Before a higher Judge. What He instructs me
That will I do. Withdraw, my lords.

(*To Davidson.*)

You, sir,

Remain at hand.

(*Exeunt lords.*)

The queen is left alone, and the mask falls ; her safety, as well as her revenge, is secured by the death of her captive.

“ — Implacable

The Pope doth hurl his curses at my head ;
With feigned fraternal kiss doth France betray me ;
And open, fierce, exterminating war
The Spaniard on the seas prepares against me.
So stand I combating against a world,
An unarmed woman !—With a dazzling veil
Of virtues must I hide the nakedness
Of my right here—the blot upon my birth
By my own sire proclaimed.—
In vain I cover it. No ! envious hate
Hath stripped it bare, and places in my sight

This Stuart—an eternal threatening spectre.

No, no! this fear shall end!

Her head shall fall! I will at length have peace!

She is the restless fury of my life,

A torturing spirit, sent by fate to haunt me!

Where'er a budding joy doth spring—where'er

I have reared hope—there lurks the venom'd serpent,

For ever in my path. 'T was she that robbed me

Of the beloved—the bridegroom! MARY STUART

Is each misfortune named, that smites me down!

Let but *her* name be blotted from the living,

And I am free—free as the mountain air!

(She goes to the table quickly, takes a pen and signs the death warrant; then drops the pen, stepping back with an alarmed expression. After a pause she rings a bell.)

SCENE XI.

ELIZABETH. DAVIDSON.

ELIZABETH.

Where are the other lords!

DAVIDSON.

They are gone hence

To appease the multitude. The tumult ceased

Soon as the earl of Shrewsbury showed himself.

'T is he—'t is he! an hundred voices cried,

'T is he who saved the queen! Listen to him!

The bravest man in England!' Then began

The noble Talbot and rebuked the people.

In gentle words, but with convincing power

He spake—that all were softened—and in silence

Glided away.

ELIZABETH.

The fickle populace

Swayed round by every wind! Woe unto him

Who leans upon this reed!—'T is well. Davidson—

You may retire.

(As he turns towards the door.)

This paper—take it with you.

I leave it in your hands.

DAVIDSON *(having glanced at the paper.)*

Sovereign! your name?

You have decided?

ELIZABETH.

'T was my part to sign it.

I have done so. A paper—yet—decides not—

A name slays not!

DAVIDSON.

Your name—queen—on *this* paper,
Decides all—slays—it is a thunderbolt
Winged with death.—This document commands
The commissary—sheriff—to proceed
Without delay to Fotheringay castle;
To announce her sentence to the queen of Scotland;
To execute it at the morrow's dawn.
Here's no delay; all mercy is o'erpast
When goes this paper from my hands.

ELIZABETH.

Ay, sir,
A great and mighty destiny God leaves
In your weak hands. Implore him to enlighten
You with his wisdom. I depart and leave
You—to your duty. (*going.*)

DAVIDSON (*steps in her way.*)

No—my queen—go not,
Till you make known your will. O must there be
A wisdom other than obedience
To a literal mandate?—In my hands you leave
This paper—so that I may forward it
To speedy execution?

ELIZABETH.

That must be
As your own prudence——

DAVIDSON (*quickly, and terrified.*)

Mine? No—God forbid!
Obedience is my prudence. Queen, your servant
Must here have nothing to decide. An error—
The smallest error here were regicide;
Monstrous—immeasurable misery!
Suffer me in this business, to be only
Your blind unchoosing instrument. Declare
Your meaning in clear words. What must I do
With this death warrant?

ELIZABETH.

Does not the name tell you?

DAVIDSON.

Will you then have it executed?

ELIZABETH.

That
I say not, and I tremble e'en to think it.

DAVIDSON.

Shall I then keep it longer?

ELIZABETH (*quickly.*)

On your peril?

You answer for the consequences.

DAVIDSON.

I?

Great Heaven! Tell me—queen—*what* is your will?ELIZABETH (*impatiently.*)

I will—that this cursed business have an end;
That I have peace at last, and hear no more of it!

DAVIDSON.

It costs you but a word. O say—decide—
What must I do with this?

ELIZABETH.

I *have* once said it;

Trouble me now no further.

DAVIDSON.

You have said it?

You have said nothing to me! O, may it please
My queen to recollect!

ELIZABETH (*stamping her foot.*)

Insufferable!

DAVIDSON.

O, yet have patience with me! I have been
But few months in this office—and know not
The speech of courts—and kings! In simple guise
Was I brought up: have patience with your servant!
Vouchsafe the word that may instruct mine ignorance,
Make clear my duty!

(*He approaches her imploringly, she turns her back on him; he
stands in despair, then speaks in a resolved tone.*)

Take this paper back!

O take it back! 'Tis in my hands like fire.

Choose not *me*, in this terrible charge to serve you!

ELIZABETH.

Perform your duty!

(*Exit.*)

This scene is characteristic; the queen's indecision is not the irresolution of a great mind, wavering on the eve of a great deed; it is scarce even feminine timidity suspending the decision of despotic will; it is a hypocritical attempt to fling the responsibility of an awful act upon her secretary, by which pitiful subterfuge she hopes to evade the just censure of the world. She leaves the

fatal warrant in the hands of her secretary ; and Burleigh, entering immediately after, snatches it eagerly. Her object is fully revealed in the closing scene, in which the author has dealt poetical justice upon her. It has been a matter of question, however, whether this scene does not weaken the tragic impression. The agitation of the English queen, her pretended surprise and displeasure on finding her warrant has been executed, her attempts to make Burleigh and the secretary the scapegoats of her iniquity—the resignation of his office by the disgusted Shrewsbury—the intelligence of Leicester's sudden departure for France,—and the deep chagrin manifest through the forced calmness of Elizabeth—while they satisfy the demands of dramatic justice, may have a tendency to dismiss the reader with feelings approaching to indifference.—The following is the scene referred to ; the reader himself may judge.

“BURLEIGH (*kneeling before the Queen.*)

Long live my royal mistress !

May all the enemies of England perish

Even as this Stuart !

(SHREWSBURY *hides his face* ; DAVIDSON *clasps his hands despairingly.*)

ELIZABETH.

Speak—my lord—Did you

Receive the fatal warrant from my hand ?

BURLEIGH.

No—sovereign ; from your secretary.

ELIZABETH.

Did he

Give it you in my name ?

BURLEIGH.

No—he did not——

ELIZABETH.

You executed it—while yet unknown

My will ? The sentence was most just ; the world

Can never blame us—but *you* it beseeemed not

Our mercy to forestall ! For this offence

Be banished from our presence !

(*To Davidson*) Sterner judgment

Awaits you, sir, who dared o'erstep your province ;—

Who dared betray a sacred trust. Hence with him
To the tower! I will have him brought to trial
For life and death.—My noble Talbot, you
Alone of all my council I've found true.
You shall my guide be henceforth—and my friend!

SHREWSBURY.

Banish not, nor imprison your true friends,
Who wrought for you—who now are silent for you.
For me, great queen, permit me to resign
The seal you've trusted to me for twelve years,
Into your hands.

ELIZABETH (*struck.*)

Nay—Shrewsbury—

'You shall not leave me now—not now—

SHREWSBURY.

Forgive me—

I am too old—my hand has grown too stiff
To seal your new acts.

ELIZABETH.

Must I lose the servant

Who saved my life?

SHREWSBURY.

I have done little, madam.

I could not save—O queen—your better part.

Live and reign happy. Your enemy is dead.

You have now nought to fear—need regard nought.

(*Exit.*)

ELIZABETH (*to the Earl of Kent, who enters.*)

Call hither the earl of Leicester.

KENT.

His lordship

Sends his excuse; he has just sailed for France.

(*ELIZABETH controls her emotion and remains collected.*)

(*The curtain falls.*)

The spirit and feelings of the earl of Leicester are all subservient to time and place; a truth-seeming picture is presented of the man, who, without hereditary rank or fortune, without talents for the council or for war, stained by the imputation of vice, unprosperous in business—inconstant in love—managed to deceive—to attach to himself—almost to hold in subjection, for so many years—the most jealous of women, the most imperious of sovereigns; surpassing her contemporaries in keenness of

perception and sagacity.——His cowardice and irresolution when appealed to in the tragedy by Mary's friends, and his duplicity to Elizabeth, excite contempt ; but no false gloss is thrown over his character.

With all its want of local delineation, and its other defects for English taste, the tragedy of Mary Stuart must be acknowledged a noble monument of Schiller's genius. He has accomplished the object he apparently proposed to himself ; and that it wants the vast scope and magnificent result of *Wallenstein*, must be attributed to the subject chosen.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

IN dramatizing the history of the Maid of Orleans, Schiller selected a subject admirably in harmony with his own romantic genius. The appearance of this remarkable heroine—at a period when the fortunes of France were at their lowest ebb; when throughout every province of the kingdom, fear of the victorious enemy had paralysed the efforts and chilled the courage of that chivalrous and enthusiastic people; when the English standard waved over the towers of the chief towns and castles; when the dauphin and his lords, disheartened by continued defeat; and the triumphant progress of the invader, driven from their capital and garrisoned in Chinon, tremblingly despaired of their ability to sustain much longer even the show of sovereignty,—the appearance of this heroine, coming to redeem and to conquer, asserting a heavenly mission, and proving her faith by deeds incredible if referred to mortal resolution and strength, will ever remain one of those inexplicable phenomena recorded in history for the wonder of succeeding ages. To different individuals and generations her character will appear in different lights. In an age of superstition, in the sight of the invaders whom she baffled, she would naturally be invested with the character of a sorceress, and supposed leagued with fiends, to whom she had sold herself for the prize of worldly grandeur, meriting the ignominious death she suffered;—while her own countrymen would as naturally hail her as a prophetess inspired of heaven. To the less credulous critics of after days, who sneer at the fanatic dreams of their ancestors, she

may seem a raving zealot or an impious impostor. Yet, without impugning the sincerity of her professions, or taxing our credulity for a belief in supernatural visitations, there is room for awe and reverence in contemplating the character of this singular personage. High wrought enthusiasm, as it belongs intrinsically to a lofty nature, and tempered with judgment is the very essence of greatness, can never be a proper object of contempt. Like votive fire, it may consume the temple that enshrines it, but its very ashes are holy ! The lowly herdsmaid, who amidst the round of her humble duties felt herself inspired with high resolution to go forth and do battle in her country's cause, exchanging her peasant garb for the mail and the helmet and the sword,—who, unused to the presence of the great or the tumult of cities, could bend even sovereigns and heroes to follow at her bidding, and awe to wondering submission the wild spirits of a turbulent soldiery,—could have been no wilful deceiver ; for it were beyond the power of mere cunning to obtain ascendancy so unbounded over powerful minds. To the scrutiny of such was the Maid of Arc exposed from the beginning of her career ; and the high demeanor, the sublime energy, the indomitable will, with which she overpowered the prejudices of the Sire de Baudricourt, of the stern Dunois, and of other nobles of the court, proved not only her majestic nature, but her belief in the reality of her own phantasies. In this light she is eminently a fit subject for the poet's art ; her mind filled with ineffable, glorious visions, exulting in the consciousness of superhuman might, in view of the deliverance of France, the noble end of her enthusiastic labors,—the sunlike splendor with which her visionary zeal invested objects and events around her,—even the darkness of her trials, and the deep gloom of her final fate,—present pictures for a poetical imagination that need no fanciful embellishment. Writers without number have selected this subject for poetical effort, but no attempt to enshrine *the name* of the heroine by associating it with the tri-

umphs of genius, has succeeded so well as that of Schiller. Shakspeare's representation was darkened by national partiality, and he paints her as she must have appeared to his countrymen at that period. The French alone, instead of "triumphing in their glorious prophetess," have suffered her memory to be dishonored; the arch-scoffer, Voltaire, disposed to sneer at whatever bore the semblance of religious zeal, and to ridicule motives he could not appreciate, has done his best to render her ridiculous. Schiller, in his conception of her character, and in the play that bears her name, has embodied the very spirit of a romantic and superstitious age. It was night over the world, in morals even more than in intellect; and the slumber of ages was gilded with the fantastic dreams, and stately pageants of chivalry.

It was an epoch when religious faith, a boundless devotion to woman, and a generosity carried to extravagance, were regarded as the inseparable characteristics of a true knight; when even the ostentation of these virtues shed a fitful light over the gloom. Schiller, in this drama, has given a picture of this chivalrous age, and of the court of France, richly colored and idealized by the lustre of a genius eminently romantic and poetical. The harsh features are softened; the ferocity and turbulence of the time, and the voluptuous folly and vice of the court; all is embellished into beauty. The work must have been written *con amore*; there is less elaborate thought about it than many of his dramas; but there is a graphic elevation, an ethereal atmosphere, "a paradise charm," in these scenes; that could never be the result of painful study or deliberate effort, but must have flowed spontaneously from a kindled imagination. The trifling defects of the piece, if defects they may be called, are lost in the surrounding splendor. We may pause in its course to criticise parts, and to suggest objections; but the mild, exquisite beauty of the whole, entrals us imperceptibly and irresistibly; we are under the spell of genius; and I defy the critic who has been moved by

the magic touches of character in this tragedy, by the genuine glow of pure and elevated sentiment, and by the magnificence of the language—to pronounce the creation imperfect. Thus the Maid of Orleans takes its place among the noblest productions of modern times.

As the Marquis of Posa for the rights of MAN—Schiller's Joan of Orleans enters the lists for the rights of NATIONS. (She is another impersonation of youthful innocence in combat with evil ; but splendid in her warlike panoply ; “ adorned with the helmet of battle, and with the fire of noble passion on its blooming cheek ;” most feminine in purity and guilelessness, when she goes forth armed for the strife, “ the consecrated amazon of God.” “ It is the deep mystery of the christian religion, and of christian poetry,” says Menzel, in his work on German literature—“ that the salvation of the world goes forth from a woman, the highest power from the purest innocence. Joan of Arc is the most perfect embodiment of that angel who bears the helm and waves the banner of heaven.” Here is exhibited the loftiest of wonders—the ideal of spiritual grandeur and beauty. There is a mysterious grandeur about this heroine, in Schiller's picture, which never forsakes her, even in the depth of her misfortunes and humiliation—which exalts and ennobles her, even when she herself believes her heavenly mission at an end. An irresistible power, whether derived from conscious loftiness and rectitude of spirit, or whether in truth a celestial gift, accompanies her every word and action ; in her first announcement to the king and nobles, in the exhibition of her prowess on the field, in her interview with Burgundy, and in the closing scene, where she bursts her unworthy fetters and rushes forth to die for the deliverance of her monarch. The death the poet has invented for her is indeed *couleur de rose* compared with the terrible reality ; and the picture has doubtless suffered by the deviation from historical truth. Her immolation at the stake, though harrowing to our natural sympathies, would, in Schiller's hands, have formed

a majestic and sublime catastrophe. The sight of the youthful enthusiast, led forth to die ignominiously amidst the taunts of those foes who could not front her dauntless mien in the battle—yet still preserving the high faith, the holy zeal, which had animated her on the field of victory,—set forth with the earnest, simple, elevating grandeur of our author's genius, must have possessed overpowering pathos. Nevertheless the death scene has a gorgeousness that accords with the brief, dazzling splendor of the heroine's life.

To show this character as depicted by our poet it will be necessary to extract such scenes as exhibit her in the most striking circumstances of her career. Yet how little justice can be done it by analysis, will be deeply felt by all who have read the original. By innumerable and magical touches, bold, yet exquisitely soft, the whole picture is brought before us, beautiful and lifelike as human, yet gilded with a certain ethereal glory.—The heroine appears in the prologue, where the miserable condition of France is described, enflamed at the recital of the misfortunes of her country, and though yet in the obscurity of her father's cottage, inspired with her high purpose, not yet displayed in deeds. Her sadness, her reverie, her wild enthusiasm, have been the subject of remark and reproach by her rustic parent, whose ignorance cannot penetrate the mystery of the sublime, even in visible nature. Joan is roused from her reverie by the sight of a helmet brought by a peasant, who had received it from the hands of a Bohemian woman. She places it on her head, and the prophetess breaks out in looks and words; she predicts the triumph of her country—and, to the peasant's remark that "there are no more miracles in the world," she replies—

"A miracle shall be yet! Lo—a white dove
Shall come—and with an eagle's might shall stoop
Upon the vulture that hath torn our country!
This haughty Burgundy shall be o'erthrown,
This traitor to his fatherland;—This Talbot,
The scourge of Heaven—the hundred armed: Salisbury,
The foul blasphemer;—all these island hordes,

Even as a herd of sheep—shall be dispersed !
 For with her is the LORD—the God of battles !
 A trembling creature shall he deign to choose ;
 E'en through a feeble maiden shall He triumph,
 For He is the Omnipotent !”

The prologue ends with her solemn farewell to the home of her childhood, the asylum of her innocent joys, the scene of her superhuman visions ; she departs on her wondrous mission, obedient to the voice which called to Moses from the burning bush of mount Horeb, commanding him to resist the tyrant ; which called the young David from his flocks to combat the giant Philistine. “ There is something beautiful and moving,” says the elegant biographer of Schiller, “ in the aspect of a noble enthusiasm, fostered in the secret soul, amid obstructions and depressions, and at length bursting forth with an overwhelming force to accomplish its appointed end ; the impediments which long hid it are now become testimonies of its power ; the very ignorance, and meanness, and error, which still in part adhere to it, increase our sympathy without diminishing our admiration ; it seems the triumph, hardly contested, and not wholly carried, but still the triumph, of mind over fate, of human volition over material necessity.”

The poet has shown the effect of the warrior-maiden's first appearance, in the tragedy, by presenting a vivid picture of the state of the court and kingdom. Despondency, discontent, and disaffection, surround the hapless prince, who seems to have no resource in his misfortunes save the generous and devoted love of Agnes de Sorelle ; his counsellors are divided by contrary opinions ; his bravest warriors about to desert him, angry at his yielding to fate ; while he may almost hear the shouts of the invaders, flushed with conquest, who have already profaned his capital, and “ violated the aisles of Notre Dame.” Upon this scene of strife and apprehension and gloom, Joan descends like a beneficent divinity ; calming the tempest of human passion, and with extatic energy pointing out the way to deliverance and safety. The tide

of misfortune is stemmed ; the fortune of war is changed. The officers whom Charles had dismissed in despair from his presence, return with the tidings of victory—and of the advent of the prophetess. A knight in the train of Du Chatel, thus describes her apparition to the troops :

RAOUL.

“ As we had reached the height
At Vermanton, descending to the vale
Through which the Yonne doth flow, on the wide plain
Before us stood the enemy,—behind us
Their weapons flashed ! Betwixt two hosts we lay,—
There was no hope of victory or of flight :
Then sank the bravest heart,—and all despairing
Would yield their swords, and shun the useless conflict.
As now the generals of each other sought
Yet found no counsel,—lo ! before our eyes
An unthought wonder ? From the forest depths
Sudden came forth a maid with helmed head,
Like a war-goddess, fair and terrible
At once to sight ; adown her neck, dark locks
Floated in clusters. Radiance from above
Seemed to enshrine her, as with lifted voice
She spake,—‘ Why tremble ye, brave sons of France ?
On ! to the enemy ! and were they more
A thousand fold than sand upon the seashore,
God and the holy maid doth lead you on !’
Then snatching quick the banner, in the van
With bold demeanor marched the mighty one.
We, dumb with deep amazement, blindly follow
That lofty standard and its sacred bearer,
And straight in thunder burst upon the foe :
They, smote with dread unearthly, stand agape,
With open stony eyes fixed on the wonder
Revealed before them : then precipitately,
As if God’s terror had their host possessed,
They turned in flight, and casting down their weapons
Dispersed throughout the uncontested field.
Nor word of power availed,—nor leader’s call,—
By senseless panic driven, ne’er looking back,
Fled man and horse,—plunged in the river’s bed,
In wild confusion,—strangled unresisting !
A battle ’t was, not to be named a battle !
Two thousand of the enemy strewed the plain,
And uncomputed numbers swelled the flood ;
While not a man from all our ranks was missed !

CHARLES.

Strange,—by the heavens ! ’tis marvellous and strange !

AGNES.

A maiden wrought this miracle? Whence came she?
Who is she?

RAOUL.

Who she is, unto the king
She will alone discover. Prophetess
And messenger of Heaven she names herself,—
Sent to save Orleans ere the moon shall wane.
The people trust her, and do thirst for battle.
She's with the host,—then must she be now here.
(*Bells are heard and the clashing of arms.*)
Hark to the tumult!—to the peal of bells!
'T is she,—the people greet the Heaven-sent!

CHARLES (*to Du Chatel.*)

Conduct her hither.

(*To the Archbishop.*)

What shall I think of it?

A maiden brings me victory,—and now,—
Now,—when the arm of God alone can save me!
'T is not in nature's course, and dare I, bishop,
Dare I believe a miracle?

VOICES (*without.*)

Hail! all hail!

The MAID! the saviour!

CHARLES.

Ha! she comes!—Dunois,
Take you our place; we'll prove this wondrous damsel.
Be she inspired, and sent in truth from God,
She will discover 'twixt us two the king.
(*Dunois seats himself: the King stands on his right; near him,
Agnes Sorel; on the opposite side, the Archbishop and others; the space
between them open.*)

SCENE X.

(*Enter JOAN with nobles and knights, who fill the background in the
scene; she advances with noble dignity, and looks around the circle.*)

DUNOIS (*after deep silence.*)

Art thou, O wondrous maid—

JOAN.

Bastard of Orleans!

Would'st thou tempt God? Down from the lofty place
That doth besem thee not! My mission is
Unto this royal one!

(*She goes to the King, kneels down, and then immediately rises, step-
ping back; all present express their amazement; DUNOIS quits his seat.*)

CHARLES.

Thou seest my face
Today for the first time; whence then thy knowledge?

JOAN.

I saw thee, when none saw thee, king, save God.
(*Approaching him and speaking apart.*)
'T was yesternight,—bethink thee,—all around
Buried in slumber lay,—when thou alone,
Thy couch forsaking, offeredst burning prayers
To God. Let these retire, and I will tell
The purport of that prayer.

CHARLES.

What I to Heaven
Confided, need I never hide from men.
Tell, then, to me the purport of my prayer,
So will I doubt no more that God inspires thee.

JOAN.

Three prayers thy lips did breathe,—give solemn heed,
Dauphin, if I with truth unerring speak.
First thou imploredst Heaven,—if good unrighteous
Clung to this crown, or if some heavy guilt
Yet unatoned, from former times transmitted,
Brought down on France this desolating war,
To take thee as an offering for thy people,—
To pour out fully on thy single head
The phials of God's wrath.

CHARLES (*stepping back in fear.*)

Who, who art thou,
Being of power? Whence com'st thou?

JOAN.

This the second
Petition offered,—If the high decree
And will of Heaven it be, the kingly sceptre
To wrest from thee and thy house, deprive thee
Of all thy father in this realm possessed,—
Three only treasures thou didst pray to keep,
The soul content, the faithful heart of friends,
Thy Agnes' love.

(*The King hides his face, deeply moved; astonishment and emotion among all present. After a pause.*)

Shall I unfold the third
Petition, sire?

CHARLES.

Enough,—I do believe!
No man could say it! Yes,—the Omnipotent
Hath sent thee!

At the questioning of the archbishop, she relates the vision that had inspired her ; of the holy mother, beside her lowly chapel, meek and beautiful, in the guise of a shepherdess like herself ; the vision of heaven opened and the warrior angels bearing lilies, and the heavenly melodies that floated on the midnight breeze, and the voiceless mandate of the Immortal one. She tells of the mysterious sword, buried in the vault of the chapel of St Catherine at Fierbois, with the golden lilies upon its blade, consecrated of old by Heaven, with which she will conquer.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of conception and execution in the scenes on the battle field, where she is present like some celestial being, animating the troops by her prowess ; her battle cry—"God and the Virgin !" ever heard in the advance, and smiting with dismay the boldest hearts among the English soldiery—annihilating the confidence and paralyzing the bravery of those who had hitherto been invincible, so that it was clear there could be no victory against the French where her sacred banner streamed amidst the conflict. The sublime heroism, the superhuman dignity and splendor that invest the consecrated saviour of her country, are magnificently blended with the most exquisite simplicity and feminine grace. Genius is in all her words—and "absolute ignorance of all things which have not been revealed to her by heaven."* She moves before us "in the strength of a rapt soul ;" invincible, if not by heavenly power, by the might of faith and that decisive and resistless determination which gives the superior mind ascendancy over the inferior ; receiving the grateful homage of princes and potentates, but in the majesty of her pure enthusiasm contemning the grandeur of this world as unworthy her lofty ambition. The whole range of tragedy offers not a nobler creation. Terrible when armed for the vengeance of Heaven and bearing the Virgin's banner, the

* Madame de Staël.

cynosure of all eyes in the tempest of strife, the lineaments of her personal character are yet pre-eminently lovely. She is of mien inspired, but of delicate form and infantine features, as if to show the strength from on high more gloriously revealed in weakness. This union of the inspired avenger with the beautiful maiden, is most happily imagined; the soul-speaking beauty of her countenance wins her foes to admiration, even at the same moment that her eyes' indignant flash strikes despair to the heart! We see her in this play as she rode forth to the conflict, her slender form cased in mail, yet wearing her woman robes, inspiring all by her presence,—her own bosom “lightning with the Deity,”—victory waiting like a slave at her beck. Like the ancient champions of God's chosen people, who were commanded to “slay and spare not” among the enemies of Israel, she deems herself bound by a solemn vow to smite each fated head the chance of battles may subject to her power. The celebrated scene with Montgomery, where the ill-fated youth sues in vain for mercy, imploring his life by her love for the friends she has left in the green vale of Arc, by her sex and the gentleness of woman, is moving and impressive. It may be taken as the sterner part of the picture of Joan.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

The battle field; the English camp in flames; drums, flight and pursuit. After a while enter MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY.

Where shall I fly? Around me foes and death!
 Here the fierce general, who with threatening sword
 Barring all flight, drives us to rush on death—
 Yonder the fearful one, who, girt with terror,
 More fiercely rages than the flames—no bush
 To hide me, and no cave's protecting shelter.
 O had I never crossed this fatal sea,
 Unhappy! Idle folly led me hither,
 A cheap renown to seek in these French wars,
 And mine untoward destiny now brings me
 Into this bloody field. O that once more
 I were far hence—on Severn's blooming banks,

Beneath my father's roof—where my return
My grieving mother waits—my tender bride!

(JOAN appears in the distance.)

Ah, woe is me! the Terrible is there!
From the red flames in gloom she rises, like
A spectre of the night from hell's abyss.
Where shall I fly? Already doth she grasp me
With her fierce, gleaming eyes:—flings from afar
Her serpent glance—ne'er failing—through my soul.
Around my feet closer and closer winds
The wizard coil—and fettering me, denies
The power to fly! Here must I wait though strives
My soul against the spell—that fatal shape!

(JOAN makes a step towards him, and pauses.)

She comes! I will not wait till she fall on me!
Entreating will I clasp her knees, and beg
The boon of my young life: she is a woman!
Could I with tears wake mercy in that breast!

SCENE VII.

JOAN. MONTGOMERY.

JOAN.

Youth—thou art lost! A British mother bore thee!

MONTGOMERY (*falls at her feet.*)

Hold, minister of doom! Hold, and slay not
The unresisting! I have cast away
My sword and shield. Defenceless at your feet,
A suppliant, I sink. Leave me the light
Of life! O take a ransom! Rich domains
My father doth possess, in lovely Wales,
Where through green meads, his streaming silver rolls
The winding Severn; fifty hamlets own
My sire's dominion. With his gold he'll buy
His darling son—let him but know he lives
A prisoner in your camp.

JOAN.

Deluded fool!

Know thou art fallen into the Maiden's hand.
The stern destroyer, from whom never hope
Safety or ransom. Hadst thou been delivered
Into the crocodile's deadly fangs—or fall'n
The spotted tiger's prey—hadst thou despoiled
The lioness of her young—thou might'st have yet
Hoped sympathy and pity. But 'tis mortal
To cross the Maid. Unto the spirit-realm
Inviolable, strong, a fearful vow
Binds me, to smite all living with the sword
Whom to mine arm the God of battle yields.

MONTGOMERY.

Fearful thy speech—yet gentle is thy look;
Thy nearer presence is not terrible;
Thy loveliness doth win the heart to thee.
O by the mildness of thy tender sex,
I do beseech thee—spare my youth!

JOAN.

Adjure not
Me by my sex! Call me not woman! Like
The bodiless spirits, who nought earthly woo,
I own no human sex—nor doth this mail
Cover a human heart.

MONTGOMERY.

O, by love's ties
To all hearts holy—I adjure thee! I
Have left a gentle bride—fair like thyself—
Fresh in the charms of youth: she weeping waits
Her lord's return. O, as thou e'er dost hope
To love, and be with love requited blest,
Sever not now the hearts by love united!

JOAN.

Mortal! in vain on stranger gods thou call'st,
Not holy held—nor revered by me.
Nought of love's ties, by which thou dost adjure me
Know I—nor his vain yoke will ever know.
Defend thy life—death calls.

MONTGOMERY.

O, have pity
Upon my mourning parents—whom I left
To grieve at home! Ah, surely thou hast left
A sire—a mother—who in anguish watch
For thee!

JOAN.

Unhappy! thou remindest me
How many mothers in this suffering land
Mourn childless—their alain aires how many babes
Bewail—how many wives are widows made
Through you! Ay, English mothers now shall learn
The deep despair—shall know the burning tears
Which France's sorrowing dames have shed!

MONTGOMERY.

Alas!
'T is hard in foreign land unwept to die!

JOAN.

Who called ye to strange lands—the blooming harvest
Of our ripe fields to waste—from home and from
Our native flocks to drive us—and wars's firebrand

Fling in our cities' peaceful sanctuary?
 Ye dreamed, in your vain arrogance of heart,
 To bind the free born Frank in slavery's chain,
 And this majestic realm, like some frail boat
 To moor unto the vessel of your pride!
 Ye fools! The royal destinies of France
 Hang on the throne of God! Ye sooner rend
 A star from yon eternal heaven, than sever
 One hamlet from this kingdom—undivided
 And one forever! Lo! the day of vengeance!
 Nor shall ye, living measure back the sea
 Which God hath placed, a sacred boundary
 Betwixt these realms—which you most impiously
 Have overpassed.

MONTGOMERY.

Then, I must die.—Death scowling
 Already grasps me!

JOAN.

Die! And wherefore tremble
 And faint at death, the ne'er scaped lot of all?
 Look upon *me*! I am but a poor maid,
 A shepherdess by birth. Unused to steel
 This hand, which but the harmless shepherd's staff
 Was wont to grasp. Torn from my native fields,
 My father, and my sisters' loved embrace,
 Here must I—*must*—the voice of God compels me,
 Not mine own will—to you dire evil bringing,
 To myself nought of joy—a baneful spectre
 Destroying move—scattering around me death,
 Myself his victim at the last to fall.
 Never may I, returning, greet my home;
 But yet on many a British head my arm
 Shall deal destruction; many a dame bereave;
 Ere myself perish, and fulfil my fate,
 Fulfil thine own: Haste thee, and grasp thy sword,
 'T is for the precious prize of life we fight!

MONTGOMERY.

If thou art mortal, if that arms may wound thee,
 Mine may be now the destined sword, to hell
 Despatching thee—to end my country's ills.
 In Heaven's all-gracious hand I trust my fate.
 Accursed! summon now thy hellish spirits
 To stand beside thee! Back—and guard thy life!"

(He seizes his shield and sword, and attacks her; warlike music is heard at a distance; after a short fight Montgomery falls.)

A striking contrast to this scene is offered in the succeeding one, where she meets Burgundy. In this passage, Schiller has entered successfully into a competition

with Shakspeare ; or rather had worthily, admirably executed what Shakspeare conceived. Madame de Stael regrets that it was not a Frenchman who wrote this scene ; "how much genius and nature must an author possess thus to identify himself with the beautiful and true in all countries and in all ages."

SCENE IX.

A KNIGHT with his visor closed. JOAN.

KNIGHT.

Accursed ! thine hour is come ; throughout the field
Till now I've vainly sought thee. Fraudful cheat,
Back to the hell from whence thou art ascended !

JOAN.

Who art thou, whom his evil angel sends
Against me ? Princely is thy mien and bearing ;
Thou art no Briton, for thou wear'st the belt
Of Burgundy,—before which stoops my sword.

KNIGHT.

Outcast ! too bright a lot it is for thee
To fall by princely hands. The headsman's axe
Alone should smite that thrice accursed head,
And not the honoring blade of Burgundy !

JOAN.

Thou art the noble duke himself !

KNIGHT (*throwing up his visor.*)

I am.

Wretch ! tremble and despair ! The arts of Satan
Avail no more. O'er cowards hast thou triumphed,—
A man now stands before thee.

SCENE X.

Enter DUNOIS and LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

Turn thee, Burgundy !
Fight with men,—not with maidens.

LA HIRE.

We protect
The prophets' holy head ! Your sword
Must pierce this bosom first—

BURGUNDY.

This guileful Circe
I fear not; nor you, by her arts bewitched.
Blush—blush, Dunois; and shame thee, brave La Hire,
That you the ancient valor have degraded
To arts of hell,—the base shield-bearers made
To this false fiend. Hither,—I charge you all!
Who flies to Satan, of God's grace despairs!
(*They prepare for battle; JOAN steps between.*)

JOAN.

Hold!

BURGUNDY.

Fear'st thou for thy lover's life? Before
Thine eyes shall he— (Pressing on Dunois.)

JOAN.

Hold! Sever them, La Hire!
Here flows no blood of France! not by the sword
This strife's decided! Otherwise decree
The stars!—I tell you—part! Hear me, and reverence
The spirit that inspires,—that speaks by me!

DUNOIS.

Why hold my lifted arm—arresting thus
The falchion's bloody sentence? Drawn the steel,
Let the stroke fall which brings our injured country
Revenge and reconciliation.

JOAN (*stepping between them.*)

Back, Dunois!
(*To La Hire.*) Stand motionless. I must speak with the duke.
(*Profound silence.*)

What would you, Burgundy? Who is the foe
Whom, thirsting for his blood, your glances seek?
This prince is, as you are, a son of France;
This brave man is your brother in arms, and born
'Neath the same sky. I am a daughter, too,
Of your own fatherland. All, whose destruction
You strive for,—all belong to yours. Our arms
Are open to receive you, and our knees
Ready to do you homage. Nay, our swords
Are pointless against you. Worthy of honor
To us that brow, though crowned by hostile helm,
That bears the features of our monarch's race.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! with thy flattering tone and gentle speech,
Siren, thou wouldst allure the victim! Cunning!
Thou fool'st me not! My ear is charmed against
Thy serpent tongue; the fire-shaft of thine eyes
Glides harmless o'er the armor of this breast!
To arms, Dunois! With blows, not words, let's fight!

DUNOIS

First words—then blows. You tremble, then, at words?
A coward's part ! Ever the traitor's dread.

JOAN.

Listen ! Imperious necessity
Drives us not to your feet ; and not as suppliants
We come before thee. Cast your eyes around.
In ashes lies the English camp. Your dead
Cover the field. You hear the warrior blast
Of France's trumpets—God the strife decides—
Ours is the victory ! Laurels, freshly culled,
Bright,—we are ready with our friend to share.
O come to us ! come—noble wanderer !
To us, where right and victory abide.
I, sent of heaven, stretch forth a sister's hand
To hail you ! I, with saviour arm, would draw you
Unto our righteous part ! Heaven is with France ;
His angels,—you behold them not,—do fight
For his anointed. All are gemmed with lilies !
White as that standard is our holy cause ;
The spotless maid is its chaste emblem.

BURGUNDY.

Full
Of snares is the beguiling tongue of falsehood ;
—Her speech is like a child's. If some bad spirit
Doth lend her words, all-conquering innocence
Utters them. I will hear no more. To arms !
Mine ear, I feel, is weaker than mine arm !

JOAN.

You name me sorceress,—impute to me
The guilt of league with hell ! A work of hell
Is it, with peace to heal the wounds of hate ?
Is union from the abyss of discord born ?
What is humane, and innocent, and holy,
If not the struggle in our country's cause ?
Where strives almighty nature 'gainst herself,
So that high Heaven forsakes the righteous side,
And hell protects it ? If I speak the truth,
Whence have I learned the truth, but from above ?
Who would have sought me in my herdsman's home,
To consecrate the simple shepherd girl
To royal enterprise ? I ne'er have stood
Before the great ; in arts of eloquence
My lips are skillless ; yet now, when I need it
To move you, prince, high things are open to me ;
The fates of empires and of monarch's lie
Clear as the sun before my childlike vision,
And winged thunderbolts are in my words.

(BURGUNDY fixes his eyes on her with astonishment and deep emotion.)

BURGUNDY.

How's this! What has befallen me? Is't a god
That in my bosom stirs my inmost soul?
It is no cheat—that winning form! No—no!
If I am by the might of spells subdued,
'Tis through a power celestial! My heart tells me
She is inspired of God!

JOAN.

Joy!—he is moved!
I have not prayed in vain! The thunder cloud
Of anger from his brow in tears of dew
Doth melt—and from his eyes, with beams of peace,
Breaks cloudless forth the golden sun of feeling!
Away with weapons! heart to heart now press!
He weeps!—yes—he is vanquished—he is ours!”

Thus far, the maid of Arc is the inspired and the conqueror; but she soon appears in a different light; conscious of earthly weakness, self-convicted and self-condemned, while all but worshipped by those around her. She reconciles Burgundy to the king, but repels his offers of reward, and rejects the alliance proffered both by Dunois and La Hire. In the moment of triumph and gratulation she preserves the dignity, the aspect of exalted enthusiasm, which marked her amidst general despondency, or in the tempest of battle. The trumpets once more sound; her soul “casts away its bonds;” she rushes once more into the strife and wins her sovereign the victory. The introduction of supernatural agency in this part of the play has been censured as unnecessary and inexplicable; but it harmonizes with the general plan of the tragedy. The heroine is not supposed to command success in the mere strength of human intellect; she is endowed with more than mortal gifts, though, after all, it is the native grandeur of her spirit, and the splendid enthusiasm that fires her, which appeal to our admiration,—not the power supposed to have carried universal conviction in her favor among her superstitious contemporaries. Schiller has veiled the prophetic so exquisitely in the generous and devoted patriot, that the celestial mission seems not to add to the lustre of her great qualities, but merely to develop them and

display them in a stronger light to those around her, as the beams of the sun impart speaking beauty to figures on the canvass. Joan is throughout painted as conscious of inspiration ; while she feels the strength of the Virgin, she bids defiance to evil spirits,—and the apparition of the black knight, coming to terrify and warn her, is wholly disregarded. But the hour is at hand for a change in her destiny. When she meets Lionel, the suddenness with which her inexorable vow is forgotten, and the touch of mortal love creeps over her heart, partakes of the supernatural. It is evident the spirit has departed from her, and a flood of gloomy thoughts takes possession of her soul.

(Another part of the field of battle. The towers of Rheims are seen in the distance, tipped by the sun's rays. A knight in black armor, with his visor closed. JOAN follows him to the extremity of the stage, where he stands and awaits her.)

JOAN.

Deceitful foe ! I know full well thine art.
With feigned flight hast thou beguiled me hither
From the red field of carnage, and withdrawn
From many a British head the stroke of death.
Now o'er thine own hangs ruin.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Why dost thou
Pursue with eager rage my footsteps thus ?
'Tis not my fate to perish by thy hand.

JOAN.

Deep hate for thee stirs up mine inmost soul ;
Hateful thou art as night, which is thy hue !
A powerful instinct urges me to drive thee
From the sun's blessed light. Who art thou ? *Raise*
Thy visor. Had I not in battle seen
The warlike Talbot fall, I would have said
That thou wert Talbot.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Is the Prophet Spirit
Silent to thee ?

JOAN.

Deep in my soul it cries
That one who brings misfortune, stands before me !

BLACK KNIGHT.

Joan of Arc! Even to the gates of Rheims
On Victory's wings hast thou been borne. Suffice
The fame already won! Dismiss thy fortune
That like a slave hath served thee, ere herself
With scornful ire do break her short-lived bondage!
A foe to Constancy, she follows none
Unto the end.

JOAN.

I' the midst of my career
Thou bidst me pause, and quit the mighty work!
I will complete it—and fulfil my vow!

BLACK KNIGHT.

Nought can withstand thy power—invincible!
In every field the conqueror! Trust no more
Thy fortune in the battle! Heed my warning!

JOAN.

This sword shall never leave my hand, till fallen
Is England's pride!

BLACK KNIGHT.

Lo—yonder rise the towers
Of Rheims—the goal and end of thy career!
The dome of yon cathedral may'st thou see
Burnished with light; there in triumphal pomp
Shalt thou soon enter, and thy monarch crown,
Thy vow fulfilling.—Enter not those walls;
Turn backward—heed my warning!

JOAN.

Who art thou
With double tongued deceit who wouldst affright
And lead me into error? What wouldst thou,
Proclaiming thy false oracles to me?
(*The Black Knight attempts to depart; but she steps in his way.*)
Nay—stand and hear—or by this hand thou diest!

BLACK KNIGHT (*touches her with his hand; she stands motionless.*)

Slay what is mortal!

(*Darkness; thunder and lightning; the Knight vanishes.*)

JOAN (*stands at first amazed, but soon collects herself.*)

'T was nought of life; 't was some deceitful phantom
Of hell's abyss—some dark rebellious fiend
Ascended from the gulf of quenchless fire,
To shake the spirit in this dauntless breast.
Whom fear I, while I bear the sword of Heaven?
Victorious onward will I urge my course;
And though all hell stood forth against me, never
Shall this arm sink—this soul belie its courage!"

The fearful trial is at hand:

SCENE XL

JOAN. LIONEL.

LIONEL.

Accursed ! prepare thee for the strife ;—alive
 We both quit not this place. Thou hast destroyed
 The bravest of our army ; noble Talbot
 Breathed out his mighty soul upon this breast.
 I will avenge the dead or share his fate !
 And wouldst thou know who is it brings thee fame,
 Die he or conquer, I am Lionel,
 The last of all the leaders of our host ;
 Unvanquished is this arm !

(*He rushes on her ; after a short fight she strikes the sword from his hand.*)

O faithless fortune !

(*He closes with her. JOAN seizes him by the plume, and tears away his helm violently, so that his face is exposed ; at the same time she lifts her sword in her right hand.*)

JOAN.

Take what thou sought'st ; the Virgin immolates thee
 Through me——

(*At this moment she looks in his face ; is moved by his aspect ; stands motionless, and lets her arm drop slowly.*)

LIONEL.

Why lingerest thou, and hold'st the death stroke ?
 Take my life too, since thou hast ta'en renown ;
 I am in thy hands, and I will have no mercy !
 (*She gives him a sign with her hand to leave her.*)
 Ha ! shall I fly ? and owe to thee my life ?
 No,—rather death !

JOAN (*with averted face.*)

I will not know hereafter
 Thy life was in my power.

LIONEL.

You and your gift
 I hate.—I'll have no mercy ! Slay your enemy,—
 Who hates you,—who would slay you !

JOAN.

Slay me, then,

—And fly !

LIONEL.

Ha ! what may mean this ?

JOAN (*hiding her face.*)

Woe is me !

LIONEL.

Thou sparest, it is said, no English foe
Vanquished in battle;—wherefore then spare me?

(JOAN lifts her sword quickly against him; but when she sees his face, lets it fall again.)

JOAN.

O holy Virgin!

LIONEL.

Wherefore name the Virgin?
She nothing knows of thee,—the holy heavens
Have never part in thee.

JOAN (in agony.)

What have I done?
My vow is broke! (Wrings her hands.)

LIONEL (approaches her with looks of sympathy.)

Unhappy girl, I pity thee!
Thou mov'st me;—thou hast gentle mercy shown
To me alone. I feel my hate is vanishing.
I must feel for thee—Who art thou?—whence comest thou?

JOAN.

Hence—fly!

LIONEL.

Thy youth affects me, and thy beauty!
Thy look doth reach my heart; I fain would save thee;
Tell me how! Come! renounce this hateful league,
And cast away those arms!

JOAN.

I am unworthy
To bear them!

LIONEL.

Cast them from you,—follow me!

JOAN (with horror.)

Follow thee!

LIONEL.

You may yet be saved. Come hence!
Tarry not,—I will save you: a deep sorrow
Seizes me for you: an ineffable wish
To save you!

JOAN.

Dunois comes! 'T is he,—they seek me!
If they should find thee—

LIONEL.

Nay, I will protect you.

JOAN.

I die,—if thou dost fall into their hand!

LIONEL.

Am I dear to thee?

JOAN.

Holy one of heaven!

LIONEL.

Shall I not see thee more, or hear from thee?

JOAN.

Never,—O never!

LIONEL (*snatching her sword.*)

Be this sword my pledge

I'll see thee yet again!

JOAN.

Madman! thou dar'st?

LIONEL.

I yield to force now,—we shall meet again!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE XII.

(*Enter DUNOIS and LA HIRE.*)

LA HIRE.

She lives! 't is she!

DUNOIS.

Joan,—fear for nought!

Strong friends are near you.

LA HIRE.

Flies not Lionel yonder?

DUNOIS.

Let him flee.

Joan, the just cause is again victorious:
Rheims opens her gates, and the exulting people
Pour forth with shouts to meet their king!

LA HIRE.

What ails

The maiden? She grows pale,—she sinks,—

DUNOIS.

She's wounded!

Tear off her mail: it is upon her arm.
The hurt is slight.

LA HIRE.

The blood flows from the wound.

JOAN.

Let it flow,—with my life!

(She falls senseless into LA HIRE's arms.)

The fastidiousness of critical taste has reproached our author for rendering his heroine sensible to love, instead of a martyr undistracted from her heavenly mission ; but it has been with equal reason suggested that a being perfectly holy would in a dramatic piece produce the effect of allegorical or miraculous personages. Certainly the trait has added to her individuality and to the interest felt in her ; the struggle with external foes is at an end—the inward strife begins.

The wavering of her faith is yet unknown to her sovereign and the army ; and victory having followed the royal banner, she crowns the monarch at Rheims, and takes part in the triumphal procession, the wonder and adoration of the exulting people. Before her entrance into the cathedral, we have one of those touching and beautiful lyric effusions, with which Schiller often in his pieces “suspends the theatrical action, that we may listen to the celestial music of the soul.” The sound of flutes and hautboys is heard without, while Joan in strains of plaintive melody pours out her unhappiness. When she comes forth, bearing the standard with trembling steps, the king points to her as his champion, the saviour of France ; the priests acknowledge in her the power of the Highest ; the multitude are ready to prostrate themselves at her feet ; her name is hailed and lauded by a thousand tongues. But amid the gorgeous pomp of the scene, there is no triumph for her who has wrought this happiness. She moves in the glittering pageant with abstracted thoughts ; her heart is filled with doubt, and grief, and despair, and the shouts of the populace fall meaningless on her ear. Her lowly sisters, who mingle in the throng fearful of intruding on the observation of one, whom fortune has lifted so high, are recognized by

her with a burst of passionate tenderness, that shows a heart ill at ease ; the quiet peaceful scenes of the home she abandoned, are present to her memory ; she wakes as from a troubled dream of battles and warriors and kings, and is ready to fly from the tumultuous magnificence about her, to become again a simple herdsmaid. There is inimitable pathos in this outpouring of her tenderness, so warmly reciprocated by her kind sisters, who love her truly, though they kneel not like others to worship her. The consciousness of unworthiness is upon Joan's mind like a cloud, and shuts out from her the sunshine of heaven.

We must understand the superstitious spirit of the age to appreciate the terrible effect of the accusation of sorcery. Unaccountable success was then attributed to a league with the powers of hell ; to the mysterious power of spells were referred even the influence of superior intellect ; and no courage could brave the imputation. Before it youth availed not, nor innocence, nor virtue, nor ties of blood ; the blasting influence of such a suspicion, was indeed as if the demons of ill were let loose, on the utterance of the word." Thus are Joan's calamities at their height, when amidst the praises of the king and courtiers, her own father steps forth to accuse her of witchcraft—

" VOICES.

Her father ?

THIBAUT.

Yes—her mourning father—
Who gave the wretched life ;—whom God's great justice
Hither impels—his own child to accuse !

BURGUNDY.

What's this ?

DU CHATEL.

A fearful secret comes to light.

THIBAUT (*to the King.*)

You deem yourselves saved through the power of God.
Deluded prince—deceived people of France !
Through the fell arts of devils are you saved !

(*All recoil horror struck.*)

DUNOIS.

Doth this man rave?

THIBAUT.

Not I—'tis thou who ravest—
 And these around thee—this wise bishop too,
 They who believe, ay, that the Lord of heaven
 Through a mean damsel hath revealed himself;
 Let's see, if even to her father's face
 The juggle she maintain—the brazen lie
 Wherewith she circumvented prince and people:
 Answer me in the name of the Trinity,
 Belong'st thou to the Holy and the Pure?
(Universal silence; all eyes are turned on Joan; she stands motionless.)

AGNES.

God! she is mute!

THIBAUT.

So must she, when those names
 Are uttered, at which even the depths of hell
 Tremble! She holy! She God's messenger!
 In hour accursed was the work contrived—
 Under the wizard's tree, where spirits of ill,
 Of old their sabbaths held; 't was there she sold
 Her deathless part unto the enemy
 For vain possession of a short renown.
 Lay bare her arm—behold the sign, wherewith
 The fiend hath signed her!

BURGUNDY.

Horrible! yet the father
 We must believe, who his own child denounces.

DUNOIS.

No! No! the madman is unworthy faith
 Who in his child doth shame himself!

AGNES (to Joan.)

O speak!

Break this unhappy silence! We believe you—
 Our trust clings to you: one word from your mouth—
 One single word suffices! Speak—and crush
 The hateful charge!—Say you are innocent—
 And we believe you!
(Joan remains immovable; Agnes retires horror stricken.)

LA HIRE.

She is struck with fear!
 Astonishment and horror close her lips,
 Before a charge so hideous, even innocence
 Must quake. *(To her.)* Collect yourself, and feel your strength.
 Innocence hath a tone, a conquering glance,

That looks down falsehood with a front of power ;
Lift up yourself in noble indignation ;
Look up—and put to shame the unworthy doubts
That wrong your holy virtue !

(JOAN still remains immovable ; LA HIRE retires with an aspect of dismay ; the general agitation increases.)

DUNOIS.

Wherefore tremble
The people ? Wherefore tremble too the princes ?
She is innocent—myself will answer for it !
I pledge a prince's honor. Here I fling
My gage of battle down—Who dares to say
That she is guilty ?

(A heavy peal of thunder ; all stand horror struck.)

THIBAUT.

Answer by the God
That speaks in thunder, say—thou art not guilty—
Deny it, that the foe is in thy heart,
And heap upon my head the shame and falsehood !
(A second louder peal ; the people rush out from all sides.)

BURGUNDY.

God shield us ! Terrible signal !

DU CHATEL.

Come, my king !
Flee from this place !

ARCHBISHOP (to Joan.)

In the all holy name
I question thee ; art mute from consciousness ?
Of guilt, or innocence ? If the thunder's voice
Bear witness for thee—take this cross—and give
A sign !

(JOAN stands motionless ; loud peals of thunder ; exeunt KING, AGNES, DOREL, ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, LA HIRE, and DU CHATEL.)

SCENE XIII.

DUNOIS. JOAN.

DUNOIS.

Thou art my bride ; I have believed thee
From the first glance ; and I believe thee still.
More than these tokens all—more than the thunder
That speaks above. In noble anger silent,
Wrapped in thy holy innocence thou scorn'st
The shameful accusation to refute.
Despise it, Joan—but confide in me,
Who never doubted you. Utter no word.

Only extend that hand—a pledge and token
 That thou dost trust my arm and thy good cause.
(He reaches his hand towards her ; she turns away with a hasty motion ; he stands stupefied.)

SCENE XIV.

Enter DU CHATEL.

DU CHATEL.

Joan of Arc ! the king's free grace permits
 That you do leave the city unmolested.
 The gates stand open. Fear no injury :
 The king's peace doth protect you.—Follow me,
 Dunois, you cannot here remain with honor.
 O issue strange !

(Exit.)

(DUNOIS starts from his reverie, casts a glance at JOAN and follows him. She remains a moment alone ; then enter RAIMOND, stands awhile at a distance, and looks at her with an expression of deep sorrow. Then he approaches and takes her hand.)

RAIMOND.

The streets are empty—seize the moment ;
 Give me your hand ; I'll guide you hence.

(At sight of him she gives the first sign of consciousness ; looks at him wildly, then raises her eyes to heaven ; then seizing his hand hastily, they go out.)

The fifth act opens strikingly ; it represents a wild forest, in the midst of a terrific storm ; between the two encampments of the French and English armies, but so near that the roaring of their ordnance may be heard distinctly amid the tempest :—a poor coalman and his wife come forth.

COALMAN.

It is a fearful and destructive storm ;
 Heaven seems as it would pour itself in fire
 Down on the earth ; o'er the full face of day
 Strides night so deep, stars might be visible,
 Like hell's abyss let loose doth war the storm ;
 Earth trembles, and beneath the crashing blast,
 Yon ancient oaks do bend their hoary crowns :
 Yet this fierce war among the elements,
 That teaches even wild beasts gentleness,
 Which tamed betake them to their caves for shelter,
 Can bring no peace to men ; amid the howling
 Of wind and tempest you may hear the sweep
 Of their artillery ! Both hosts are so nigh

That but the wood divides them—and each hour
May be disburdened of a bloody freight.

DAME.

God's grace be with us ! Yet the enemy
Was stricken on the head, and quite discomfited—
How comes it, he torments us now again ?

COALMAN.

It is because they fear the king no longer ;
For since the maid was proved a witch at Rheims,
The bad fiend helps us not, and all goes backward !

DAME.

Hark ! who comes there ?

In the midst of the scene appears Joan led by Raimond, the shepherd lover of her youth, and the only friend who has followed her in her banishment ;—they seek shelter at the hut ; the peasants gladly offer her the needed refreshment, but another drop is added to her cup of bitterness by the discovery of her name.

DAME.

Drink, noble damsel—may God bless it to you !

COALMAN (*to his son.*)

Is 't thou—Anet ? What bring'st thou ?

(*Boy looks at JOAN, who is raising the cup to her lips ; recognizing her, he rushes towards her and snatches it away.*)

BOY.

Mother—mother !

Whom do you entertain ? It is the Witch
Of Orleans.

BOTH.

God be gracious to us !

(*Cross themselves and fly.*)

JOAN.

You see——

The curse doth follow me—all beings shun me ;
Care for yourself and leave me !

RAIMOND.

I—I leave you !——

Now ? Who should be your guide ?

JOAN.

I am not alone.

You heard the thunder o'er my head. My fate

Doth lead me on. Care not for me.—I shall
Come to the end, e'en though I seek it not!

RAIMOND.

Where would you go? Here are the English camped.
They 've sworn a dire and bloody vengeance on you;
Yonder our host—they who have driven you forth—
Banished—

JOAN.

Nought but what must be—shall befall me!

RAIMOND.

Who will seek food for you—or who protect you
From the wild beast, and from yet wilder men?
Who care for you if you are sick and wretched?

JOAN.

I know all herbs and roots that grow i' the wood,
From my flocks have I learned to know the sound
From poisonous plants. I know the starry courses,
The aspect of the clouds;—the hidden fountains
I can hear gushing.—Little doth man need;
Nature is rich with life.

Yet an outcast from men, and seemingly forsaken of
heaven, the lofty courage of the maid returns and shines
more clearly than ever. She has conquered the sinful
love at her heart, and come forth tried and purified from
the furnace of affliction; feeling herself once more wor-
thy the divine protection, she rises superior to the sym-
pathy of her true hearted friend, and rejects his proposi-
tion that they shall return to the French and vindicate
her sullied name.

JOAN.

Should I deserve to be heaven's messenger,
Did I not blindly honor heaven's high will!
Yet am I not so wretched as thou deem'st.
I suffer want, yet that is no misfortune
For one like me. I 'm banished and a fugitive,
Yet in the desert learned to know myself.
Then—when the beams of glory shone about me,
Then was the struggle in my breast. I was
Unhappiest, when to the world I seemed
Worthiest of envy. Now I am whole. This storm
That menaced all with ruin, was my friend,
It purified the world and also me.
In me is peace. Come what there will—I own
No further weakness.

RAIMOND.

Come—O let us haste,
Loudly before the world proclaim your innocence!

JOAN.

He who permitted error, shall reclaim,
Only when ripe the fruit of destiny
Shall fall. A day will come, shall vindicate me;
When those who now condemn and cast me forth
Will rue their madness in their inmost souls,
And tears flow o'er my fate.

RAIMOND.

Should this be suffered
In silence—until chance—

JOAN (*taking his hand mildly.*)

Thou seest of things
Only the natural; earthly bands do veil
Thy sight; these eyes have looked on the Immortal!
Without God falls no hair from human heads!
Lo! yonder where the sun goes down the west!
So sure as he in radiance shall return,
So *sure*, unshadowed comes the day of truth!

The brilliant close of her career, in the tragedy, has been censured as the single fault of the whole work; and it is undoubtedly a fault, for "the wonderful in invention" is here brought into direct contrast with the wonderful in history.—"What can be more striking than the conduct and replies of Joan of Arc, when condemned at Rouen by the great English lords—the Norman bishops." History paints her as exhibiting the most immovable courage, with the most touching sorrow; she wept like a woman, but she bore herself like a hero. They accused her of practising the arts of sorcery; she repelled the imputation with the arguments an enlightened person might use in our own day; but she persisted in declaring that she had received revelations, which had fixed the choice of her career. Dismayed by the horror of the punishment that awaited her, she yet rendered constant testimony before the English to the valor of the French, and the virtues of their king—though they had abandoned her. Her death was neither that of a warrior nor a martyr; but, with all the *gentleness and timidity* of her sex, she showed in her

last moments a force of inspiration almost as wonderful as that for which she was accused of sorcery.—The simple story of her end is far more moving than the *dénouement* of Schiller.”*

Our author does not seem to have been desirous of pursuing in this piece the principle so admirably and effectively followed in *Wallenstein*. Tragedy loses a portion of its effect, when the pleasure and pain of the spectator are too scrupulously balanced in the distribution of events. When the good suffer unjustly, the satisfaction we feel in the triumph of moral greatness over physical evil is sufficient to compensate for the pain of sympathy. The principle of reason must be seen struggling with, or conquering ill, or there is no room for the true pathetic; nor can affliction reach its highest grade while there is such a principle in opposition to it. “A brave spirit,” says Seneca, “in strife with adversity, is an attractive spectacle, even for the gods.” The sublimity of the group of *Laocoon*, of *Medea’s* speech in the ancient tragedy—of the stern soliloquy of Milton’s Satan on his descent into hell—arises from the exhibition of strength of soul in conflict with suffering. The “rose-colored death,” as Schlegel terms it, of Schiller’s *Joan*, beautiful as it is, and leaving an impression of magnificence on the senses, affords little room for this sublime pathos. In satisfying the sense of justice, the deeper source of emotion is lost.

When in the custody of her enemies, she bursts the bands that confine her, and rushes out to the fray to liberate the king, and be once more the bringer of victory.

(Soldiers with floating banners fill the back ground; before them CHARLES and the DUKE OF BURGUNDY: in the arms of both princes lies JOAN, mortally wounded, without signs of life. They advance with mournful pace. AGNES SOREL rushes in and throws herself on the king’s neck.)

AGNES.

You’re freed—you live—I have you once again!

* De L’Allemagne, chap. xix.

CHARLES.

I am freed—I am so at this mighty price.
(*Points to JOAN.*)

AGNES.

Joanna! God—she dies!

BURGUNDY.

Yes—she is gone!
An angel parted! See how she lies here
Pangless and quiet, as a sleeping child;
Heaven's peace is on her features. Though no breath
Heaveth that bosom—yet the trace of life
Is in her hand.

CHARLES.

She's gone—she'll wake no more,
Her eyes no more look on terrestrial things,
Already soars she upward, a pure spirit,
Nor marks our sad repentance and our woe.

AGNES.

She opens her eyes—she lives!

BURGUNDY.

Returns she then
From the grave? hath she triumphed over death?
Look, look! she rises!

JOAN (*standing up, and looking around.*)

Where am I?

BURGUNDY.

Among

Your people, Joan—your friends.

CHARLES.

In your friends' arms—
Your king's!

JOAN (*after gazing wildly at him.*)

No—no—I am no sorceress!
Truth—I am not.

CHARLES.

Thou'rt holy—as an angel—
Our eyes with night were darkened!

JOAN (*smilingly.*)

Am I truly
Among my people? and no more despised,
And spurned no more! They fly me not—they look
Kindly on me! Yes! now I know all clearly—
This is my king—those are the banners of France!
Yet see I not my banner! Where is it?

I must not come without my standard ;
 'T was trusted to me from my master's hand,
 Before his throne must I the gift lay down ;
 Showing I bore it faithfully.

CHARLES (*averting his face.*)

Give her the banner !

(They give it to her ; she stands upright, holding the colors in her hand ; the sky is covered with a rosy radiance.)

JOAN.

See you the rainbow, spanning the wide air ?
 Heaven opens its golden doors ; mid choirs of angels
 She stands all glorious—holding in her arms
 The Eternal Son ! with loving aspect stretches
 Her hand to me. How's this ? Light clouds uphold me !
 My heavy mail is turned to winged garments ;
 Upward—still upward ! now the earth recedes—
 Short is the pain—eternal is the joy !

The grouping here is perfect, as is every accessory to the picture ;—the grief, the heroic pity of the king and nobles—the awed silence of the soldiers—the pomp of warlike display—the rosy radiance of the heavens—and finally the solemn act of homage to their preserver, when the banners are all laid softly over her—fittest shroud for the dead ! The close, however objectionable in some respects, harmonizes with that wonderful representation of the heroine which gives the stamp of power to this remarkable tragedy.

There are two other female characters in the piece : but queen ISABEL is too coarse and unnatural in her perversity and revenge, to contrast effectively with the Maid. Schiller could not paint evil in natural colors. There is an exaggeration and a want of depth about his vicious people, which show that he knew them not. Byron seemed to conceive only characters of evil ; the pure soul of Schiller reflected only images of goodness. "Wickedness presented itself to his imagination as an obstacle, as a physical chastisement ;" it influenced not his intellectual nature.—It is AGNES DE SOREL whom we must compare with Joan ; the soft feminine grace of her character relieves and renders more striking

the majestic loveliness of the young prophetess. Agnes is meek and generous and devoted ; but she is nothing more. She herself confesses, in the moment of her country's triumph, that it is not the glory of France, nor the dazzle of royalty, nor the exultation of the people, that moves her heart ; *that* is filled, absorbed with but *one* feeling—her love for the dauphin. In the reverses of Charles, she consoles him with affectionate sympathy ; she sacrifices her jewels to procure him money for the expenses of the war, and when he seems abandoned by fate, is ready to accompany him into exile. In the pageant of victory she sees him, the beloved—alone. When, in the early part of the play, she pleads with him to recall Dunois, who is about to depart in anger, we are reminded of Myrrha in Sardanapalus ; but Agnes is gentler, more languishingly soft, and withal less poetical than Myrrha. Not even the power of love could have roused *her* to go forth and bear part in the deadly conflict

“ like the dam
Of the young lion—femininely raging ”—

yet she would never have survived the loss of the object of her affections, for *they* constituted her being : she lived but in love.

But what shall we say of TALBOT, the magnificent TALBOT—whom Shakspeare has delineated so powerfully—whom Schiller “ with adventurous hand—yet not profane ” has painted in still deeper colors ? Noble is the picture of this indomitable hero,—

“ The Frenchman's only scourge—
His kingdom's terror and black Nemesis,”

whose very name serves for a sword—in the First Part of King Henry the Sixth. His inflexible courage and will, his spirit never dismayed—and his stern hatred of the French—are vividly shown in a few passages of the drama ; and in none more vividly than in the description of their treatment of him while a captive—

"So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walked about me every minute while ;"

in his interview with the countess of Auvergne, and in the menace of the French general—

"Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot."

We look yet deeper into the soul of "the grey veteran" of the German poet. The portrait is more darkly shaded. What a testimony is borne to his indomitable resolution, in the entreaty of Lionel, to his expiring chief—

"Yield not to death ; force faltering nature
By your strength of soul—that life depart not !"

and in the address of Dunois on his death—

"Now for the first time, sire, I call you King !
The crown but tottered on your head, so long
As in this body dwelt a soul."

His is "the striving of a giant spirit ;" but it is a dark and incredulous one. Talbot, ever stern, defying and dreadless, even in despair defies the Heaven that punishes him, and meets death with disdainful smile. The character is more metaphysical than the Talbot of Shakspeare ; more in the German spirit ; but it has less of action. The passage in which he is represented expiring on the battle field,—*"like a hero on the shield he would not quit,"* listening gloomily to the intelligence of disasters brought him by his chiefs, and yielding his sulen spirit as it were in contempt of the powers of destiny,—is among the most powerful and characteristic in the play. A few touches paint the state of his soul ; take for example these detached lines :

TALBOT.

"Frenzy ! thou conquerest, and I must submit me !

Against stupidity gods themselves strive vainly.
 High Reason, glorious daughter of great Jove,
 Wise foundress of the world's vast edifice,
 Guide of the stars,—who art thou, then, if thou
 Tied to the tail of the wild horse Superstition,
 With open eyes and impotently shrieking,
 Must plunge down with that drunkard to the abyss!
 Accursed he, whose lifelong energies
 Are fixed upon the great and on the worthy!
 Who, with considerate spirit, forms wise plans!
 To the Fool-king the world belongs!"

And again, as he is bidding his constrained farewell to the realities of life :

" 'Tis over soon, and unto earth I render,
 And to the all-surviving sun, the atoms
 That wrought for joy and sorrow in this being;
 And of the mighty Talbot, who once filled
 The world with his renown, remains no more
 Than a handful of light dust. So passes man;
 And the sole spoil that from the strife of life
 We bear with us, is knowledge of its nothingness,
 And heartfelt scorn of all that seemed before
 Lofty and worth desire!"

Contrasted with him is the bold, frank, resolute Du-nois, the open and honorable soldier; and the gentle, generous dauphin. Nowhere does the mildness of Charles pass into effeminacy, or his tenderness of spirit into cowardice. Notwithstanding his unwarlike and somewhat voluptuous aspect, we are made to feel that he is worthy of success.—The brightness, the ideal sunshine that pervades the scenes of this poem, softening whatever is naturally stern and rude, touching with new beauty what was fair before, shines in all the characters. Cruelty and vice have no existence; the darkest fortunes of the monarch, are not dark, but sweetly colored by hope and by faith, and by the feelings of the unselfish heart. The physical world around, too, is bright and beautiful.

It is not in the tempest and whirlwind of the soul that such pictures are produced; it is when the sun looks out,—when the agitated waves have begun to subside.

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

THE mind of our poet was ever striving after new development of truth ; for his was not a spirit which mere public applause could satisfy. Schiller felt the dignity of his mission, to which he ever looked ; the commonplace cant of public taste lowering the standing of art could not deceive him, for he knew that in all times in which art had degenerated, the fault lay with the artist. "The public," he says, "needs nothing but susceptibility of impression ; and that it has. It comes before the curtain with vague desires ;—to the highest it brings capacity ; it rejoices in justice and wisdom ; and if it has begun by being pleased with the mean, it will assuredly end with demanding the excellent." And surely it is the loftiest and loveliest theory in literature—that true art cannot be satisfied with merely the semblance of truth, but builds her ideal edifice on the firm and deep ground of Nature.

[In his "BRIDE OF MESSINA," Schiller endeavored to strike out a new path. It is an attempt to graft the beauties of ancient tragedy upon a modern subject. In every respect the poem contrasts with its predecessor, the "Maid of Orleans ;" in the simplicity of the fable, the poverty of incident, the limited number of personages, and the reflective, instead of dramatic, character of the dialogue, as well as the lyrical measures into which it is frequently cast. Like the works of antiquity, the leading idea is Destiny, solemn and inevitable ; in his story the author has had in view those renowned fictions that commemorate the crimes and sufferings of the houses of

Laius and Atreus. The spirit of the ancient drama is perfectly imbibed in many of the choral songs, which are among the most magnificent specimens of lyric poetry in the language. Yet singular inconsistencies mingle with the very beauties of the piece. The chorus appears in two characters ; not only in its legitimate one of an ideal spectator, that may represent either the whole people, or posterity ; but as an efficient actor in the scene influenced by personal affections and emotions. It is divided into two parts, composed of the jarring factions of the city, that enter into the quarrels of the princess to whom they are attached, and take part in the interest of the plot. There is a vagueness in the point of time fixed for the action, and modern usages are departed from, without the adoption of ancient ones. There is a greater fault in the confusion of different religions ; in defence of this it has been urged " that destiny, the pervading principle of the piece, is the religion of all ages and nations ;" but in fact this *melangé* destroys the unity and force of this very destiny, to which so much is sacrificed.

Schiller's defence of his use of the chorus is found in the elaborate preface to this play ; it will be but justice to him to make a few extracts. " The old tragedy," he says, " which originally meddled only with heroes and kings and deities, needed the chorus as a necessary accompaniment ; she found it in nature and used it as she found it. The actions and fate of kings are already public, and were yet more so in the simple olden time. The chorus was consequently in the ancient tragedy more a natural organ ; it grew out of the poetic form of real life. In the modern tragedy it is an organ of art ; it helps to bring forward poetry. The modern poet no longer finds the chorus in nature ; he must create and introduce it poetically ; that is, he must effect a change with the fable he treats—by which it may be brought back to that child-like time—to that simple form of life.

" The chorus thence renders more substantial service to the modern than to the ancient tragedian ; because it

changes the modern and common world into the old and poetic one ; because it renders all that is in opposition to poetry, useless to him ; and drives him to the simplest, most original, most natural motive. The palaces of kings are now closed ; the tribunals removed from the open air at the city gates, to the interior of the houses ; writings have taken place of the living word ; even the people, the palpable breathing mass, is become the state, acting, not by rude might, but as an abstract idea ; and the divinities exist only in the human breast. The poet must re-open the palaces ; must bring out the judges to the free vault of heaven ; must raise the statues of the gods ; must restore the immediate, which is abolished through the artificial disposition of real life ; must cast away all that is artificial in or about man, which veils the aspect of his original character, of his inward nature—as the sculptor casts away modern drapery ; preserving of external circumstance nothing but what renders visible the highest form—the human.

“ But as the plastic artist prepares the folded fulness of drapery for his figures, to fill up his picture richly and pleasingly, to unite the separated parts—to give play to colors, that charm and quicken the eye—to veil spiritually, and at the same time to reveal the human form ;—so does the tragic poet surround and interweave his strict and measured action and the severe outline of his figures with a lyric robe of luxury, in which as in the ample folds of a royal garment, the free noble character may move with reserved dignity and elevated tranquillity.

“ In the higher organization the material or the elementary must not be visible ; the chemical color vanishes in the delicate carnation of life. But matter also has its dominion and may be taken as such in a creation of art. Yet it must deserve its place by life and fulness and harmony ; and make the form available, instead of oppressing it by its weight.

“ In works of plastic art it is easy to understand this ; but less so in poetry, and in tragic poetry, of which we

speaking here. * * * The chorus in tragedy is in itself no individual, but a general idea ; but this idea is represented by sensible means. The chorus leaves the narrow circle of action, to treat of the past and the future, of distant ages and nations, of man in general ; to draw the great inferences of life ; to utter the lessons of wisdom. But it does this with the full power of fancy ; with a bold lyric freedom, which goes forth with godlike step on the high places of human affairs ; it does it accompanied by the sensible power of rhythm and music, in sound and motion.

“The chorus also *purifies* tragic poetry, because it separates reflection from the action, and even by the separation endows itself with poetic strength ; as the sculptor by a rich drapery changes nakedness into charms and beauty.

“But as the painter is compelled, for the sake of keeping, to heighten the coloring of life, so the lyric majesty of the chorus imposes on the poet the necessity of elevating proportionately the whole language of the poem, to strengthen thereby the power of expression. The chorus only, justifies the tragic poet in this elevation of tone, which thus fills the ear, enlarges the heart, expands the mind. This giant shape on his canvass constrains him to enlarge all his figures, and to give his picture tragic grandeur. Take the chorus away—the language of the tragedy must sink, or what is now grand and powerful, will seem far fetched and overstrained.

“As the chorus brings life to the language, it also brings repose to the action ; a fair and high repose, such as must characterize every noble work of art. For the mind of the spectator must preserve its freedom in the fiercest storm of passion ; it must not be a prey to impression, but ever clear and serene, must judge of the emotion it feels. That for which the common judgment is wont to condemn the chorus—namely, that it disturbs the illusion, and interrupts the power of emotion, is its highest praise ; for it is this very blind power of passion

which the true artist shuns ; it is this illusion, which he scorns to create. If the strokes wherewith tragedy reaches the heart, followed each other without intermission, suffering would triumph over activity ; we should mingle with the material, and no longer soar above it. By the chorus, which steps between the passions with its tranquillizing contemplativeness, our freedom, that would have been lost in the tempest, is restored. Even the tragic characters need this interruption, this repose ; for they are not actual beings, who merely yield to the sway of the moment, and merely represent individuals ; but ideal personages, representations of their race, illustrating the depths of humanity. The presence of the chorus, appearing as a judging witness, controlling by its interference the first outburst of their emotion, gives rise to the thought with which they act, and the dignity with which they speak. They stand in a manner already on a natural theatre, because they speak and act before spectators ; and therefore with more usefulness speak to a public on a theatre of art."

"I have indeed divided the chorus into two parts and brought them into strife with each other ; but this is only when they are to mingle in the action as real persons and as a blind multitude. As a chorus and as an ideal personage—it is ever *one*. I have changed the place ; I have often permitted the chorus to depart ; this liberty Æschylus, the creator of tragedy, allowed himself, and Sophocles, the greatest master of the art.

"Another liberty which I have taken is harder to justify ; I have mingled christianity, paganism, and the Moorish creed. But the scene is in Messina, where all those religions spoke to the sense, either living or in monuments ; and I esteem it a right of the poet to make use of different religions as a collective whole, for the purposes of imagination, in which all that bears its own character, and has its own expression of feeling, finds a place. Under the covering of all religions lies religion itself—the idea of a Deity,—and this it should be per-

mitted to the poet to express in whatever form he at any time finds most convenient or effective."

Those who choose may receive the author's apology for the blending of classical, chivalrous and Moorish customs in this play; but whatever may be thought of the liberties he has taken, it must be conceded that the "*Bride of Messina*" bears the stamp of his admirable genius. "There is in it," says the biographer of Schiller, "a breath of young tenderness and ardor mingled impressively with the feelings of grey haired experience, whose recollections are darkened with melancholy, whose very hopes are chequered and solemn." The two brothers separated from their birth by mutual enmity, whose temporary reconciliation seems unnatural and constrained—the mother, mourning like *Jocasta* over the impending ruin of her house, yet unable to change the implacable decree—the unfortunate sister, consigned to death by her father before she saw the light, to avert the destruction she was doomed to bring on her family, preserved by a mother's tenderness, and unconsciously fulfilling the oracle,—are the only movers on the scene; a hue of gloom is from the beginning thrown over the piece, which heightens the interest; the sorrow of *Isabella*, and her supplications to her hostile sons, have a touching and solemn pathos, hallowed by the very impression of fatality which it is the object of the drama to produce. The dialogue is not animated as in the other plays; but full of reflection, and abounding in long soliloquies; as a French critic observes—the personages love, hate, become jealous, and slay each other, without quitting the sphere of general reflections and of philosophical contemplation.

The character of *Beatrice*, simple, guileless, confiding and affectionate, is conceived in the author's best style, and is worthy to be placed on the same list with his other more brilliant creations. Educated in a remote cloister in seclusion and ignorance of her parentage, she becomes mysteriously acquainted with *Don Manuel*, one of the

hostile brothers, who wins her love as an unknown knight, and persuades her to follow him to the capital. The younger brother, Don Cæsar, who had seen and fallen in love with her at church during the solemnization of his father's funeral rites, discovers her flight to Messina, and comes to claim her hand. The result of this fateful combination of circumstances is inevitable ; and it is in the moment of fancied peace and security—in the warmth of reconciliation and restored confidence, that the blow falls on the devoted family. Each of the brothers reveals to the royal mother the story of his attachment to an unknown fair, and she in her turn promises to enhance the felicity of the day of their nuptials, by presenting them with the long-concealed sister.—The language of this play is in general exquisitely poetical. Take for example the description of the dress of his bride by Don Manuel :

„Come on ! hence will we to the thronged bazaar*
Where the dusk Moor, in bright temptation ranged,
Exhibits all the Morningland can boast
Of wealthy stuffs, and cunning handiwork.
First choose the pliant sandal to defend
And ornament her fairy moulded foot ;
Then for her robe select the subtlest web
From India's loom, clear-glancing like the snow
Of Ætna, that beams nearest to the light ;
And circumfuse it like the dews of morning
Around the taper structure of her limbs.
Of purple be the zone, with crafty threads
Of gold embroidered, which unite the tunic
O'er the coy beauties of her virgin bosom ;—
And choose the mantle glittering with the texture
Of tenderest silk, and like purpurean dye.
Upon her shoulder let a golden locust
Loop its full foldings ; nor forget the clasps
That circle the round marble of her arms ;
Nor the red coral, nor the liquid pearl,
The wondrous gifts of hoary ocean's goddess.
Amid her ringlets wind the diadem
Hewn from the costliest quarries of the mine ;
Wherein the fire effusing ruby's gleam
Shall cross its lightnings with the green smaragdus.

*The translation of the passage here offered is taken from a version of the "*Bride of Messina*" by George Irvine, Esq. London.

Down from her clustered locks let the long veil
 Depending deep, embrace her glittering form.
 And float around it like a cloud of light,
 And with the virgin myrtle's circlet, crown
 The accomplished beauty of her peerless form."

Don Caesar's description of the origin of his passion for Beatrice, in the scene with his mother and brother after their reconciliation, is equally beautiful :

"T was at my father's solemn funeral ;*
 Mixed with the crowd, as well thou know'st, disguised
 Our rank and state, in common weeds we stood :—
 Such orders had thy wise discretion issued,
 Lest our obtrusive hate with wild confusion
 Should mar the solemn order of the rites.
 With gloomy crape was tapestried the vault
 Of the high chapel ;—twenty sculptured cherubs
 With flickering torches stood around the altar
 Fore which the death bier, heaved aloft and shadowed
 By the pall's white embroidered cross,—reposed.
 And on that pall incumbent lay the staff
 Of domination, and the princely crown,
 Fair knighthood's ornament, the golden spurs,
 And with its jewel gleaming zone, the sword.
 All lay in hushed devotion, humbly bending,
 When pealing from aloft, invisible,
 The organ rained its solemn influence down,
 And hundred voiced the holy song began.
 And while the roofs still echoed, the cold bier
 With its supporting platform, slow descended,
 Deep sinking to the unknown world beneath.
 But the vast pall with wide extended folds
 O'ershadowing, hid the sepulchre's dark mouth,
 And on the earth remained the earthly pomp
 Behind, nor followed him that was departing ;
 While on the seraph pinions of the hymn
 The unfettered soul waved upward to high heaven,
 And sought the bosom of eternal mercy !

I call this, mother, back to thy remembrance,
 That thou mayst judge, if in an hour like this,
 One worldly wish could linger in my heart :
 Yet did the mystic power which rules our fate
 Select that moment, on this darkened heart
 To pour young love's first radiance ; how it happened
 In vain I ask myself !

ISABELLA.

Say on, and tell
 Thy tale to its conclusion.

* From Mr Irvine's Translation.

DON CÆSAR.

Whence she came,
 Or how she came, I know not ;—as I turned
 My eyes, I found her standing by my side,
 And sudden in my being's core I felt
 The power of her near presence ; it was not
 The witching magic of her gentle smile,
 Nor the warm charm that hovered on her cheek,
 No—nor the splendor of her godlike form,
 That shed their holy influence on my heart.
 There was no sound of words ; our souls did seem
 To fuse in mystic union as my breath
 Mingled with hers—she was a stranger—yet
 I felt she was my nearest, dearest friend,
 And the fixed thought flashed into instant birth—
 “ Her must I love—or no one else on earth ! ”

DON MANUEL (*eagerly.*)

There shone the holy spark of heaven's own light,
 Which searching to the centre fires the soul,
 When hearts meet hearts, and with resistless might
 Freedom, and choice, and thought, and will, control.
 Man cannot loose the magnet chain that round
 Those born to bless each other, Heaven hath bound.
 My brother's charmed eloquence dispels
 The cloud that on my mind's veiled vision dwells ;
 His subtler terms my shapeless thoughts define,
 And his heart utters all that glows in mine ! ”

The scene in which the brothers discover their unconscious rivalry, though it contains no favorable specimen of the poetry of the piece, exhibits more action than any other. Beatrice has been terrified by the avowal Don Cæsar's passion, and the sight of his servants, the Chorus, in whose charge he has left her ; it is in the midst of her alarm that Don Manuel arrives ; from the interview with his mother he has been awakened to suspicion of her relationship to him.

BEATRICE. DON MANUEL.

BEATRICE (*throwing herself into his arms.*)

'Tis he ! I have thee once again ! Ah cruel !
 Long—long hast thou here suffered me to languish !
 A prey to fear—to all that's terrible !
 No more of that ! I have thee ! In those arms
 Is shelter and protection from all danger.
 Come : they are gone ; we now have time for flight ;
 Away—we must not lose a single moment !

(*Tries to draw him away: then looking earnestly at him.*)

What is the matter? so reserved and solemn
Receivest thou me? withdrawest from mine arms,
As thou wouldst rather cast me from thee quite!
I should not know thee thus! Is this Don Manuel
My lord—mine own beloved?

MANUEL.

Beatrice!

BEATRICE.

No—speak not—now is not the time for words!
We must away—away with speed! the moment
Is precious.

MANUEL.

Stay and answer me!

BEATRICE.

Hence, hence,
Ere those wild men come back!

MANUEL.

Nay—stay! those men
Shall never harm us.

BEATRICE.

O you know them not!
Come—let us fly!

MANUEL.

Protected by mine arm
What can you fear?

BEATRICE.

O there are mighty men,
Believe me, here!

MANUEL.

None mightier, love, than I,

BEATRICE.

Thou 'gainst so many—and alone?

MANUEL.

Alone?
Those men who fright thee thus—

BEATRICE.

You know them not—
You know not *whom* they serve!

MANUEL.

Yes—~~me~~ they serve!
I am their ruler.

BEATRICE.

Thou?—a fear glides through me!

MANUEL.

Learn then at last to know me—Beatrice.
I am not what I seem—not the poor knight,
The unknown—who had only love to offer
Wooing thy love. Nay—who in truth I am,
What power, what race is mine—I have concealed.

BEATRICE.

Thou'rt not Don Manuel! Woe is me! who art thou?

MANUEL.

I am Don Manuel; yet I am the highest
Who bears that name within the realm. I am
Manuel—prince of Messina.

BEATRICE.

Thou art Manuel

Don Cæsar's brother?

MANUEL.

Don Cæsar is my brother!

BEATRICE.

He is your brother?

MANUEL.

How! doth that affright thee?

Know'st thou Don Cæsar? Know'st thou any *other*
Of kin to me?

BEATRICE.

You are Don Manuel!

Who lived in feud and hatred with your brother!

MANUEL.

We're reconciled! today hence are we brothers,
Not in blood merely—in affection too.

BEATRICE.

You're reconciled—today?

MANUEL.

Tell me, what is't

That thus disturbs thee? Know'st thou of our house
More than the name? or know I all thy secret?
Hast thou reserved nought—or of nought been silent?

BEATRICE.

What think you? What could I have to confess?

MANUEL.

You have yet told me nothing of your mother:
Who is she? Would you know, should I describe her?
If I should show her to you?

BEATRICE.

Do you know her,
Know her and hide it from me?

MANUEL.

Woe is me,
Woe to thee! if I know her!

BEATRICE.

O she is
Gracious and kind, as is the light of the sun!
I see her now! Remembrance lives again!
Out of my spirit's depth the godlike image
Starts up before me. Her brown locks I see
In ringlets shade her white and lovely neck:
I see the high arch of her noble brow;
The bright glance of her dark and speaking eyes
The music of her voice, so full of soul,
Comes back to me—

MANUEL.

Alas—'t is *her* she paints!

BEATRICE.

And I have fled from her? I could forsake her?
E'en on the morning of the day, perhaps
That should unite us—and eternally;—
O, even my mother have I given for thee!

MANUEL.

Messina's princess shall thy mother be;
To her I lead thee, for she doth expect thee.

BEATRICE.

What do I hear! Your mother and Don Caesar's!
Take me to her? O never—never!

MANUEL.

How!
You shudder—what can mean this strange alarm!
Is she—my mother—then, no stranger to you?

BEATRICE.

Ah me! unblest and sad discovery!
O had I never seen this day!

MANUEL.

What can
Disturb thee—now thou knowest me, and findest
The Prince is the Unknown?

BEATRICE.

O give me back
My unknown! on some island's desert waste
Could I with him be happy!

CEAR (*without.*)

Back! what means

This crowd here?

BEATRICE.

God! that voice—where shall I hide me?

MANUEL.

Know you that voice? No—you have never heard it,
And cannot know it.

BEATRICE.

Let us fly—come hence!

O tarry not!

MANUEL.

And wherefore fly! It is
My brother's voice, who seeks me; yet I marvel
Sooth, how he knew—

BEATRICE.

By all the saints of Heaven
I pray thee, meet him not in his fierce rage!

MANUEL.

Beloved,
Fear hath bewildered thee; thou heardest me not—
We are brothers—reconciled!

BEATRICE.

Sweet Heaven—save me
From this dread hour!

MANUEL.

What dreadful doubt possesses
My shuddering soul? Is't possible, that voice
Was not strange to her?—Beatrice—saw you—
It frights me to ask further!—saw you, Beatrice,
My father's funeral rites?

BEATRICE.

Ah, woe is me!

MANUEL.

Were you then present?

BEATRICE.

Be not angry with me!

MANUEL.

Unhappy girl, you were!

BEATRICE.

Yes—I was present.

MANUEL.

Horror!

BEATRICE.

The ardent wish o'erpowered me ;
 Forgive me ! I confessed to thee my thought,
 But suddenly thou grew'st so grave and gloomy,
 I held my peace. Yet know I not what power
 Of evil star impelled me with desire
 Invincible ; I could not but yield to it !
 The aged servant lent me his assistance ;
 I disobeyed thee, love, and went !

(She clings to him while DON CESAR enters, accompanied by the Chorus.)

SECOND CHORUS (to Don Cesar.)

You would not
 Believe us—now believe your own eyes !

CESAR.

'T is
 The fiend's delusion ! What—she in his arms !
(Coming nearer to Manuel.)
 Venomous serpent ! This then is your love !
 For this with guileful friendship you 've deceived me !
 O 't was a voice of God—my hate ! Down, down
 To hell—false miscreant ! *(Stabs him.)*

MANUEL.

I am dying !—Beatrice !

O brother——

(Falls and dies ; BEATRICE sinks down in a swoon beside him.)

The chant of the chorus preceding the bier of Don Manuel, when his corpse is borne into the presence of his mother, is poetical and solemn. Even a prose translation will not quite deprive it of its beauty.

"Through the streets of the cities misfortune strides, followed by lamentation ; he creepeth lurkingly round the habitations of men, knocking today at one door, tomorrow at another, but sparing none. The unwelcome, woful messenger, sooner or later, passes each threshold, where the living dwells.

(BERENGAR.)

"When the leaves fall in the prescribed season, when the feeble old man descends into the tomb, nature obeys in peace her ancient laws, her eternal usage, and man feels no horror !—It is calamity unforeseen, in earthly life,—which doth affright him. With hand of violence, the murderer severs the holiest ties, and Death carries away swiftly, in his Stygian bark, the blooming and vigorous youth !

[(CAJETAN.)

"When the piled up clouds gloom the heavens, when the thunder


peals from their abyss, all hearts feel the terrible power of Destiny; but also from the unclouded height, may kindled lightnings descend, and in the frolic feastday, tremble at the mischievous approach of disaster! Let not thy heart cleave to the good that adorns the pathway of life. If thou dost enjoy, learn to lose; if fortune is with thee—bethink thee of sorrow!"

When the circle of terrible discoveries is complete, when the wretched mother learns that one of her sons has fallen by the hand of the other, when the surviving brother sees in his crime the fulfilment of the awful destiny which had decreed the fall of his house, and resolves to immolate himself beside his victim's bier—how touching is his reply to the supplications of his mother and sister, that he should live for them! "Envy poisoned my youth" he says, "while yet equally we shared your love. Think you, I could support the preference your sorrow gives my brother over me? Death has a consecrating power; in his indestructible palace is what is mortal changed to pure and brilliant crystal, and the stains of weak humanity are effaced. High as the stars above the earth, would he tower above me in your heart; and the ancient enmity which divided us in life, while we were equal, would revive to gnaw my bosom without rest."

Jealousy of the dead, Madame de Stael observes with truth and beauty, "is a sentiment full of delicacy and nature. Who may triumph over sorrow for the lost? Can the living form rival the beauty of the celestial image which a departed friend has left in our heart?—Where lives the beloved on earth, so dearly enshrined as this in the sanctuary of our spirit? Who, among the happy of this world, is bound to us so closely as the remembrance of the friend who is no more?"

WILHELM TELL.

WILHELM TELL is the last of Schiller's tragedies, and unquestionably one of his very best. Bearing more clearly than any of its predecessors, the stamp of his matured intellect, it exhibits the complete triumph of art over a subject which, though stirring and exciting, seems at the first glance scarcely adapted for dramatic effort. The discontent of a brave people groaning under the yoke of oppression, their indignation exasperated by wrongs heaped on wrongs, till it becomes desperate resolution, the diffusion of the spirit of revolt, its ripening, outbreak, and final triumph,—form indeed a noble theme for the pen of the historian ; but the action is necessarily too wide in its range, too much distributed among many interlocutors, to admit of being easily comprehended in a dramatic picture. Yet without fulfilling the demands of the admirers of regularity in composition for unity of action, without attempting in a legitimate manner to develop the incidents in reference to a single purpose, or to concentrate the interest—without even seeking to establish an adequate connexion between the different parts of his piece—Schiller, by skilfully seizing points which would probably have been neglected by an inferior genius, and by the force of his delineation of **CHARACTER**, has produced a powerful impression ; has succeeded in riveting our interest, in disarming criticism, and in placing this tragedy in the foremost rank of modern compositions. There is no instance within my recollection, wherein the power of this great art, the art of portraying character,



to create deep interest, is so clearly shown ; wherein its power to cover all other defects is so strikingly and so triumphantly exemplified. We find ourselves among a nation of rude and humble mountaineers ; there is no picturesque exhibition of suffering, no high wrought declamations against tyranny, no eloquent appeals nor poetry in their complaints to move the imagination, as might be looked for in commonplace representations of a republican conspiracy. We see them oppressed by the arm of power ; we see them suffer with a sturdy and sullen patience, under which is nourished a deep-rooted hatred of tyranny, and stern determination to regain their honest freedom ; the murmurs of resentment are heard indeed, but they are brief and uttered in secret. The leaders meet at night to confirm their resolution by concerted plans for their country's deliverance ; their talk is of the simple right bequeathed them by their peasant sires ; it is vindicated by no trains of philosophic reasoning, nor bursts of dazzling oratory ; each brave spirit feels within himself the charter of his freedom. The everlasting mountains around them, hallowed by sacred remembrances, the only records of their liberties, bear witness to their solemn oath—

“ We will be free, even as our fathers were ;
Will rather die than live in slavery ! ”

There is a grandeur about these peasant patriots—the simple grandeur of nature ; but in proportion to its impressive simplicity it is difficult to paint in fiction. The casual reader may perhaps imagine that the work required no great effort of genius, from the apparent ease with which it is accomplished ; but a deeper examination will convince him of his error, and reveal the perfection of art which conceals itself. The more elaborate charms of poetry are here useless ; her spirit must indeed embellish the picture, but she must lower herself to the homeliness of the subject, which will admit no extrinsic ornament. Nor can the interest arise from exhibitions of passion ;

deep and straight forward and quiet, flows the stream of their feeling ; it follows no " valley's playful windings," nor betrays itself by impatient brawlings. None but a poet of the first order could have drawn faithfully, yet pleasingly, the characters of these untutored " children of the wild ;" could have shed thus brightly the sunshine of genius over their mountain life, adorning without injuring the genuine beauty of truth. An inferior mind might have invested these rude forms with the splendid habiliments of poetry ; but the unwonted garments would have sate uneasily on their limbs, clogging and restraining their efforts, instead of lending an airy grace to each free movement. Another would have made them talk in tropes, as unintelligible to the honest herdsmen of Schwitz, and Uri, and Unterwalden, as to their flocks ; Schiller has never over-painted the lineaments of nature. Delineated by few yet graphic touches, his pictures are likenesses at once to be recognized. He alone, of all poets who have handled this subject, understood the strength of true genius,—the secret—

" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

He alone knew the height, and depth, and breadth of his art ; knew how to paint truth that could speak at once from soul to soul. To say that he represented nature, is not enough ; his beings are the very creations of nature—produced in the mind of the author by a process corresponding to her own. As has been observed of Scott's characters, we might deem, while gazing on them, as on the statue in the Winter's Tale, that " the veins did verily bear blood ;" the life " seems warm upon their lips ;" " the fixture of their eyes hath motion in it ;" " an air comes from them"—and the fine chisel has " cut breath."

Schiller's own theory is illustrated and in a measure vindicated, in the present drama. In writing the pieces preceding it—in *Wallenstein* and others, the author, newly risen from the study of the transcendental philosophy, has

carried its abstract subtleties into the criticism by whose principles he regulated his poetical labors. The first effect of such a course was, as he himself confesses, detrimental to the self-impelling force of genius ; the living glow, the " fine frenzy " he had felt in composition before he began to work by line and precept, grew cold before the aspect of theories in idealism. He "*saw* himself create and form ;" and his inspired fancy, feeling herself watched, no longer moved with her accustomed ease and freedom. Yet the noble mind of our poet was undismayed by this discouraging consciousness ; he did not shrink from the enterprise, but continued to trust for aid to his investigations in æsthetic metaphysics, hoping ultimately " to advance so far, that *art* should become a second *nature* ;" when the powers of imagination should regain their wonted freedom. This hope was realized, so far as the imperfection of human nature will admit, in
WILHELM TELL.

The power and effect with which the action and the scene are represented in this tragedy, equal that shown in the portraiture of individual or national character. The incidents are faithful to history ; a nation is here made a dramatic personage. " Alpine life in all its length and breadth is placed before us ; from the feudal halls of Attinghausen, to Ruodi, the Fisher of the Luzern lake, and Armgart—"

" The poor wild hayman of the Rigiberg,
 Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss
 To mow the common grass from craggy shelves,
 And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb."

—" Physical and moral grandeur are united ; yet both are the unadorned grandeur of Nature. There are the lakes and green valleys beside us, the Schreckhorn, the Jungfrau, and their sister peaks, with their avalanches and their palaces of ice, all glowing in the southern sun ; and dwelling among them are a race of manly husband-

men, heroic without ceasing to be homely—poetical without ceasing to be genuine.”*

The vivid and picturesque coloring shed over the play transports the imagination at once into the midst of those celebrated scenes. The very first impression is one of wild sublimity; we breathe the air of the Alps. The scene is on a high, rocky shore; farms and meadows, smiling in the sunshine, are visible; farther off the snow-capped peaks of the Hacken, and the shining glaciers. The national air of the Swiss, the *Ranz des Vaches*, comes to our ears mingled with the tinkling of bells from the wandering herds. The fisherboy is idly singing in his boat; we hear the melodious chant of the herdsman upon the mountain; while the lay of the Alpine hunter, from his giddy height among the fields of ice, whence he has no glimpse of the sea, or the hamlets, or the green fields, save through the rifts of the clouds beneath him—is faintly distinguished. An exhilarating breath of freshness and freedom diffuses itself around us; we feel that all should be grand, and unfettered, and glorious, in harmony with the eternal glories of nature. The shouts of the herdsmen to each other, their eager directions to secure their cattle against the approaching tempest, their conversation heard amid the gusts of the rising storm, possess us with the reality of peasant life among the Alps. The whole of the first scene is inimitable; and complete, inasmuch as it furnishes us with the first glimpse into the character of Tell himself. The greatness of soul of this mountain patriot is native and unadulterated; he is indebted for his superiority to no scholastic precepts, or finespun theoretical processes. He is honest, generous, and noble-minded; amiable in the relations of life; of a spirit whose very being is the love of freedom. His wife says of him, when she learns the news of his captivity—

* See the Life of Friedrich Schiller.

“ — As the Alpine rose
Grows pale, and withers in the air o’ the fen,
There is for him no life but in the light
Of the clear sun—the free and balmy breeze.
A prisoner—he?—his very breath is freedom !”

Born and reared among the mountains, he has all the sturdy fearlessness of his bold countrymen, exhibited, however, in prompt and decisive action, not in the wordy declamation of modern heroes of romance. He is earnest and reflective, yet he does not occupy the attention by reflection or reasoning ; as he listens to his friends, or walks the highway with his son, we perceive, though he is silent, that his mind is at work, and that he partakes in the feelings of his fellow yeomen. In this unpretending reserve he differs from most of Schiller’s heroes, who indulge too often in speeches exhibiting their general reflections on passing incidents. Had the author written this tragedy before *Don Carlos*, he would probably have made Tell the orator of the mountaineers, declaiming in good set phrase against the tyranny of Gessler, exhorting his fellow peasants to insurrection, and himself heading the conspiracy. But a higher effort of art was before the matured mind of the poet.

By minute and imperceptible touches, by colors softened and blended into each other with exquisite skill, the finished picture is presented to us ; we cannot trace the progress of the artist’s pencil, we cannot show how such wonders have been wrought ; we can only admire his plastic power, as the living reality stands before us. To individualize such a conception, the poet must work like nature, painting from a genuine model in his own mind, not designating his portrait by outward resemblances.

As I observed—the appearance of Tell in the first scene impresses us with the most striking traits in his character—benevolence, promptness and activity of spirit, courage that seeks not for applause and is unconscious of a wish for it.—A countryman who has slain one of Gessler’s servants in defence of his domestic honor, pur-

sued by the soldiers, rushes among the herdsmen, and implores the aid of the fishermen to convey him to the opposite shore. The storm is raging with fearful violence, and the fisherman refuses to undertake the risk of putting out upon the lake. The scene proceeds—

“KUONI.

Quick—ferryman—give the honest man a passage?

RUODI.

Go not. A fearful storm is coming on.
You must wait.

BAUMGARTEN.

God! I cannot wait! Delay
Is fatal.

KUONI (*to the fisherman.*)

Trust in God. We must help our neighbor,
The like may chance to all of us.

RUODI.

You see
How the sea swells; no—no—I cannot steer
’Gainst storm and waves!

BAUMGARTEN (*embracing his knees.*)

May God have mercy on you
As you now pity me!

KUONI.

He is a father—
Hath wife and children!
(*Repeated peals of thunder.*)

RUODI.

I too have a life
To lose; a wife and children—even as he—
Lo! yonder—how the raging waves rush upward,
Then down in whirlpools—delving up the deep!
Most gladly would I save the Biederman;
But ’t is impossible—you see, yourself.

BAUMGARTEN.

Then must I fall into my enemy’s hands,
The shore of safety in my very sight?
Yonder it lies! Mine eyes can reach it—ay,
The sound of my voice. And here too, is the boat
To bear me thither—yet here must I lie,
Helpless—despairing!

KUONI.

Ha—who is it comes!

WERNI.

'T is Tell—from Burgli.

TELL (*with his bow.*)

Who is the man,
That asks for help?

KUONI.

It is a man of Alzel,
He has slain Wolfenschiess, the castellain,
Defending his own honor; and the soldiers
Are in pursuit. He begs a passage hence,
The ferryman fears the storm and will not go.

RUODI.

That is Tell; he hath much skill at the helm;
He'll bear me witness, if 'tis possible.
(*Loud thunder; the waves dash furiously.*)
Shall I plunge headlong in the jaws o' the abyss?
None would do that who had his reason with him!

TELL.

The brave man thinketh last upon himself;
Trust in God—save the oppressed!

RUODI.

Ay, in safe port
'T is easy to give counsel. There's the boat—
Yonder the sea—Try it!

TELL.

The sea may pity—
The Landvogt will not. Try it—ferryman!

HERDSMEN and HUNTSMAN.

Save him! O save him—save him!

RUODI.

Were 't my brother,
Or mine own child—it is impossible!

TELL.

With idle talk we shall do nothing here;
The moment presses—and he must have help.
Speak—ferryman—will you venture?

RUODI.

No—not I!

TELL.

In God's name—then!—give me the boat! I will
Essay my feeble strength.

KUONI.

Ha!—noble Tell!

BAUGARTEN.

You are my saviour and my angel—Tell !

TELL.

I can but save you from the Landvogt's power ;
 From the storm's fury must another save ;
 Yet it is better in God's hand to fall
 Than man's !

(To the herdsmen.)

My countrymen—I trust to you
 My wife—if aught befall me. I have done
 But what I could not help. *(leaps into the boat.)*

* * *
WERNI *(from the rock.)*

His strokes are brave ; God help thee—gallant oarsman !
 See how the skiff rocks on the billow's top.

* * *
KUONI *(on the shore.)*

The flood goes over ; I can see 't no more !
 Yet hold—'t is there again ! Right skilfully
 The gallant Tell labors against the tempest !"

* * *
ACT I. SCENE I.

Tell takes no part in the meeting of the patriots, and the conspiracy, that occupies the first two acts of the piece ; he is not a tragedy hero, but a bold and honest mountaineer, who meddles not in political affairs, and is roused to resist the pressure of tyranny only when it disturbs the course of his peaceful domestic life. He sets forth no political opinions ; ' wild and independent as the chamois of his mountains, he lives free, but occupies himself not with the right he has to be so.' He is a proper representation of those stalworth sons of Helvetia, humble and gentle in their habits and manners, friends to quiet and peace, yet terrible when oppression rouses in their bosoms the feelings their ordinary rustic life does not awaken. This is a new and worthy conception of the character of the peasant hero. Tell does not brave the power of Gessler ; his disobedience to the order of the Austrian Vogt arises merely from inadvertence and ignorance, and on this he grounds his defence.

We may notice in passing the strong interest maintained in the other personages, who are individualized and delineated with masterly skill. Rosselman, Melchthal,

Stauffacher, Fürst, and the men of Unterwalden, have a bodily presence, as it were, and command sympathy, for they are made kin to us by the universal tie. The numerous actors do not pass over the scene in monotonous procession; each has a peculiar, though a limited part to play. The scene between the aged Attinghausen and Rudenz is fine in itself, and well contrasted with the succeeding one, where the rustic patriots meet among the rocks beneath the open sky, to resolve upon the liberation of their country. Each is bound to the great cause by the remembrance of injury to himself, his kindred, or his friends. We are constrained to sympathize in the emotion of Melchthal, when he learns his father had been deprived of sight by order of the tyrant.

"O, a noble gift of Heaven is sight!
 All nature lives on light—each happy creature!
 The very plants turn joyful to the light!
 And he—yet feeling—he must walk in darkness,
 In everlasting gloom; refreshed no more
 By the warm green, or the enamelled flowers!
 He can no more behold the glowing skies!
 To die is nothing—but to live and see not,
 O that is misery! Wherefore look you on me
 So piteously? I have two unburnt eyes,
 Yet can I give none to my blind old father,
 Not e'en a glimmer from the sea of light,
 That lustrous, dazzling, presses on mine eyes!"

STAUFFACHER.

Alas! and I must add unto your grief
 Instead of healing it! He needs yet more!
 The Landvogt hath despoiled him of all;
 Nought has he left him save his staff—and blind
 And naked, wanders he from door to door!"

The third act opens with a beautiful picture of Tell's rustic cottage; but he soon departs to more stirring scenes, carrying with him the boy who preferred sharing his toil to remaining with his mother. The scene of his far famed exploit with the arrow has all the simplicity of an ancient chronicle.

GESSLER.

Is that thy boy—Tell?

TELL.

Ay, my noble lord.

GESSLER.

Hast thou more children ?

TELL.

But two boys—my lord.

GESSLER.

Which is he whom thou lovest best ?

TELL.

My lord,

Both children are alike endeared to me.

GESSLER.

Now—if thou hitt'st the apple on the tree
 At a hundred paces, so shalt thou approve
 Thy skill before me : take thy crossbow—Tell ;
 Thou hast it in thy hand ; now make thee ready
 To shoot an apple, Tell, from the boy's head.
 Yet I will counsel thee, aim well, that thou
 Dost hit it at the first shot ; if thou failest,
 Thy head is forfeit. (*All give signs of dismay.*)

TELL.

What a monster think you me !

Aim at my own child's head ? No—no—my lord !
 That was not in your thought. The gracious God
 Forbid !—in earnest you could never ask
 That of a father !

GESSLER.

Thou shalt shoot the apple
 From the boy's head ! I do require—command it !

TELL.

I—send the arrow towards his darling head—
 My own child's head ? No—I will rather die !

GESSLER.

Thou shalt shoot, or thou diest with the boy.

TELL.

Become the murderer of my son ! My lord,
 You have no children ; know not what's the feeling
 Within a father's heart.

GESSLER.

Ha ! Tell—so sudden

Art thoughtful ? I was told thou wast a dreamer,
 And ever shunnedst the ways of other men.
 Thou lov'st the strange—so have I chosen for thee
 A venture strange. Another well would ponder :
 Thou ever preessest to the enterprise
 And boldly grasp'st it.

BERTHA.

Jest not, noble sir,
With these poor people. See them, pale and trembling;
So strange to them is pastime from your lips.

GESSLER.

Who says I jest?

(Breaks an apple from a branch of the tree above him.)

Here is the apple—lo!

Make room; give him the necessary distance;

I give him eighty steps—not more nor less:

'T is said he'll hit his man at a full hundred.

Now, archer, shoot—and fail not of the mark!

RUDOLPH.

God! he's in earnest! Boy, down on thy knees,
And pray the Landvogt for thy life.

FURST (apart to MELCHTHAL, who can hardly restrain his impatience.)

Keep back!

I pray you—hold you quiet!

BERTHA.

This suffice—

Sir! 't is inhuman with a father's pain

To sport. If this poor man has forfeited

His life through his small fault—God knoweth—he

Hath suffered—ay—tenfold the pangs of death.

Dismiss him to his home unhurt; he has learned

To know you; this hour, with his children's children,

He will remember.

GESSLER.

Open quick the way!

Wherefore delay? Thy life is forfeit—Tell.

I could command thy death; but graciously

I lay thy fate in thy own skilful hand;

Sure *he* can ne'er complain of a hard sentence

Who's made the master of his destiny.

Thou boastest of thy sure eye—well—'t is now

The time to prove thy skill;—the mark is worthy,

The prize is great. * * *

FURST (falling at his feet.)

Lord governor! we all do own your greatness:

Let favor go for right! take half my goods,

Take all—but spare a father this dread penalty.

WALTER TELL.

Grandfather, kneel not unto that false man.

Tell me, where shall I stand? I'm not afraid:

My father hits the bird upon the wing—

He will not fail—nor harm me.

WILHELM TELL.

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STAUFFACHER.

O, sir Landvogt,

Are you not moved to avenge the innocent child?

MELCHTHAL.

O think, there is a God in Heaven, to whom
You must account this deed!

GENÈRE (pointing to the boy.)

Let him be bound
To yonder Enden.

WALTER TELL.

Bind me? no—I'll not
Be bound: I will be quiet as a lamb,
And scarce draw breath: but if you bind me—say—
I cannot—I would struggle 'gainst the bonds.

EDOLPH.

Let me but bind your eyes.

WALTER TELL.

Wherefore mine eyes?
Fear I the arrow from my father's hand?
I will stand quietly, nor move a twinkle.
Quick, father;—show him you are skilled to shoot;
He does not credit it; he would destroy us;
To vex the tyrant, shoot—and hit the mark!
(He goes to the tree; the apple is placed on his head.)

MELCHTHAL (to the peasants.)

What! shall this villainy before our eyes
Be acted? Where to have we sworn?

STAUFFACHER.

'T is vain;
We have no weapons; see the forest of lances
Around us!

MELCHTHAL.

O, had we with ready deeds
Fulfilled the enterprise! God pardon those
Who craved delay!

TELL (bends his bow, and places the arrow.)

Open the way—place!

STAUFFACHER.

What, Tell!—you will do it?
No—your hand shakes—you tremble—your knees totter!

TELL (lets the bow sink.)

All swims before my sight!

WOMEN.

O God in Heaven!

TELL.

Spare me the shot ;—here is my heart ;—call now
Your soldiers hither ; strike me down !

GESSLER.

I want not

Thy life—I'll have the shot ! Thou canst do all !
Despair'st at nothing ! Skillful at the helm
As with the bow ; no tempest, Tell, affrights thee,
If thou canst save ;—now, saviour, help thyself !

(TELL remains in terrible agitation, rolling his eyes now on Gessler, now upward to heaven. Suddenly he seizes his quiver, takes out a second arrow and puts it in his bosom. The Landvogt observes his movements.)

WALTER TELL *(from the tree.)*

Shoot—father—I fear not!

(While BERTHA throws herself between RUDENZ and the Landvogt, TELL has shot.)

ROSSELMANN.

The boy lives!

MANY VOICES.

He has hit the apple!

(FURST totters and is ready to fall. BERTHA holds him.)

GESSLER.

How!

The madman! He has shot—

BERTHA.

The boy doth live!

Come to yourself—good father?

WALTER TELL *(comes with the apple.)*

Father, here,

Here is the apple. I knew well, my father,

You would not harm your boy!

(TELL stands with body bent forward,—the bow drops from his hand—when he sees the boy coming he hastens to meet him with open arms, and clasps him with ardor to his breast ; then sinks back as if overcome. All are moved.)

BERTHA.

O gracious Heaven!

FURST.

Children—my children!

STAUFFACHER.

God be praised!

LEUTHOLD.

That was
A shot! It shall be told of to all time.

RANDOLPH.

Men shall relate with wonder Tell's exploit,
So long as stand yon mountains on their base.
(*Reaches the apple to the Landvogt.*)

GESSLER.

The apple pierced through the middle—as I live!
It was a mastershot—and I must praise it.

[ROSSELMANN.

The shaft sped well—yet woe to him who urged it—
For he hath tempted God!

STAUFFACHER.

Collect yourself;
Tell,—up! You've manfully acquitted you,
And may depart in freedom to your home.

ROSSELMANN.

Come—and restore the boy unto his mother!

GESSLER.

Tell—listen!

TELL (*coming back.*)

What are your commands—my lord?

GESSLER.

You took a second arrow from your quiver;
Yes—yes—I saw it well;—what did that mean?

TELL (*embarrassed.*)

Sir—it was needed for the shot.

GESSLER.

Not so,
Tell—nor shall such an answer aught avail thee.
Speak the truth freely, Tell, and openly;
Whate'er it be, I do assure thy life.
What meant the second arrow?

TELL.

Since my life
You have assured me, I will speak the truth.

(*He draws the arrow from his bosom, and fixes a terrible look on the Landvogt.*)

This second shaft had been aimed—at *your* breast—
Had I destroyed my child; and surely this
Would not have failed to reach the mark.

GESSLER.

"T is well !

I promised thee thy life—my knightly word
Is pledged, and shall be kept; yet since I know
Thy evil thought—I'll have thee led, and guarded,
Where neither moon nor sun shall shine upon thee;
So I may be securer from thy shafts.
Arrest him—soldiers—bind him !

(TELL is bound.)

STAUFFACHER.

How—my lord !

Can you thus treat a man for whom God's hand
Hath wrought so visibly ?

GESSLER.

"T is well—we'll see

If He a second time will save him. Ho !
Take him into my vessel. I will follow
Quickly : I'll carry him myself to Kussnacht.

ROSSELMANN.

You cannot do it—e'en the emperor could not !
Our charter doth forbid !

GESSLER.

Where is the charter ?

Has the emperor confirmed it ? He has not !
This grace must by obedience first be gained,
But you are traitors to the emperor's right,
All—and ye cherish daring insurrection.
I know you all—I see through all of you :
I take a traitor from your midst, yet you
Are all partaking in his guilt ; who is prudent
Learn to be silent and obey !

(He retires ; BERTHA, RUDENS, HARRAS and Soldiers follow ;
FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD remain.)

FURST (in the deepest anguish.)

"T is o'er ;

He has resolved to ruin me—and all
My house !

STAUFFACHER.

O why would you thus tempt his fury ?

TELL.

Let him control himself—who felt my woe !

STAUFFACHER.

O now is all—all lost ! With you we all
Are fettered—dungeoned !

PEOPLE (*crowding round Tell.*)

Ah—we lose with you

Our last reliance !

LEUTHOLD (*approaching.*)

Tell—it grieves me—yet

I must obey.

TELL.

Farewell !

WALTER TELL (*clinging to him.*)

O, father—father—

O my dear father !

TELL (*pointing to heaven.*)

Yonder is thy Father—

Call upon Him—above !

STAUFFACHER.

Have you a message,

Tell, for your wife—that I may bear to her ?

TELL (*clasping his son to his bosom.*)

The boy's unhurt—God will send aid to me !"

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Tell, bound, is in the same vessel with Gessler, on the lake of Lucerne in the midst of a storm ; the tyrant, at his alarm, orders his fetters to be removed, and the helm confided to him ; Tell nears the rocks, and succeeds in making his escape, and climbing the steep cliff. Another of the wild and beautiful scenes in which this play abounds, is found at the opening of the fourth act—here a fisherman and his boy watch from a distance the approach of the vessel.

BOY.

“Hear you the noise above upon the mountain ?

They have discerned a vessel, sure—in danger—

And pull the alarm bell ! (*Goes up an eminence.*)

FISHERMAN.

Woe, woe to the vessel

That now lies cradled in those frightful rifts.

There is the helm worth nothing—nor the helmsman ;

The storm is master ; winds and waves contend

For their toy—man !* Around him—far or near

* In the original—

——“Wind und Welle spielen
Ball mit dem menschen—”

No harbor offers him a friendly shelter !
 With stern and rugged front uprising—stand
 Before his face the inhospitable rocks,
 Their chafed and stony breasts confronting him !

BOY.

Father—a vessel comes from Fluelen hither !

FISHERMAN.

God help the crew ! when once the storm takes hold
 In these wild gulfs, it rages like the lion
 That furious smites his iron prison bars !
 It seeks an outlet, howling but in vain ;
 For all around the rocks do close it in,
 That high as heaven wall up the narrow pass.
(Goes up the height.)

BOY.

It is the Landvogt's boat from Uri, father,
 I know it by the red roof and the flag !

FISHERMAN.

Allrighteous Heaven ! Yes—'t is he himself !
 The Landvogt—whom he bears ;—yonder he sails,
 And bears his crimes, too, in the vessel with him :—
 Swift hath the Avenger's arm o'ertaken him ;—
 Now must he own a mightier Lord ! Those waves
 Give to his voice no heed : those stubborn rocks
 Bow not their heads before his lordship's hat !
 Boy—do not pray ! stay not the Judge's arm !

BOY.

I pray not for the Governor—I pray
 For Tell ;—for he is with him in the vessel !

FISHERMAN.

O the unreasoning, blind elements !
 One guilty man to punish—must destruction
 Swallow the vessel—and the helmsman too !

BOY.

See, see--they 've passed the Buggisgrat in safety,
 Yet the storm's rage, repelled from Teufelsmunster,
 Doth drive them back on the great Axenberg.
 I see them now no more !

FISHERMAN.

There 's the Haekmesser,
 Fatal ere this unto so many a craft !
 If they steer not with nicest caution past it,
 She will be dashed to pieces in the vortex
 Delving into the deep. She has on board
 A skilful helmsman ;—if man's arm can save her,
 'T is Tells ; and yet his arms and hands are fettered !

(TELL, with his bow, comes up with hasty steps; looks around him bewildered, and shows violent emotion. When he has reached the middle of the scene, he falls prostrate, spreading his hands to the ground and then raising them towards heaven.)

BOY.

See, father—who is he that's kneeling yonder?

FISHERMAN.

He grasps the earth—and seems like one distraught!

BOY (advancing.)

What see I? Father—father—come and see!

FISHERMAN (comes nearer.)

Who is it: God in Heaven! What! 'T is Tell!

How came you here? Speak!

BOY.

Were you not but now

In yonder vessel, prisoner, and bound?

FISHERMAN.

Were you not borne to Küssnacht?

TELL.

I am freed!

FISHERMAN and BOY.

Freed! O God's miracle!

BOY.

Whence come you here?

TELL.

Out of the vessel yonder.

BOY.

Where is the Landvogt?

TELL.

Driving o'er the waves.

FISHERMAN.

Is 't possible? But you—how are you here?

How have you 'scaped the tempest and your fetters?

TELL.

Through God's great mercy. Listen!

BOTH.

Speak! O speak!"

From the day on which the Austrian tyrant forced him to risk the destruction of his child by his own hand, a

gloomy and unwonted spirit has taken possession of Tell ; he has resolved on the accomplishment of a deed which is to revenge his wrong and secure the safety of his family. He has not for his end the enfranchisement of his country from a foreign yoke ; he pretends not to judge “ whether Austria ought, or ought not to govern the Swiss ;” he knows only that he himself, an individual of the great human family, has suffered injustice ; and he wages war with the author of his injuries. Sternly resolved to slay Gessler, he doubts not the justice of his determination ; but his manly and intrepid heart is daunted at the thought of murder. Blood has hitherto been “ a color stranger to his hands ;” gentle and peaceful, he has roved the mountains with free and careless spirit ; and while his arrow brought down the bird, or he bore home the prize of his day’s toil, he has felt no shadow on his soul. Now the milk of kindly temper is changed within him ; he has ‘grown acquainted with horrors ;’ a dark tempest is roused in his mind ; the vow to immolate his enemy has become a sacred debt ; he will pay it—for the lives of all who are dear to him depend on the success of his enterprise. The gentleness and affectionateness of his nature is touchingly painted in his monologue in the pass among the rocks of Küssnacht, where he is awaiting his deadly foe, even while he announces his unalterable decision. The recollections of his quiet domestic life, throng upon him ; but he is bound

“ —with a grim
Irrevocable oath—deep in his soul.”

to choose the heart of Gessler for his next aim. Travellers, occupied in the every day business of life, successively approach, and pass Tell sitting on his stone ; their appearance and dialogue, with the bridal procession, give an air of reality to the scene, and contrast with the gloomy mood of the mountaineer. The following is part of his soliloquy.

“ Come forth—thou instrument of bitter woe,
My dearest jewel now, and my best treasure !

A mark I'll give thee, which has ever been
 Unto the prayer of woe impenetrable.
 Thee shall that bosom not withstand. And thou,
 My trusty bowstring, that oft hath served me.
 So truly in the careless sport of pleasure :
 O fail me not in this last terrible earnest !
 Yet once hold fast, good string, that oft for me
 Hast winged the cutting arrow ; if this flies
 From my hand useless, I've no more to send !

(Travellers cross the scene.)

On this stone bench I'll sit—for the brief rest
 O' the wayfarer prepared :—for here's no home,
 Each hastens quick and careless past the other,
 Nor asks he of the other's grief. Here passes
 The heedful tradesman—the light-girded pilgrim ;
 The pious monk—the gloomy highwayman—
 The merry showman—and the carrier
 With his heavy laden horse,—who cometh here
 From distant lands ; for every road will lead
 To the world's end. They all pursue their way
 To accomplish each his business ; mine is MURDER !

(Seats himself.)

Once, my dear children—if your sire went forth,
 There was rejoicing when he did return ;
 For ever, coming back, he brought you somewhat,
 If but an Alpine blossom, or rare bird,
 Or some quaint shell, such as the wanderer finds
 Among the crags. Now other spoil he seeks ;
 On the wild way he sits with murderous thoughts ;
 'T is for his enemy's life he lies in wait.
 Yet still on *you* he thinks—beloved children,
 Even now ; you to protect—your holy innocence
 From the fierce tyrant's vengeance to defend,
 Doth he now bend his bow for work of death ! *(rising.)*
 Mine is a worthy game ! No hardship does
 The hunter think it, livelong days to wander
 In winter's pinching cold—from rock to rock
 To risk the perilous leap ;—to climb the steep
 Glued to the slippery cliff with his own blood :—
 To hunt a poor chamois !—A richer prize
 Is here to win ; the heart of my sworn foe—
 Who would destroy me.

(Gay music heard in the distance ; it approaches.)

Ay, the bow I've wielded
 My life long—am well used to archery ;
 Oft have I cut the mark ; and many a prize
 Brought home when we have tried our skill in sport ;
 But today will I do a masterfeat,
 And win the best prize in the mountains' circuit."

A wedding company crosses the scene ; Tell regards
 them in silence, leaning on his bow ; their gayety, and

the garrulity of the forester, render more striking the solemn and inflexible resolution expressed in the bearing of the archer. Presently Gessler is seen at a distance descending the mountain ; he comes nigh with his train ; a miserable woman, the wife of " a poor wild hayman," who is languishing in a dungeon while his orphans cry for bread—flings herself at the Landvogt's feet to implore his deliverance. Gessler rejects her supplication ; it is in the midst of his execrations against the " pert vauntings of freedom" among the unhumiliated Swiss, and his menaces—that the fatal shaft is sped to his heart. There is a towering majesty in the expression of Tell, as he rises on the summit of the rock, and exclaims to the fallen tyrant—" *Thou knowest the archer !*"

In this tragedy, as in *Mary Stuart*, the author has subjoined one or more scenes after the great catastrophe of the piece, and dealt in person the poetical justice which might safely have been left to the imagination of the spectators. The fifth act of *Wilhelm Tell*, containing the episode of Jean-le Parricide, has frequently been omitted in representation ; the curtain falling at the moment when the arrow pierces the heart of Gessler. But the effect of the whole is completely set forth only in the last scenes.

Once more, when the deliverance of his country is achieved, and she is again at peace, Tell appears returning to his cottage, whither he is pursued by the applause and gratitude of his countrymen. The air of rural simplicity, refined by affection and hospitality, about this closing scene, is highly attractive. There is the picture of the housewife and mother ; of the tender wife watching for her husband's return ; the entrance of the seeming monk and his hospitable welcome when he pleads misfortune as a claim for shelter ; the joy of Tell's family at the father's arrival ; his interview with the disguised and fugitive prince, whom, though abhorring his crime, he directs to safety. The simple rustic who has achieved his own freedom, extends protection to the

outlawed noble, exiled for his crimes. The moral interest is driven home in the passage where the Duke throws himself at Tell's feet to supplicate assistance, and receives, with trembling gratitude, the friendly counsel of the mountaineer. He has presumed the archer to be of a spirit kindred to his own ; but he is soon made to feel the difference between the slaughter of an enemy in the sacred right of self-defence, for the protection of all that is dear to the citizen, and the deed of unhalloved ambition and revenge. Tell is the champion of individual right ; he is justified—for he has but defended that holy NATURE which the regicide has outlawed and shamed ; there is nothing in common between the injured father and the murderer.

I know not if I have succeeded in conveying a distinct idea of the character of Tell in this play ; for the very unpretending simplicity, and the unaffected integrity which constitute its chief beauty render it difficult to describe adequately ; perfect as a whole, it should be viewed as a whole. GESSLER, tyrannical from native cruelty and a desire to humble the people whom he regards as a stone of stumbling, to be put aside in one way or another from the path of his ambition, differs from others whom Schiller has represented as tyrants from principle, sacrificing the interests of their dependents to what they deem the superior necessity ; since the Austrian ruler, in accordance with his naturally cold and relentless temper, adopts from choice a course which even to him could have seemed of only dubious advantage. The episode of Bertha and Rudenz is interesting, as the sentiments of the maiden embody the thoughts of the reader. It is unconnected with the main action ; but that is a defect which the most striking scenes of the play share in common with it ; on which the reader finds it difficult to dwell, in contemplation of the truthful beauty of the whole.

Of the tragedies of **WALLENSTEIN**, **THE MAID OF ORLEANS**, and **WILHELM TELL**, the three noblest productions of Schiller, each is in its way a masterpiece. For comprehensive views and knowledge, for high thought and vast conception, **WALLENSTEIN** stands pre-eminent ; a giant monument of intellect. **THE MAID OF ORLEANS** is the more ethereal, bright and glowing ; the more full of the exalted spirit of romance ; while in truth substantial, appealing to the heart, in its portraiture of nature in her purest and most universal feelings, **WILHELM TELL** excels all others. The mountain hero is clothed, too, in the same candor of innocence that is exhibited so brightly in the characters of the intellectual Marquis of Posa and the warrior youth Max Piccolomini.

The author of the foregoing pages cannot flatter herself that she has been able to say any thing new to the admirers of Schiller—to those who from a perusal of his works in the original have been enabled to appreciate his genius ;—but from the want of competent translations of all his plays, most of them are unknown to many readers in this country. If the reading of this volume should have inspired any with a wish for a more intimate acquaintance with the works of the great German poet, the object of its presentation to the public will have been accomplished.



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